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MORE LETTERS

OF

EDWARD FITZGERALD

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WITHDRAWN

PREFACE

MANY of the Letters in the present volume have come into my hands since the first Series was published. The others, although they were not included in the previous collection, the object of which was to let FitzGerald tell the story of his own life, seem worthy of preservation, now that he has taken his place among English Letter-Writers. They are of the friendly human kind which entertained Carlyle.

The letter to Dean Merivale, one of his oldest friends, has already appeared in the Dean's Autobiography and Letters. It is the only one which has been preserved, and I am indebted to the kindness of Miss Merivale and her publisher, Mr. Edward Arnold, for permission to reproduce it here. From internal evidence, I have placed it two years earlier than the date assigned to it by Miss Merivale.

WILLIAM ALDIS WRIGHT.

TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE,
September 11, 1901.

MORE LETTERS

OF

EDWARD FITZGERALD

To W. F. Pollock.

[*July* 20, 1839.]

My dear Pollock,

I have not such a pen as yours that can be inspirited to indite a jolly long letter under such circumstances as you describe. My circumstances are not much more enlivening: but then I have the advantage of your letter to begin upon: a great advantage. So here goes for an answer: for though few men have ever sat down with less to say, yet it is good to have such a starting-point as a letter just received. We have more books in our Library here than you found at your lodging in York—an Encyclopedia, a Johnson's Dictionary, Bailey's Navigation, etc., but nothing so new or striking as to make me suppose that you would be interested with any remarks

I could make. Have you ever read Smith's Wealth of Nations? I never have. *Smellie's* Moral Philosophy?—Better than his Physical, I should think—Drury's Madagascar, Alison on Taste, Kett's Elements of Knowledge, etc.? All these we have well bound upon the shelves of the room in which I write: and we have had them for years—and shall have them, I dare say: they will never wear out. Grammont we have also, not so visible, however: he is in a private corner of a book-case in the drawing-room. I read him once twelve years ago, I believe: and have forgotten all about him. At your recommendation I shall read him again. I have also heard Thackeray speak well of him: but he is naturally prejudiced in favour of the dirty and immoral. I like Horace Walpole: he's capital fun, and the most easy reading in the world: no small praise, for easy reading does not presume easy writing by any means. Walpole I suppose wrote easily: but then it is not easy to have such a head as would write so easily. Q.E.D.

Can you shoot with a pistol, Pollock? Can you hit an oak tree (they grow large in this part of the country) at the distance of about ten yards? I tell you how it is with me: I generally miss; and when I hit, the bullet returns with great violence back upon me. So if you read of an inquest sitting upon me one of these days, don't wonder: I think they'll find it hard to bring in a verdict, whether Felo-de-se or Accidental Death. For I go on with my eyes open:

though to be sure I am taking the quickest course to put them both out. A worse shot never existed.

Morton recommended me to read Alfieri's Life of Himself. So I bought it in London and have been reading it by bits ever since. It is in very easy Italian, and is entertaining, as far as I have read: just half. He was a very fine fellow, was Alfieri: they say his plays are very dull, and I think the Life becomes duller as he begins the Literary part of it. For he only began to *read* his own language at twenty-five; and his first plays were written first in French Prose and then drafted into Italian verse. What a process! Up to that time of his life he only rode horses over every country in Europe, and kept mistresses: his loves were very heroic and poetical: so perhaps he would have aided the cause of poetry more by leaving it to others to write about him. I wonder the French Playwrights haven't got hold of him: perhaps they have though. He was such a fellow for Liberty too: he calls Catherine the 2nd *codesta Clitennestra filosofessa*, which words have the whistling of the lash about them, I think. He would have been a capital Middle Age Italian: especially for Dante to put into Hell. But perhaps he'll meet him there yet.

Boulge Hall,
Aug. 14 [1839].

My dear Pollock,

I came here only yesterday, and your letter was brought up into my bedroom this morning. What

are you doing at Binfield? rusticating there for fun with your family, or are there Assizes at such a place? And is the juvenile party you speak of assisting at, one of juvenile depredators? Well, I have been in my dear old Bedfordshire ever since I saw you: lounging in the country, lying on the banks of the Ouse, smoking, eating copious teas (prefaced with beer) in the country pot-houses, and have come mourning here: finding an empty house when I expected a full one, and no river Ouse, and no jolly boy to whistle the time away with. Such are the little disasters and miseries under which I labour: quite enough, however, to make one wish to kill oneself at times. This all comes of having no occupation or sticking-point: so one's thoughts go floating about in a gossamer way. At least, this is what I hear on all sides. So you are going with Monteith's party to Ireland. Well, I think you will have a pleasant trip. I think I shall probably be in Ireland all September, but far away from your doings. Not to mention that I shall be on shore and you at sea. You will go and see the North Coast: which I am anxious to see, and shall not unlikely go too about the time of the Equinoctial gales, when such places should be seen. I love Ireland very much, I don't know why: the country and the people and all are very homogeneous: mournful and humorous somehow: just like their national music. Some of Tommy Moore's Irish Ballads (the airs, I mean) are the spirits of the Waterford women made music of. You should

see them, Pollock, on a Sunday, as they come from Chapel in their long blue cloaks. Don't you think that blue eyes with black hair, and especially with long black eyelashes, have a mystery about them? This day week a dozen poor fellows who had walked all the way from the county Mayo into Bedfordshire came up to the door of the Inn where we were fishing, and called for small beer. We made their hearts merry with good Ale: and they went off flourishing their sticks, hoping all things, enduring all things, and singing some loose things. You must contrive to see something of the people when you go to Ireland: I think that is the great part of the fun. You should certainly go some miles in or on an Irish Stage Coach, and also on a jaunting Car. I never saw Wimpole near Cambridge till the other day when I passed it in my way from Bedfordshire. Did you ever go and see it? People always told me it was not worth seeing: which is another reason for believing nothing that people tell one: it is a very noble old Queen Anne's building of red brick, in the way of Hampton Court (not half so fine, but something in that way), looking down two miles of green sward as broad as itself, skirted on each side with fine elms. I did not go inside, but I believe the pictures are well worth seeing. Houses of that style have far more mark and character than Woburn and the modern bastard Grecian. I see they have built a new chapel at Barnwell—of red brick and very well done. I should think Peacock must have done it. Fancy

his being Dean of Barnwell. Cambridge looked very ghastly, and the hard-reading, pale, dwindled students walking along the Observatory road looked as if they were only fit to have their necks wrung. I scorn my nerveless carcase more and more every day —but there's no good in talking. Farewell, my dear Pollock: I know this is a very worthless letter: but it is very good of you to write, and I have nothing better to do to-day than to write ever such vapid stuff. I would ask you if Spedding were still in London if your Yes or No (never very clamorously uttered by you) could reach me from Binfield. But even then I should not be much the better for the Information.

HASTINGS, *Febr.* 3/40.

MY DEAR POLLOCK,

When I got here I found the letter you had sent after me into Suffolk. I keep it as a perfect specimen of a Penny Post letter: this is meant for a compliment. Not being able to write such a one myself, I send the enclosed advertisement from an Atlas of two weeks ago.[1] A Roman Dictator could not pronounce more emphatically: nor Tacitus relate more concisely. Have you heard if there has been a general

[1] No. 118 JERMYN STREET.
Jan. 5, 1840.

BEAUFOY'S DIGESTIVE BREAD.—The sale of this article is DISCONTINUED from this day: any Bread offered under this designation is, therefore, deceptious. Brown Bread, as usually made, and Beaufoy's Digestive Bread, are very different articles.

Suicide among all the Brown Bread Makers, not to say of London, but of England generally? When I read the last line of the Advertisement, I felt glad I was not a Brown Bread Maker.

There is an excellent Review on Carlyle's Chartism in the same Atlas. Tell Spedding of this. But what will he care? Carlyle is universally believed here to be *the* Carlile—the more decided one, I mean. All the invalids are warned by the Clergymen to be on their guard against him. He is all the more dangerous now that his meaning cannot be discovered. What do you think of Sterling's review of him? Some very good remarks: but I never was so suffocated by words in my life. I declare it gives me a shortness of breath to think of it.

I shall return to London either to-morrow week or fortnight. As I depend on others, I am not certain. Here I have got a good lodging looking on the sea—books, tobacco, etc. But I know nobody. So much for all things. Goodbye, my dear Pollock. I hope we shall smoke a cigar together ere long.

[Postmark *May* 3, 1840.]

My dear Pollock,

I received a second letter of yours from York—how many months ago? certainly when no leaves were out as they are now in a wonderful way for this season of the year. You in London do not know that the country is in great want of rain. What does it signify to you? What effect would it have on your

dry wigs, which, like Achilles' sceptre, will never, never bud again. To-day we have been drinking the Duke of Wellington's health, as my brother-in-law is a staunch Tory, and I am not disinclined—so far. Then, after a walk which was illuminated by a cigar—*lanterna pedibus meis*—we are come back to the library: where, after tea, we are in some danger of falling asleep. So I take this sheet of paper and this pen that lie opposite me on the table, and write to you. So far so good.

You told me to read Clarendon—which I have begun to do: and like him much. It is really delightful to read his manly, noble English after Lord Brougham's spick-and-span Birmingham ware in the Edinburgh. Is the article on Sir W. Raleigh by Macaulay? It is not so good as most of his, I think. I never was one of those who cared much for the vindication of Raleigh's character: he was a blackguard, it seems: and the chief defence is that he lived among blackguards—Bacon, for instance. Does Spedding think him immaculate? I think the portraits of Raleigh are not favourable: there is great finesse in his eyes and in the shape of his face. Old James the First was a better man than any of his courtiers, I do believe.

It must be very nearly half-past 9 I am sure: ring the bell for the tea-things to be removed—pray turn the lamp—at 10 the married people go to bed: I sit up till 12, sometimes diverging into the kitchen, where I smoke amid the fumes of cold mutton that has formed (I suppose) the maids' supper. But the

pleasant thing is to wake early, throw open the window, and lie reading in bed. Morning, noon, and night we look at the barometer, and make predictions about the weather. The wheat begins to look yellow; the clover layers are beginning to blossom, before they have grown to any height; and the grass won't grow: stock, therefore, will be very cheap, because of the great want of keep. That is poetry. Have you been down to Kitlands [1] with that mad wag Spedding?

My brother-in-law is fallen fast asleep over Buckland's Bridgewater Treatise—his breathing approaches a snore. Now could I drink hot blood. I will write no more. Clarendon shall wind up the night with me. What do people say of Dickens's new work? [2] I saw the 1st No.—a very seedy framework, I thought: but the little conversation between the Lord Mayor and Mr. Toddyhigh wonderful. Thackeray writes to me that he is going to show up D. Lardner in a quiz.[3] Ever yours.

GELDESTONE HALL, *Friday night* [*May* 1].

PROLOGUE [4]

When dirty Jacobs, thirty years of age,
With greasy gladness trod the early stage,

[1] Where D. D. Heath lived. [2] Master Humphrey's Clock.

[3] Probably in The History of Dionysius Diddler, which was written about this time, though it was not published till 1864. Lardner had already appeared in the Yellowplush Papers.

[4] In another copy FitzGerald has added, 'Spoken by E. W. Clarke at some private Theatricals in Downing College, Cambridge, Mrs. Siddons looking on.'

Astonished Gurlow caught the grace he bore,
And so transplanted it to Albion's shore:
Charmed the fair daughters of our sunny isle
With Sorrow's tear and Joy's Celestial smile.
As dirty Jacobs wreath'd HIS laurelled brow,
So *we* presume upon your patience now.
When moral James gave way to thumbless Shoots:
When gory Pritchard seiz'd the proffered boots;
When Berdmore bawl'd his sacrilegious verse,
And heedless Phipps upset his Uncle's hearse:
With hiccupped murmurs see their spirits rise,
In fleecy sinews mellowing the skies.
And can they die? Ah no! their transient sway
Still glimmers through the mist of Freedom's day:
The sword revengeful severs and forgets,
And murderer's wrongs are fresh in female threats.
He spits! he bleeds! with anguish slaked he reels!
May Fortune's adverse whirlwind blast his heels!
May the same fire that prompted Isaac Huggans
To kill his wife, and then to eat his young ones,
Purge the dark brotherhood with sorrow's fill—
The dastard fiends that wrought a woman ill.
Pardon expression, gentles—Time may bring
Her calmer hour on circumambient wing:
Fair gales may blow again; but if they slight ye,
Then seek the advised track *Fallentis Vitæ*,
And then *in rure* manifestly *beato*
Cull the fair rose, and dig the brown potatoe:
Or watch at eve beneath the favourite tree
The wily worm, or more industrious bee:
And if on loftier themes you're bent than this,
The beetle's silken metamorphosis—
Joys by which fond simplicity and Truth
Amuse the elder and excite the youth.
Here in your lone retreat with wife and daughter,
Cold loin of mutton and your rum and water,
When conversation deadens, and the mind
Unconscious casts one fleeting look behind,

Remember Jacobs—and 'mid seas of strife,
Be he the beacon of your future life:
And if a second could increase your hope,
Behold in me an enemy to soap.

E. W. C.

There, Pollock, don't you think I'm a gentleman? Did you expect such treatment from me? Luckily for you, *my farming* is a good deal hindered by these demnition snows and frosts; in fact, we can only thresh in the barn, and hedge and ditch a little—all which, you know, when you have set your men to work, requires but little supervision—so that I have time on my hands to write out Prologues. I have read Gibbon's Decline and Fall till I have got a headache: and live in perfect solitude at present: except for my sister's Bullfinch.

Is the new Tale of a Tub published? I could not hear of it before I left London. In this state of the weather, and of the land—when I cannot cull the fair Rose and dig the Brown potatoe, when conversation does not so much deaden as not exist—what a pleasure to remember Jacobs. Farewell.

Boulge Hall, *Febr.* 10/41.

How goes on old Jemmy Wood's cause?

[1841.]

Dear Pollock,

Without losing one single instant, rush off to some Divan, Club, or Bookseller's, and forcibly read the

last sentence of an Article called 'the Emperor Nicholas' in the British and Foreign Review. It must annihilate the party in question: he will either die, kill himself, or abdicate. It made *me* tremble.[1] The edict I sent you last year about the Brown Bread Makers is nothing to it. I am bewildered as I write —but God bless you. Ever yours, E. F. G.

P.S. There is also an astonishing Article on Pindar's Odes by Edgeworth: it has quite floored me. Then there's an account of Hallam's Literature, with a deal about *Æsthetics* in it. Oh Pollock! let you and I and Spedding stand out against these damnable German humbugs. You lawyers are pretty safe, I think: so is Spedding constitutionally: and I will swear not to let my unfurnished head to any such foreigneering customers—who never pay for their lodging. I am not unfit for a victim: but I have had warning.

Now that I am about it, I must transcribe for you a charming passage of Gibbon's History. He is describing the two Gordians—Father and Son—who were made Emperors once on a time. 'With the venerable proconsul, his son, who had accompanied him into Africa as his lieutenant, was likewise declared Emperor. His manners were less pure, but his character was equally amiable with that of his father. Twenty-two acknowledged Concubines, and a library of 62,000 volumes attested the variety of his inclina-

[1] See Letters, i. 80.

tions: and from the productions which he left behind him, it appears that the former as well as the latter were designed for use rather than ostentation.' Is not this pleasant reading? Let Empires decline to such a tune. Tell Spedding I have treasured up a small note out of Gibbon for him. Ask him if he does not think Celia's falling in love with Oliver, in As You Like It, a very clumsy contrivance.

Dear Pollock,

Thank you for your advertisement, which was and is very charming. I have waited to see if I could send you back anything so short and so good: but I have scarce read an advertisement since I have been down here, and since the weather has become so delightful. I live in a house full of jolly children: and the day passes in eating, drinking, swinging, riding, driving, talking and doing nonsense: the intervals being filled with idleness. I hear a nephew of eight years old say his Latin Grammar: to-day we say the verb moneo—in this way—moneo, mones, monui, monuorum, monuarum, monuorum—then I thought it was time to stop. But it was a good shot.

When one talks in this sort of way, I am sure it must seem as if one considered oneself very sublimely philosophical, etc.—but I don't—my digestion is very good: and everybody here is very kind and well-behaved, and there never was such fine weather since

the world began. Also, I have had Fielding to read, while smoking in the garden.

You see that all this is a mighty pleasant kind of life to lead, but not easy to write about. You must *therefore* (a pretty consequence) write to me: and tell Spedding to do so: and if old Alfred is in London, or at his country house, stir him up. Not that he will be stirred up. But I really do like very much to hear of my friends, and about pyroglyphs,[1] etc. I wish very much also to step into the pit of Drury Lane and to hear Fidelio once a week.

So take pity, and ask others to take pity, on a poor devil who is rather too well off: and let a London letter slide once in a while out of the Beccles post-bag.

Does the word Beccles put you in mind of hooks and eyes?

GELDESTONE HALL, BECCLES,
May 29/41.

[*May* 1, 1842.]

DEAR POLLOCK,

I have this Sabbath morning received the enclosed Temperance Report. There is nothing good in it: but I send it to you as a memento. . . .

As to Miss Clough, you or I are in a muddle: I never said, or never meant to say, that I chose writings least like the writer in their character, but in their meaning: as for instance, A. Tennyson's:

[1] See Tennyson's Life, vol. i. ch. 10.

that was like all his hand-writing: but a little unlike his way of going on. Perhaps the best way would be to make every one write out a scrap of quotation: and the same scrap. I have not at all lost faith in Miss Clough: on the contrary, I am going to send her some more writings: I say that it is perhaps impossible for her to judge of the writings without her mind being a little coloured by the contents. Q.E.D.

Tuesday [*May* 3].

If you have got the 2nd Edition of that momentous work by Bacon Helps, Esqre., here is a motto which I have just read in his progenitor's Essays, and which, in my Edition, where the substantives are printed in capitals, seems an absolute prophecy of his successor. Spedding might affirm it was. It is in the Essay to persons in Great Place. 'Embrace and invite Helps, and Advices, touching the execution of thy place, and do not drive away such as bring thee information as Medlers: but accept of them in good part.' To think of the early wisdom of some men: and there was poor Charley Lamb, crazy, drunk, and making puns all his life: and dying with a vision of roast turkey in his head. Did you ever notice his pun (not a very good one to be sure) in his letters (which perhaps you never read). In writing to Gillman [1] about Coleridge he says, 'You and I have too much sense to trouble ourselves with Revelations:

[1] March 8, 1830.

marry, to the same in Greek you may have something professionally to say.' This struck me this morning —what a discovery! My eye! Goodbye: pray give me a line when you can: for we never see a paper even here. How does Tennyson get on with his book? I wish you would tell me that.

[1842.]

DEAR POLLOCK,

I think the man[1] who shot at the dear little Queen must have been mad. Surely no sane man would choose such a place as he did for his purpose: I mean, where he was sure to be taken whether he succeeded or not. What is your Uncle doing in India? I see manifestoes by General Pollock: but I always hope to be told the result of politics by some good friend.

I have been on a visit to my friend Donne. He is very busy with his history[2]: which must inevitably be a great bore. This I regret: for Donne had such fun in him, only when he gets a pen in his hand he forgets it all. So his style is of the Quaker-coat cut.

I read at his house Venables' Article on Carlyle.[3] I thought it most admirable. He seems to me in the first rank of Reviewers: and I hope we shall see much more. I also read his Hegel, which I did not

[1] John Francis shot at the Queen May 30, 1842. He was condemned to death, but afterwards transported for life.

[2] The History of Rome. See Letters, i. 97, 99.

[3] In the British and Foreign Quarterly Review, vol. xii. 1841, is an article on Carlyle's Chartism, and in vol. xiii. 1842 is one on Hegel. These are perhaps the articles referred to.

so much admire: but then the subject is a more perplexed one: and I suspect Venables is more at home in matters of the understanding than of the Arts. And how did you and Thackeray like Penshurst? I should like well to have seen it. We are calling out for rain loudly here: no hay: corn looking yellow. This does not touch you in London: except that I suppose the Opera is rather too hot at times. You see what a lofty sense of rustic superiority I can assume. As to your sea trip, I wish it all success: it is a pity you are not about it now with these long cheery days, and a fine steady breeze always blowing. Perhaps, however, autumn weather has more variety and excitement about it. I should like one good toss on the sea again, not in a steamer: but somehow or other I seldom get far from my kennel. Pray ask Thackeray if he has done anything for poor Pandurang Hari[1]—I wish he could. Is Alfred in town still? I have got his books. It is a pity he did not publish the new volume separately. The other will drag it down. And why reprint the Merman, the Mermaid, and those everlasting Eleanores, Isabels,—which always were, and are, and must be, a nuisance, though Mrs. Butler (who recognised herself in the portrait, of course) said that Eleanore (what a bore) was the finest thing he ever wrote. She has sat for it ever since, I believe. Every woman thinks herself the original of one of that stupid Gallery of Beauties. The sonnet to J. M. K. also remains: there's a beauty too.

[1] A Tale of the Mahrattas, so called, by W. B. Hockley.

GELDESTONE, *June* 24/42.

DEAR POLLOCK,

There is that poor fellow Thackeray gone off to Ireland: and what a lazy beast I am for not going with him. But except for a journey of two days, I get as dull as dirt. I wish somebody had gone with him. But he will find lots of companions in Ireland. What is become of A. T.? You never told me that, nor how his book went on: about which I have really a curiosity. I see the advertisement of Edwin the Fair [1] in the papers: something about the Heptarchy, I suppose; a stupid time, whenever it was. And my dear Daddy's Tragedy [2] too, has any one read it?

We have been burnt up here, but to-day (the grass being just mowed) it rains pitchforks, which might be useful if not coming in such great numbers. But our garden is full of roses and all capital things. I wish trade was going on well: and that we could be left as we are.

I have written a note to Spedding, such an one as he sent me, a ruffian; I have the pleasure of abusing some of his idols in it. A man on the coach the other day told me that all was being settled very easily in America, but stage-coach politicians are not always to be trusted. I propose that we leave Spedding as a hostage in the hands of the Americans.

[1] By Henry Taylor.

[2] The Borderers, written by Wordsworth in 1795-96, and published in 1842.

They must send over Willis or some one of their great men.

When do you set off on your trip to the Hebrides? or your yachting, wherever it is? I mean to go to Blenheim to see a Raffaelle this year, and that is all I propose to do. No sights recompense the often undoing and doing up of a carpet-bag. What then is the stamping down, strapping, and locking up of a trunk, with all the blood in your head! If one were rich, and travelled with a valet to do all, it would be well. The only other alternative is to travel with nothing but the clothes on one's back.

Sic cogitabat

Yours ever,

E. F. G.

BOULGE, WOODBRIDGE,
Wednesday [1846].

MY DEAR POLLOCK,

I was glad to hear from you; and I congratulate you on having secured stedfast office and revenue that will put you at ease, and end all trouble and disappointment.[1] Henceforth you may sit on your bench and look down complacently on the *mare magnum* of wigs all striving which shall rise topmost. And, as you say, you can now set about finding out what to do with much spare time; a thing hard to do at all times (how tiresome was a whole holiday at school!), but most hard to men who have for the

[1] In 1846 W. F. Pollock was made a Master of the Court of Exchequer.

greater part of their lives been accustomed to a regular day-full of work. And all must leave it at some time. I have been all my life apprentice to this heavy business of idleness; and am not yet master of my craft; the Gods are too just to suffer that I should.

Since I saw you I have been here, except going for a month to Bedford, and a fortnight to Cambridge. At Cambridge I saw Thompson, whose mind is bunged up with Lecture and Tutor work; and Merivale, who looks fat, and grows grey, and was quaint and pleasant as usual. I have seen no new books: and have even neglected to get down my due box-full of old ones from the London Library. Have you seen Festus?[1] Tennyson writes word there are very fine things in it. He is come back from Switzerland rather disappointed, I am glad to say.[2] How could such herds of gaping idiots come back enchanted if there were much worth going to see? I think that tours in Switzerland and Italy are less often published now than formerly: but there is all Turkey, Greece, and the East to be prostituted also: and I fear we shan't hear the end of it in our lifetimes. Suffolk turnips seem to me so classical compared to all that sort of thing.

I believe I shall be in London shortly before, or after, Christmas: and shall assuredly look for you. Do you ever see Thackeray? I read some pretty

[1] By P. J. Bailey: published in 1839.
[2] Tennyson went to Switzerland in August 1846.

verses of his in Mrs. Norton's Drawing Room Scrap Book; and *such* a copy of verses to her Ladyship by Sir Edward! It is impossible to read verses worse in sense or sound. And how Mrs. Norton could admit such vulgar flattery! I am afraid the Suffolk turnips are better than her too: and they are not particularly good this year.

To E. B. Cowell.

19 Charlotte Street,
Rathbone Place,
[*Nov.* 1848].

My dear Cowell,

It is a long time since we have corresponded. The truth is, I have read so little of late—indeed, next to nothing—that I have no heart to address you who are always reading—who have probably read more since you last wrote to me than I shall read in the next ten years, should I live so long. Here is a letter, however; and let me have one from you to tell me how you and gude-wife are; and also what realms of gold you have discovered since I last heard of you.

I have been some time in London, chiefly on business; indeed it is a business that still promises to end and still will not end, that has detained me thus long. I shall have to go to Brighton before I return home.

I have seen Carlyle but once; he was very grim, very eloquent; and altogether I have not been tempted there again. A. Tennyson is now residing in

London, at 25 Mornington Place, Hampstead Road; a short walk from me. I particularise all this because, should you come to London, you can call upon him without any further introduction. I have often spoken about you to him, and he will be very glad to make your acquaintance. Can you not run up here for a day or two before I leave? I can give you a crib, and all board but dinner; but do not come without giving me notice; as I may have to be at Brighton at any time. Altogether, I hope to reach Boulge by the beginning of December.

If you come, we will go and see Carlyle, whom I must visit once before my return. Tennyson is emerged half-cured, or half-destroyed, from a water establishment: has gone to a new Doctor who gives him iron pills; and altogether this really great man thinks more about his bowels and nerves than about the Laureate wreath he was born to inherit. Not but he meditates new poems; and now the Princess is done, he turns to King Arthur—a worthy subject indeed—and has consulted some histories of him, and spent some time in visiting his traditionary haunts in Cornwall. But I believe the trumpet can wake Tennyson no longer to do great deeds; I may mistake and prove myself an owl; which I hope may be the case. But how are we to expect heroic poems from a valetudinary? I have told him he should fly from England and go among savages.

Well, you see I have not forgot to talk confidently, in proportion as I grow more ignorant perhaps.

[*Feb.* 1849.]

Dear Cowell,

All I have to say about B. B.'s[1] funeral I have sent to the Ipswich Journal—very little—with twenty lines of verse added. You know how little I think of my verses. I never wrote more than twenty good ones in my life. These are not worth twopence—but they came into my head, and so I have treated B. B. as he treated so many others. What solemnity there was at the grave was lost when we got into the Meeting: when three or four very dull but good people spoke in a way that would have been ludicrous but that one saw they were in earnest.

At the grave, Mr. Shewell said some few appropriate words; but he began to *sing* when once he was in the Chapel.

I am not sure but I must now stop here a week more to look over some of Barton's papers. It appears it will be a comfort to Miss B. to do so. Farewell: let me hear any good news of your wife and yourself.

To F. Tennyson.

Boulge, Woodbridge,
August 15/50.

My dear Frederic,

Let me hear something of you. The last I heard was three months and more ago, when you announced I was a Godfather. I replied instantly. Since all this, Alfred has got married. Spedding has seen him

[1] Bernard Barton's. See FitzGerald's Miscellanies.

and his wife at Keswick: and speaks very highly of her. May all turn out well! Alfred has also published his Elegiacs on A. Hallam: these sell greatly: and will, I fear, raise a host of Elegiac scribblers.

Since I wrote to you, I have been down here, leading a life of my usual vacuity. My garden shows Autumn asters about to flower: chrysanthemums beginning to assert their places in the beds. The corn cutting all round. I have paid no visits except where the Lady of my old Love resides. A week ago Spedding came down into Suffolk: and we all met: very delightfully. I propose being here till October, and then must, I believe, pay John Allen a visit in Shropshire. Sometimes I turn my thoughts to paying you a visit in Florence this winter: but I doubt that would end in nothing. Yet I have several reasons for going: yourself not the least, pray believe. I have begun to nibble at Spanish: at their old Ballads: which are fine things—like *our*, or rather the North Country, old Ballads. I have also bounced through a play of Calderon[1] with the help of a friend —a very fine play of its kind. This Spanish literature is alone of its kind in Europe, I fancy: with some *Arabian* blood in it. It was at one time overrated perhaps: I think lately it has undergone the natural reaction of undervaluing. But I am not a fit judge perhaps: and after all shall never make much study of it.

[1] *El Mágico Prodigioso.* The friend was Professor Cowell. See Letters, i. 323.

I was in London only for ten days this Spring: and those ten days not in the thick of the season. So I am more than usually deficient in any news. The most pleasurable remembrance I had of my stay in town was the last day I spent there; having a long ramble in the streets with Spedding, looking at Books and Pictures: then a walk with him and Carlyle across the Park to Chelsea, where we dropped that Latter Day Prophet at his house; then getting upon a steamer, smoked down to Westminster: dined at a chop-house by the Bridge: and then went to Astley's: old Spedding being quite as wise about the Horsemanship as about Bacon and Shakespeare. We parted at midnight in Covent Garden: and this whole pleasant day has left a taste on my palate like one of Plato's lighter, easier, and more picturesque dialogues.

When I speak of the Latter Day Prophet, I conclude you have read, or heard of, Carlyle's Pamphlets so designed. People are tired of them and of him: he only foams, snaps, and howls, and no progress, people say: this is almost true: and yet there is vital good in all he has written. Spedding, beside his Bacon labours, which go on with the quietude and certainty of the Solar System, contributes short and delightful bits to the Gentleman's Magazine: which has now turned over a new leaf, and is really the best Magazine we have. No pert Criticism; but laborious and unaffected information.

Merivale is married! to a daughter of George

Frere's, a lawyer in London. I have not heard of M. since this fatal event: but I stayed two days with him in his Essex parsonage just before it. He is grown very fat—an Archdeacon, if ever there were one—and tries to screw himself down to village teaching, etc. He does all he can, I dare say: but what use is an historical Fellow of a College in a Country parish? It is all against the grain with him, and with his people.

You see Daddy Wordsworth is dead, and there is a huge subscription going on for his monument in Westminster Abbey. I believe he deserves one; but I am against stuffing Westminster Abbey with any one's statue till a hundred years or so have proved whether Posterity is as warm about a Man's Merits as we are. What a vast monument is erected to Cider Phillips—to Gay?—the last of whom I love, but yet would not interfere with the perfect Gothic of the Abbey to stick up his ugly bust in it.

I went to one Opera in London—*Zora*—Rossini's own *re*-version of his Moise. I stayed about an hour and came away. It was good music, well sung, well acted, but the house was hot! To this complexion do we come at last.

Thackeray goes on with Pendennis: which people think very clever, of course, but rather dull. It is nothing but about selfish London people. Dickens's novel[1] is much like his others. I should be sorry not to read it, and not to like it.

[1] David Copperfield.

Pray let me hear from you soon. How do Grimsby railways get on? Give my love to my Godchild. Why don't you send me your Poems? You really ought to do that. Damn the Daguerrotype.[1]

To Mrs. Cowell.

60 Linc. Inn Fields,
Thursday [*Feb.* 1851].

Dear Mrs. Cowell,

It will be a great pleasure to me to do all I can for your poems. I said in my letter to Cowell that I had at home the Volume Fulcher published; but, as you may have perceived in that little happy visit of yours to Boulge in the Autumn, my Books are not in the best order, and your little Book had slipped timidly away behind some pompous octavos perhaps. I could not find it, though I looked for it several days. Now I think if you can manage to send me that and what MSS. you have directly, I can well take them down into Shropshire with me, and consider them there, as I shall consider the spring flowers there.

It is now just upon a year since I was looking at some of them at Bramford, after my return from Bedford: the spring flowers then coming out in your garden when I used to walk home laden with Keziah's cakes, stopped by a fall of snow at the Hockley's, too late for Mr. Hughes' farewell sermon!

[1] See Letters, i. 258.

You talk of having all Suffolk about you. I think you should spare me a bit of Bramford. What shall it be? Enclosed with your Poems you shall send either one of Cowell's *slippers*—which I used to wear for him—or a little piece of green ribbon cut into a leaf pattern, which I remember you used to wear this time last year. Yes, send me that, a memorial of the past, and that (elderly knight as I am) I may be encouraged to venture on my critical labours with something like the scarf of fair Lady as a guerdon. This suggestion, begun but half earnestly, really is the one I will abide by in good earnest. Send me this; that while I look on it,

> I may seem
> As in the nights of old, to lie
> Beside the mill wheel in the stream,
> While *Spedding's Willow* whispers by.[1]

It is a very odd thing, but quite true, I assure you, that before your letter came I was sitting at breakfast alone, and reading some of Moore's Songs, and thinking to myself how it was fame enough to have written but one song—air, or words—which should in after days solace the sailor at the wheel, or the soldier in foreign places!—be taken up into the life of England! No doubt 'The Last Rose of Summer' will accomplish this.

Beg Cowell to let me know what I owe him for the advertisements. Tell him I read his articles in

[1] See Letters, i. 262.

the last Westminster[1] two days ago—with great pleasure?—no; they smacked too much of Bramford.

I wish I could draw something for you; but my hand has entirely forgot its cunning that way. I have tried once or twice of late years; but found I could not put two lines together with any verisimilitude.

I hate London more and more; but am obliged to be here because of Trusteeships, etc. I have seen no one scarcely; neither Carlyle, Thackeray, or Tennyson; though the two first are certainly in town.

You see I have answered both your letters in one. Send me whatever Poems you can. I think you showed me 'the Stake' last year! I did not take to it, I remember; but then I did not consider it much. I like you to write of Thornbush!

To E. B. Cowell.

[*Feb.* 14, 1851.]

My dear Cowell,

I enclose you the copy I made of the Bramford poem; so as, if you or the wife have not written it out, you may see what form it takes in my version. Mind, I only stand up for the form: the alterations of individual lines, etc., are only meant to be sug-

[1] Probably those on Spanish Literature and the Makámat which appeared in the Westminster Review in January 1851. There was also an article on the Hindu Drama in October 1850.

gestive, or altered by me so as to carry out the new form. Your wife's lines are often diffuse and inexact; but there is something of the 'native woodnote wild' still, which is much better than my conventional precision. I speak plainly and sincerely. She and you ought to see to the weak points I indicate, and then I believe this poem will become a very delightful one. I have not in the copy I now send noted all that I noted in the copy I sent first; and which should be referred to still, I think. Let me have back the copy I now send, when you have done with it.

I find I cannot show you my one good stanza without giving it in its place; so I have written out the very inferior rest (as well as I could remember it) just because you ask for it. Do not admire the whole; you will like it at first, because it has *the air* of a good thing: but there is little in it. The one stanza (or rather half-stanza), which you will easily find out, has Imagination.[1]

[1852.]

My dear Cowell,

I shall be over to see you soon, probably one day next week. Monday, perhaps.

I am sorry you think Polonius wants variety: which is just what I desired to give it; and which, though it had not so much as I expected, seemed to belong to it more than to other Collections of the

[1] He refers to the verses on Bredfield House.

kind I had seen. I doubt it will be but a losing affair: but I had long had a desire to put out such a thing: life flies: the venture is not very much: and so an end.

I like the bits from Hafiz much. No doubt he (with one or two Persians beside) is an exception to the universal spoon meat of Asia. When are you going to do Mesnavi?

I am almost ashamed to go and see you, for I never read anything but nonsense. I shall always be glad to listen: but I believe I shall never more be able to contribute to any better subject. N.B. This is not said in sadness, but in self-contented indolence.

Yours,

E. F. G.

To George Crabbe.

BURY, *October* 20/52.

MY DEAR GEORGE,

I ought to have answered your letter before: but it was only two days ago that I myself knew what play Mrs. K[emble] would read: a question to which you also wanted an answer. Richard the III. Not the play I should have chosen: nor one, I think, likely to draw. But so it falls to us in her routine; and, were it even of any use to ask her to alter it, I hardly would bother her. She has very good reasons for sticking to her plan, and trouble enough (that apart) in meeting people's wishes. She reads at

Ipswich twice directly after Woodbridge, and altogether I cannot expect much of an Audience. But (as she really is a noble woman, much bothered) I should certainly not have scrupled to give her £20 (had she needed it) for no reading at all: and I certainly shall not quarrel with losing half the sum, while I show her some attention, do her some good, and please some people beside.

You see by my date I am not far off you, and were I sure you were at home, I might run to Thetford one day. But your last note spoke of your going to some friends near Newmarket, I think: and so I shall spend my time here wholly with my dear Donne: who shares with Spedding my oldest and deepest love. He returns to his London Library on Friday: and I shall return to Boulge—to arrange for Mrs. K., etc.

We are going to walk to Ickworth: Donne to see Lord Jermyn, and I to look perhaps at the pictures; certainly not to look at my Lord.

To Mrs. Cowell.

BOULGE, WOODBRIDGE,
April 4/53.

MY DEAR LADY,

Let me hear from you. As to Cowell, he is too steeped in Praerit. Did you leave Oxford this Easter? I concluded I should hear of you if you

went to Ipswich. I have been to Geldestone: and returned from it a fortnight ago. Do you know I am really going to leave this poor little Cottage this Autumn:—a sort of sorrowful thing to do too: and I am not yet decided where I am to go and live for a while—Cambridge—Bury—*Oxford?*

I think I told you I kept on translating Calderon at odd times: and shall put up some five or six plays into a small Volume I think. But I want Cowell for some passages: and my Translation would be so free as to be rather a dangerous Experiment. But I think you can hardly make Calderon interesting to English Readers unless with a large latitude of interpretation.

I saw Mrs. Smith to-day—took tea there indeed: and she talked of you. Shall we all live and be in cue to meet somewhere here about this summer? Don't let Cowell forget us all in Pracrit. Is the Grammar out? I had a letter from Thackeray, from America: he flourishes greatly; but I thought his letter a disagreeable one, though kind as usual to me.

To George Borrow.

BOULGE, WOODBRIDGE,
August 3/53.

DEAR SIR,

I am really obliged to you for your letter; the more so as I think I have heard you do not much like writing.

Though I of course thought the Translations[1] well done (or I should not have printed them), I naturally desired the approval of a competent Judge; since the best of us may make sad mistakes in the estimation of our own handiwork; and it is not pleasant to dub oneself an Ass in print.

I should not, however, have troubled you with this second letter (taking it for granted you would have believed in my thanks without), but that your saying you have not a Calderon by you makes me think it possible you have not got a complete one at all, and you may not know that Keil's complete (except the Autos) 4 Volume Edition is now to be bought for 21 shillings! I believe at Willis' in Covent Garden. Really a wonderful bargain, and not likely to continue so long, I should think. Though I cannot look on Calderon as among the Greatest of the World (if I did, I certainly should not have meddled with him), yet he is surely worth this money to any who love the Spanish Drama at all.

You are very kind to express a wish to talk over some of these matters with me. I suppose I shall be going to Beccles one of these days: and should anything draw you this way, this mouldy cottage shall do its best to entertain you. I have but little company to offer except my dear old neighbour Parson Crabbe —a really fine old fellow. At Ipswich indeed is a man whom you would like to know, I think, and who would like to know you; one Edward Cowell: a great

[1] From Calderon.

Scholar, if I may judge: such as I have not hitherto seen anything at all like from the Universities, etc. He was brought up for a Merchant; but is now studying at Oxford; where, however, he deals more in Sanscrit and Oriental Literature than in the Studies of the place, though he is deeply versed in them too, and has a head for anything. Above all, he is most modest—nay shy: with great hidden humour, too. He is just editing a Pracrit Grammar. Should you go to Ipswich (he is there all this Vacation) do look for him: a great deal more worth looking for (I speak with no sham modesty, I am sure) than

Yours very truly

EDWARD FITZGERALD.

To W. F. Pollock.

1 LONG WALL STREET, OXFORD,
March 15/54.

MY DEAR POLLOCK,

The whole history of my mighty Books is simply this. Wishing to do something as far as I could against a training System of which I had seen many bad effects, I published the little Dialogue[1]; but not having (for several other reasons) any desire to appear Author, I only told it to three men whom I wanted to puff the little Book in case they honestly thought it worth puffing in a good cause. Spedding did 'give me a wind' and Cowell (with whom I am here) another. Donne (who was my third man) for some

[1] Euphranor.

reason or other did not puff the Book in print, but told my name in private; so as at last I was saluted with it in many quarters (above all in my own country neighbourhood where I least wanted it). So as at last, when Pickering broke up, and I put my small affairs into Parker's hand, I let him do as he liked, and lump all under one name. The Calderon I was obliged to print with some name because of a rival [1] in the field; and so thought it as well at once to put my own.

N.B. I don't tell this long story for the Book's sake; but, as you have been so good as to write on the subject, to account for what might seem a whim, and moreover, a change of Whim, which I don't wish my friends to think me too lightly guilty of. I should almost write to Spedding on the subject, but it would only trouble him: and he has charity enough to guess a kind reason for his friend's actions. Pray thank Mrs. Pollock for her message; this is not the proper occasion for me to say how much I value her opinion (except on Jenny Lind), which really is the case, though.

I was detained in London by accidentally meeting some country Ladies whose *Beau* had been called away from them. So I offered my services in Street and Theatre. You may tell Spedding I saw Kean's Richard III. twice; and liked his Dress very much as King. Such very good colours.

At last I have got down to this delightful Oxford.

[1] Denis Florence M'Carthy.

With many so pleasant personal associations with Cambridge, I have never got to like the *place;* which has always a sordid look to me. Here, as you know, are wide clean streets, and the Colleges themselves more presentable on the whole than the unsatisfactory new Gothic at Cambridge. The façade of Christ Church to the Street (by Wren, I believe) is what most delights me: and the Voice of Tom in his Tower.

No — no — my dear Donne is not meant to be Lexilogised by me any way, nor any one else. You don't know Donne's fun yet.

To T. Carlyle.

FARLINGAY, WOODBRIDGE,
Sunday, August 26/55.

DEAR CARLYLE,

On the very day you were writing that Naseby Inscription was I also contriving one at Bredfield. Miss Crabbe thought it very admirable: she would doubtless have thought yours far more admirable, as I do. However, I shall propose to you some alteration, for reasons: and indeed send you *my* version of your Inscription, which you can reject with far more propriety than I propose: anyhow re-alter to your mind.

I wish you were here now, since the weather is far

more delightful than when you were here. Yesterday I drove a little Artist Lawyer[1] (who did the Sketches I gave you) to Hollesley Bay (on the Sea), and, while he painted on the Shore, I got a Boat and had a great splash of Sailing. You would have liked it. The folks here talk of you constantly; you made a sincere impression upon them. Wheat harvest finished yesterday in great Glory; though Alfred[2] has brought on a sort of Lumbago by working so hard and being '*riled*' by the Gleaners from Woodbridge; a bad set, as natural from a Town.

The Radiator,[3] I believe, wrote to you that he was not content with the Photograph you sent him. He was quite sincere in thinking it did not do you justice. It seemed to me excellent. I wish, if you have a scrap of that sort (one of your less good ones) to spare, you would send it to the folks here—to Alfred, who was in great admiration of Crabbe's.

To return to Naseby Column, as things now are I must wait till it be finally settled whether the Estate be ours or Lord Clifden's; then I can either ask him for a leave he cannot, I think, refuse, or do it without asking. We are so far got on with the Business that the 'Jasmine Tree' (Lord Carlisle,[4] one of Lord Clifden's Trustees) has authorised the Bargain, and Papers have been exchanged between the several Solicitors. Be assured I desire to set up

[1] Thomas Churchyard of Woodbridge.
[2] Alfred Smith of Farlingay.
[3] The Rev. George Crabbe of Bredfield.
[4] Who wrote some verses on the Jasmine Tree.

the stone as much as you do: and will follow your Instructions about it as well and as soon as I can.

By the bye—As to the very date of my finding the Bones—I discover a letter of yours dated September 25, 1842, which speaks of my report as being received by you the day before; viz. Septr. 24/42.[1] But then had I written to you about it on the day I found the Bones? and was my Letter more than a Day going to London? You, in your Inscription, note the day of bone-finding as a Saturday—so perhaps an Almanack of 1842 will clear up the whole Affair. I have not yet been able to find one down here. Woodbridge has scarce arrived at 1842 yet.

I have sent to C. Cowell to inquire about 'Glyde'[2] and will report to you in time. Again let me say I wish you were here; for you were a very good Guest. Won't you come to Aldbro? I shall be in Town shortly and will look for you.

FARLINGAY, WOODBRIDGE,
Septr. 14/55.

DEAR CARLYLE,

I send you the enclosed from an absurd volume of Sir John Sinclair's.[3] And I send it chiefly to apprise you of the Book it is quoted from—which may have some information you want.

[1] In 1842, September 24 was a Saturday.

[2] History of Suffolk in the Nineteenth Century.

[3] Correspondence of the Right Hon. Sir John Sinclair, Bart., 1831. Carlyle wrote on the envelope—'About *Brenckendorf*, *Wöllmar*, etc. (By Sir J. Sinclair—*Nothing!*).'

I have only just come back from London, whither I went to see Fred. Tennyson and his Wife, who are on a short visit to England. I had intended bringing him one Evening to look for you; but, partly from uncertainty of your being there, and partly from the distance between Chelsea and his Abode, we did not go. I finished my jaunt by a delightful little Cruise with S[pring] Rice in his Government Cutter: really delighted to sail the salt seas once more before a Breeze unpolluted with Smoke and Grease. We touched at Boulogne and Brighton.

I hope you got good from your Addiscombe (?) stay. I am on the point of migrating from here at last, probably towards Norfolk. All well here: including the Harvest. I have not seen the Bredfield Family yet.

P.S. I add a longer paper from Sir John's Book —whose account of Frederick's room and Books may at least interest you.

To E. B. Cowell.

[1856.]

My dear Cowell,

That *Shah* mistake must be cancelled with its page. I had always seen there was a 'hiatus' somehow; but the passage was so little inviting that I never looked back to it since first burrowing it out — beside not thinking it much mattered who. For it would be always implied that the King acted only by the Sage's direction. But it is safer to let it go.

The Book[1] shall be, as you think well, left at Parker's for sale, and even advertised for sale. Half-a-dozen will buy, and the Critics in the Papers will sneer. For I observe they always take up any Confession of unliteralness, etc., against oneself: and yet one can't honestly put forth a Translation without saying how far one has left the Original. In respect of you too; I should have said much more than you would like in Public, though only the Truth—and what Madam would think very far short of due. I told you I had couched the Preface in a Letter to you,—but I am even now (if the book is to be publisht) puzzled what to do with it.

Jámi then, coming back to Herat in 1473, came back the very year in which his own Sultan Abou Said was dispossessed and slain by Hasan. The pilgrimage to Mecca lasts a Year at least, Chardin says; and if Jámi, returning (as you say) through Mesopotamia, found it in Arms, it must have been against Abou S. not against Mahmúd. But it does not matter.

I see in the Ipswich Paper you are printed as having been appointed! I have delayed going to Oxford because you were now Coaching: thinking best to wait till about Easter. But if you are going to India!—I can't look at you and her again. I must have your portraits.

I think it is spelt 'Yam' not 'Ham' in Sale's Koran.

[1] Salámán and Absál.

[*May* 1856.]

My dear Cowell,

I am glad my shot at Hafiz was not so far wide of the mark, though I could not have shot at all without Von Hammer. Why do you call it 'bitter' wine? Surely only 'sharp' is intended. *Bitter* would be disagreeable: whereas 'sharp' only expresses a Delight whose Edge cuts away all other Taste of the weary World from the Palate.

I think you might string together the stray good Lines from some of the otherwise worthless Odes—empty Bottles!—in a very good Fashion which I will tell you about when we meet. I am tied to London by Lilliput strings which others would break through I dare say: partly Business; being the only one of my Family on the Spot while this confounded Naseby Sale never *is*, but always *is to be*, completed—(they now talk of Saturday, the 24th); and partly that I am waiting for a Bedfordshire Parson who wants me to introduce him to Kemble for the benefit of his Anglo-Saxon. Never fear that I shall get to you somehow and somewhere: though, as I told your Wife, I think it would be best for me to shirk it.

By the bye, I wish you would apologise to her (though she won't care for it) for the Liberty I took with her delightful Verses in my Letter.[1] I made Thornbush '*nestle*' not 'lie' on the Hill to avoid a little jingle with 'sky' in the foregoing Line. The

[1] Prefixed to Salámán and Absál.

Line 'Burned like a Golden Angel ground above,' etc., was meant to refer to those early Religious Pictures (*Pre-Rafaelite!*) where one sees a literally Gold ground teeming with Angel outlines, either over the heads of some Holy Family or of some purple Background. The *Idea* is a good one; but the expression not what it should be; nor should I have substituted so much except that we never could get the original Line to anything like the Goodness of the rest. This will at least show you I did not alter the Verses without consideration, howsoever it may succeed.

I reckoned that you would carry Mr. Kitchin[1] a Salámán when you went to him, as I saw by his Letter you were to do. I can send one any Day. Will you give the Major[2] a copy also, with my kindest Regards? If you will have any more Copies 'there are still a few to be got!' Trench writes about 'getting to see his way into the Book,' which one can't well understand: for the Allegory etc. is clear enough. Have you seen his Calderon? No—you have not. I don't think he has solved the Difficulty; but he has been really exceedingly kind in going out of his way to praise me whose Sympathies lie so far from his own.

I feel a strange pleasure in giving you dear Major Moor's almost worthless Book. The letter to Major Price at the Beginning is worth any money, and almost any Love!

Thackeray is back—not very well.

[1] Now Dean of Durham. [2] Major Hockley.

To George Crabbe.

31 Great Portland Street,
Jan. 1, 1857.

My dear George,

A good New Year to you! Here I am, and have been for the last Fortnight, *alone:* my Wife having gone to Mr. Gurney's, and afterwards to Geldestone: and I remaining here partly to see through that mortgage with W. Browne which you remember my telling you about. There has been plenty of Bother, but I suppose it will be done, like some other things, for Better or Worse.

I am still in a total Quandary about a Place of Abode. My Wife has been asking about Norwich, where she heard of nothing except a Furnisht House in The Close, and an Unfurnisht on the Thorpe Road. So if we be in East Anglia now, I think we shall have to go to Lowestoft for a time. I want my wife to learn all she can of Housekeeping, and employ herself in it: I think she is given to Profusion, and her Hand is out of practice, of course.

I shall be down at Geldestone myself in a few days, and then settle where to go for a time. It is not Inclination that keeps me unsettled: but the not seeing my way at all clear; a matter in which I may perhaps know some more reason than you or others who would otherwise be far more competent to judge of any such matter than I am.

I have scarce seen any one here: but put my Eyes quite out over a silly Persian Manuscript by Day, and look into the Pit of a Theatre for an Hour at night when I can see no longer. What a waste of Life—if *my* Life ever could be worth living. I am rather weary of it.

Give my kind Remembrances to Barlow and his Lady. Tell him I will gladly accept the arm-chair he promises me: but let it not be a luxurious or ornamental one, but a plain Oak Chair: for I like, and will have, all of the plainest in my House.

Goodbye, my dear George: get well, and help me with your good Counsel. I shall go and see you (probably *solus* however) for a day or two ere long, I hope; and if we be at Lowestoft or elsewhere near you, come to us at any time and for any length of Time.

P.S. The 'Bloody Warrior'[1] says you and I and he are to go to Dresden this year together. I should like it: but we must see—we must see.

To George Borrow.

Wednesday [*June* 1857].

DEAR BORROW,

My wife writes to yours. Let me say to you, that as I have declined two or three little Invitations from some of our near Neighbours here, I cannot go with

[1] W. K. Browne, who was a Captain in the Militia.

any face to your House on such Invitation, can I? If one happens to drop in at tea, or Grog, time—all very well. I shall hope to give you a look before you go; perhaps bringing a gay little Niece who is just now brightening my Life.

Will you have poor old Omar to travel with? I find the Calcutta MS. abounding with as good things as what you saw; as good, not better, and too much to the same tune. But for all that, he is the best Persian I have seen.

'You, oh God, who gave me such a turn for drinking — may it be, you were drunk, when you created me!' says he. Yet here is a more pious one, tersely expressed.

[The rest of the letter is written in pencil. Next come four lines in Persian characters, which are thus translated:]

Alas, that life is gone in vain!
My every mouthful is unlawful, every breath is tainted;
Commands not fulfilled have disgraced me;
And alas for my unlawful deeds!

Written in pencil because of a vile pen, and so Adieu.

E. FitzGerald.

I hear from dear old Donne,[1] who is got with satisfaction to his new house — rejoiced to leave London and its Libraries.

[1] Mr. Donne resigned the Librarianship of the London Library in 1857.

To George Crabbe.

GOLDINGTON,
Sat., Septr. 19/57.

MY DEAR GEORGE,

I got your Letter to-day. In case I should not go to the Funeral, it will only be from my nervous fear of making any Figure in it: and I can't feel sure but I might make too much of one, for it is certain I feel your Father's loss more than any I have felt—except Major Moor's perhaps, whom, if I had known longer, I had not lived nearly so much with. If I go, it will be rather for the sake of the Living. I want your Sisters so much to go to my Wife at Gorlestone, when they can, and for as long as they can: and I have had a Letter from her to-day, hoping so they *will* but let her in that way return them some of the Sympathy they showed her when *her* Trial was. I am convinced that their going to her would be the very thing for herself, poor Soul; taking her out of herself, and giving her the very thing she is pining for; namely, some one to devote herself to. I write to your Sister to say this. And mind you tell me any use I can be to you, for I can't say what a pleasure it will be to me, and what a heap of unrepaid obligations I feel always on my Shoulders for the kindness and all the happy peaceful Times I have experienced at Bredfield for the last ten years.

In case I do go to the Funeral, I can put up at

the Castle, or at Mrs. Garrod's, can't I? I want to keep clear of Woodbridge and all Friends, and to talk to nobody about one who has left nobody I care to talk to him about; except Drew; and I almost dread becoming too sad with remembering our old Days!

My dear George, don't misunderstand me in case I don't appear on the Day; and don't mistrust all my little Professions of Sympathy. I shall know better to-morrow: but I do not like putting off writing.

I will think over the Ipswich Journal; but have become afraid of meddling with another's Memory: and of one worth many hundred wretches like myself.[1]

GELDESTONE, BECCLES,
April 13/59.

MY DEAR GEORGE,

My poor Master[2] was buried this day week—Airy reading the Service: the Funeral very quiet and solemn.

I have had a kind Letter from Barlow offering me his House to live in while he is away on Service. But I dare not meddle with it. You see all the Bredfield Estate is to be sold—8 Lots—in June. Barlow says he would like if he could to buy the Farm by Hasketon Church. Were you not telling

[1] FitzGerald wrote a notice of Mr. Crabbe in the Gentleman's Magazine for Nov. 1857. It is reprinted in his Miscellanies, which appeared in the Golden Treasury Series.

[2] W. K. Browne. See Letters, ii. 2.

me he once thought of selling his own, and going to Corsica!

Thank you always for asking me to Merton. I will not go at present, but shall hope to do so when your Sisters are there. I would go and lodge at Watton, unless you could find me a Room at that Farmhouse along your Lane going to Thompson.

I shall run over soon to Ipswich and Woodbridge: but at present the weather leaves one best here. Charles Cowell is going to be married to the eldest Miss Clowes: a good Match in all ways, I think.

I write so ill because I am cold up in my Bedroom.

I duly finisht and signed my Will before I left London.

BATH HOUSE, LOWESTOFT,
Wed., *October* 4/59 [Oct. 5].

MY DEAR GEORGE,

You will wonder at my so sudden return to these Parts. I got to Duncan's[1] on Monday week, September 26. They were very glad to see me, kind in entertaining, and anxious I should stay: but the remote and wild Country, without good Roads or Walks, and no Town near, and a perpetual Rain—hung heavy upon me. I had done what I promised, and, I believe, what Good was to be done (for Duncan's Exhilaration does not last long), so I broke through all further Entreaty, and ran away on Saturday. But

[1] At West Chelborough, Dorset. See Letters, i. 222.

five Days to travel 300 Miles for. But I had also found my Ears growing dim, I think from the Wet, and went to an Aurist in London whom I had been told of but never tried, and he said indeed they were much shaken: but he had known others who had *lost* hearing from such an Attack as I had. He has given me Advice, and a Lotion, to go on with, and says I must take care.

Thus, even had I been sure your Sisters were yet at Bradford last Saturday, I might not have gone: for it rained all Day, and seem'd likely to rain on for Days more: so up to London I went: saw Peter, Donne, Spedding, and Laurence (who paints just as he did twenty years ago), and came down here yesterday. I should have gone to Woodbridge; but heard Mrs. Smith was at Point of Death: and on coming here heard she died on Sunday Night. Churchyard has brought his Wife here, to my old Lodgings; and I have taken these little Rooms for a week: and shall stay longer if they suit. I am rather badly off for Books: and may have to ask you to send my Persian Dictionary and old Burton. Chaucer I don't want: and am glad you should take to him. I told you of the Tales I thought would please you: The Clerk of Oxford (Griseldis), the Pardoner's, and the Knight and Squire. Read also all the Prologue Narrative between the Tales. One must feel Chaucer is akin to Shakespeare, in his Human Sympathy and Activity of Life, but he has not sounded such Depths of Thought and Feeling.

I bought the last Edition of Richardson: rather larger and less handy than yours. I had proposed hunting for several Books: but ran away from Town before doing so. It was very hot: and I wanted to make no more Calls! Spedding, however, as inimitably calm, wise, and kind, as ever. Laurence was making a good Picture of him, so far as Drawing goes. I saw no Pictures: except a genuine Stubbs for £6; but all inferior to Barlow's, which I am assured is a very choice one.

To Mrs. Cowell.

FARLINGAY, WOODBRIDGE,
August 21/60.

DEAR MRS. COWELL,

You will not like the Fraction of your Poem which I return: and you need not take it, you know. I think a fault in the Structure of the Original is, that it begins by telling how Ailie is drooping, as, after the intermediate means, it ends by telling how she must droop. Whereas the Poem should, I think, be a little Drama: open with Ailie at full work: and then see gradually how it tells upon her. So as, in reality, my Scheme will make a longer Drama than yours, though less than half its size: simply from not beginning with the End. There is also a good deal of Repetition: and some lines I don't like: 'the Sausage at the Fire': 'To-morrow's claims' for Lessons: and I don't like 'She lifted it o'er rough

and Burr'—nor the last line but one: for if She only 'sink to rest' it is a subject of Congratulation, not of Sorrow, after all her Exertions. The Sketch I send is only meant to show my Idea of the Outline: you must fill it in.

I have been here three months: the house going on as usual but for the Hostess who has dropt away. Mr. Smith is very well: and is now in the middle of Harvest. We have had such a wet Summer as has not been recollected since 1816, I believe: and I doubt we have not done with it yet. I go on here really seeing nobody except the few Farmers and Farmers' wives connected with the House. I have been but once to Ipswich in these three months! when I called on C. E. Cowell, who was out. He said he should drive over here one day; but has not done so yet. Oh yes, I drove through Ipswich once again with Alfred Smith on our way to his Tuddenham. . . .

I have never set foot in London since last March year, except running through to Dorsetshire last Autumn: nor have I set eyes on Donne, Spedding, or any of the Wise Men since. It is wrong not to go: but I have lost all Curiosity about what London has to see and hear: its Books come to me here from Mudie: and W. Browne is too much connected with my old Taverns and Streets not to fling a sad shadow over all. As I have not had the courage to go into Bedfordshire, Mrs. B. wished her Boys to come to see me in Suffolk. So I took

them to Aldbro', where they were happy Boating and Shooting with a young Sailor, who, strangely enough, reminded me something of their Father as I first knew him near thirty years ago! This was a strange thing: and my Thoughts run after that poor Fisher Lad who has now gone off in a smack to the North. I always like Seafaring People: and go now every day almost on the Water: either this old Deben here, or on the Sea. Somehow all the Country round is become a Cemetery to me: so many I loved there dead: but none I have loved have been drown'd. Perhaps this poor Sailor who played with W. B.'s Boys as a Boy, and yet took a sort of tender Care of them, will go down into the Deep and blacken that too to my Eyes.

Tell Cowell I received his Paper, and liked the literal Translation from the Mesnavi very much indeed. That is the way to do it, only cutting out and curtailing: and so, it would be very much better than anything I have done. He ought to do this: for I suppose it is the best Persian Poem. I have not looked into Persian of late: but I mean if I live to take it up again, and do a little day by day: so as not quite to lose what I have learnt. I do not expect to take any great Interest in it: though I might like the Mesnavi if it were presented to me in a large clear Type. But I can't give my Eyes up to MSS. for any upshot that Persian is like to render me. What astonishes me is, Shakespeare: when I look into him it is not a Book, but People talking

all round me. Instead of wearying of him, I only wonder and admire afresh. Milton seems a Dead-weight compared.

Adieu, both of you. I don't know where I am to be this Winter: but that is not to be quite here these two Months. Robert Bloomfield's mother said to him—'Three Giants are coming upon me—Old Age —Winter—Poverty!'[1]

N.B. I don't quote this as my case entirely.

To George Crabbe.

WOODBRIDGE, *Sept.* 25/61.

MY DEAR GEORGE,

What Cheer, ho! I can't remember how long ago it was that you paid me a very pleasant Visit here, which I wish had been thrice as long. Since you went, William Airy came over to Playford: and I went to see him there, and he came to see me here: and then we went together to Bury to ramble over our old School haunts. This also was really a pleasant thing to me. After this I went to Geldestone for some Days: called on your Aunt: did not see her: but heard from W. Crowfoot she was about to set off with your Cousin to Brighton, in order to hear their favourite Preachers. Donne talks of coming here for a Day on his road to Norfolk: whither I shall

[1] See Letters, ii. 88.

perhaps run with him: at least so far as a Day's Railway goes.

These are all the Dissipations I have had: except buying a great ugly dish of what was called *Majolica* (which I read means *Majorca*, where the Ware was first made), and a party-coloured Mop, so agreeable to my colour-loving eyes that I have kept it in my Sitting-room instead of giving it over to be trundled in the Kitchen. I still persist with my Boat: and have been half perished with Cold in it this very Day. But one must have some such—Amusement!

In three Ipswich Journals have been long Letters about foreign Travel by 'one of your Subscribers,' who, I am told (by Peter Parley), is no other than the great Capitaine Brooke! They are very well written indeed, whomsoever by. I keep on being very much pleased with my Causeries du Lundi, by Sainte Beuve, of which I told you, and which you may well recommend to Lady Walsingham. I almost think they are worth buying, which is saying one's utmost for a Book: especially for one in some dozen small volumes. I wish there were many Dozen, so long as one could get them from the London Library.

The Chimes have just played 'Ye Banks and Braes' for 6 P.M., and it is so dark I can scarce see how to write. So Summer is gone, and terrible old Winter coming, which I dread. What shall I do without my Boat? Sometimes I think I should like to try a winter—one—in Italy: but Indolence of Action carries it. I think I *must* go to Dresden to

see the Madonna. Oh, there is a Book of Travel by a Lady Charlotte Pepys, incredible for its inanity, and I dare say much admired by the Sir Leicester Dedlocks. It is called From Rieu to Eaux-bonnes, and is *almost* worth buying too, though only in two Volumes.

To W. F. Pollock.

MARKET HILL, WOODBRIDGE,
Nov. 20/61.

MY DEAR POLLOCK,

'Vox clamantis' once again, at something of the usual Season. You have had your Summer Excursions, I suppose: and pray let me hear how you both do after them, and how well prepared to face the Winter. I rather dread it: having, I think, suffered with the Cold last year: and moreover sorry to exchange Boating on the River, in such Glorious Summer as we have had, for poring one's Eyes out over Mudie's Books at a Sea-coal Fire. Oh, if you were to hear 'Where and oh where is my Soldier Laddie gone' played every three hours in a languid way by the Chimes of Woodbridge Church, wouldn't you wish to hang yourself? On Sundays we have the 'Sicilian Mariner's Hymn'—very slow indeed. I see, however, by a Handbill in the Grocer's Shop that a Man is going to lecture on the Gorilla in a few weeks. So there is something to look forward to.

Donne very kindly came and stayed some days with me: and I think went away looking better than

when he arrived. Then Laurence has been painting a Sister of mine: I wouldn't go to look at it for fear of not liking it. He goes on talking of Colour, etc., just as he did twenty years ago—and was about, I believe, to finish my Sister through some '*Amber Medium*' which nobody seemed to wish at all for. (Don't tell Spedding what I say.)

I am extremely pleased with Sainte Beuve's Causeries du Lundi, which I get from the London Library: and try to make the most and longest of its 12 Vols.! Do you know the Book? I suppose it is now almost out of Date in London: but it is as new as 'Soldier Laddie' here.

Fechter's Othello?

To T. Carlyle.

Market Hill, Woodbridge,
Dec. 5/61.

Dear Carlyle,

I hope you won't be bored with another of my half-yearly Enquiries after yourself and Mrs. Carlyle. You can just tell me how you both are: where you have been this Summer: and how you are getting on with your Frederick now you yourself are got, as I suppose, into Winter Quarters.

All this you may do in a very few words, which is all I expect, or have a right to expect from you.

You would have a right to more from me if I had

more to tell on my own Score. But that is not so: this year is like the last with me—only I went to Berwick-upon-Tweed in a sailing Schooner, just for the sake of the Sail: and was then within two hours' Rail of Edinburgh, which I had never seen, and always wished to see; but, like a great Ass, didn't go to see when all so near: but ran home again.

I have been very well pleased indeed reading Ste Beuve's Causeries du Lundi, one of the justest and best French Books I have seen, so far as I can judge. He writes well, I think, of your Frederick, as one of the Great.

Please to remember me with all kindness to Mrs. Carlyle: and believe me always yours,

EDWARD FITZGERALD.

It will soon be twenty years since we first exchanged letters!

To W. F. Pollock.

MARKET HILL, WOODBRIDGE,
Jan. 16/62.

DEAR RHUMLOTT,

You see I have received your Play Bill,[1] and recognise, I suppose, most of the Performers. But you should have let me know how it all went off. Perhaps you leave that to some one of the Audience,

[1] In which it was announced that Mr. Rhumlott would speak the prologue.

who will tell me—as much as you have done. Well, I hope it 'gave Satisfaction' to all.

Whom should I apply to for an Account? Spedding? He has already answered me upon other matters in the most scornful way. I am counting, however, very much of his Book which he speaks of as about to be ready by the End of this Month.

You should see my little Room, filling with the most wonderful Gewgaws; Pictures, China, etc. I want two or three little Casts of Greek Statues (the decenter), and then I shall have samples of China, Greece, Italy, etc., all mixed. This Nonsense amuses me: at least helps to make my Room gay during the long Days and Nights of Winter. When Summer comes I shall get out on the River. I assure you our little Squires have so laid bare the Land of all the merit we had, its Trees and Hedgerows, that I turn away with Disgust from my old Haunts of fifty years ago. There is no need for them further to shut up (as they do) our old Footpaths, for one no longer wants to walk them. Oh for some Great Duke to come and buy them all out; we could bear *his* Tyranny: as Swift says, one can submit to a Lion, but to be gnawed alive by Rats! So I have recourse to the River and Sea which the Squires have not yet defaced nor forbidden, have as yet

Written no Wrinkles on that azure brow.[1]

[1] See Byron, Childe Harold, canto iv. st. 182.

So it isn't all Peace in one's Soul down here; we have our Grudges, as well as Thackeray his against Saturday Reviews, etc. I think Thackeray must be much spoiled, judging by all that.

To George Crabbe.

MARKET HILL, WOODBRIDGE,
Jan. 31/62.

DEAR GEORGE,

Thank you always for your Invitations to Merton: why don't I go there? as well as to London, etc. Ah, why! You know, I hope, that you will always be welcome to my seedy home. Board here, Bed at the Bull. But I am (as for the last ten years) looking out for a House, and indeed have gone so far as to have (though without my asking for it) a Plan of Alterations drawn up for a wretched little House (where Mr. Reynolds, once Parson here, used to live), at the end of Seckford Street. But, little as I want, I doubt this would be almost too little, with scarce a Scrap of Garden ground. I had even thoughts of that House where Mr Causton once lived at foot of the Bredfield Sandhill—do you remember? which has a Bit of Garden, and might be altered to my Use. But the House lies low in a Corner where one can't get out except one way—up the hill—and into the Town by those *Ship-meadows*, whereas Seckford Street is high and dry, and leads out to Farlingay, Ipswich Road, etc. But all the better houses are occupied by

Dowagers like Myself: the Miss Tolls: Mrs. Pulham: the Miss Silvers: and Billy Whincupp: and none of them will die, or otherwise migrate, for Love or Money: so here I go floundering on and teasing everybody without any Progress at all. I wish you were here, or could give me any Advice from where you are: for I am so certain to blunder in all I do that I quite lose heart to decide. I do really want, however, to get into a house of my own with my own servants (where and with whom, of course, I shan't do half as well as here), and this for several reasons. Do not forget me in case you hear of any likely Housekeeper or Servant, though I can't yet engage the former because I have no house for her to keep. But a good Maidservant I would almost undertake here, paying her instead of Mrs. Berry's doing so: who hires at 1s. a week such a Slut as even I cannot put up with. We are now, I hope, getting rid of the third since I have been here, and I yesterday went to see about another at Hasketon. Also, if when you are at Norwich, you should see any pretty and quaint Furniture, I should be glad to hear of it, and would even go to Norwich if you knew of a Place where such things were in plenty. When I took my Niece to London in November, I went to the Baker Street Bazaar: but spent what Time and Money I had in the new Chinese Department, where I bought a heap of Things which, however, have chiefly gone in Presents. I however like Oriental Things: their quaint shapes, fine Colours, and musky sandal-wood

Scents ; and, though I do not so much look at these things individually, yet their Presence in the Room creates a cheerfulness which is good as one grows old, blind, deaf, and dull. A little time in London would soon set one up in such Things : but I don't care to go there, and perhaps it is as well to have to pick up such Things now and then only.

I have not yet hung up my Pictures, which are now got back to the Room they were outed from : but the Truth is they look so much better on the Floor. I have cleaned and put a thick coat of varnish on the Secretary ; this fills up some cracks, though it makes him a little too glossy. Laurence was delighted with my hideous larger Spanish woman, which is certainly Velasquez, he says : I have turpentined her, which (as I have learned from Mr. Churchyard) will freshen up old Varnish, and so do better than overlaying a new Coat of *that*. But what do you think of my Impudence in actually rubbing down my Titian Landscape ! which Mr. C. was frightened to think of my doing, but says it is certainly improved, now it's done. I will not have green skies at any Price. . . .

I should like some of the old light Cane Chairs such as one used to see in old Inns, Watering Places, etc. Do keep me and my wants of this kind in your Eye, as you have an Eye for such things, and may not be unamused at thus keeping it open.

Here is a stupendous Letter : all about myself. You seem too much engaged, or too little inclined, to

write much : and indeed I can't expect other People to repay me with such Coin as my own Idleness can spare so easily. I am reading a Book of almost as dull Letters as my own : the second series of Mrs. Delany : five thick volumes of five hundred pages apiece of almost the poorest twaddle, and often very vulgar Twaddle, from the very greatest People to one another.

MARKET HILL, WOODBRIDGE,
Monday [*March* 10, 1862].

MY DEAR GEORGE,

There is Farlingay left in applepie order, with its good Servants, Gardener, etc., as old Smith left them, and I am asked to take it as it is : and yet—I am afraid to leave the poor Town with its little bustle ! As one grows older, lonelier, and sadder, is not the little Town best, though Farlingay be the Pink of Places ?

I have bought a new Boat, which is not yet from London : and am altering (and I doubt spoiling) my old one, just when I didn't want to meddle with it at all. Then, in a sudden fit, I sold out all my Bank Stock into Dutch Funds, which won't give me as much Income ; my only consolation being that, directly after I had done it, the Bank Clerk (here) rushed out from his Desk to assure me Bank Stock had fallen because a smaller Dividend is expected. I believe I am now more considered in the Town, as having exhibited this fore-knowledge.

The 'Town Hall' is being decorated with Flags, etc., for the Odd Fellows Dinner, which comes off To-day. But the Town itself is distracted with the Question as to where the New School shall be; Bishop Taylor having persuaded the Inspector to choose Land near his (the Bishop's) Estate down in the lower Part of the Town (at foot of the Sandhill). So the Bishop walks about enveloped in his virtue, and proof against all unchristian malevolence.

I have been in my glory tearing up 20 Volumes of the Gentleman's Magazine to get out Scraps of Mitford and Green's Diary, of which I make Volumes, and then call them my Works.[1] I have hung my Pictures, which are spoilt by a vile Paper.

MARKET HILL, WOODBRIDGE,
April 18, 1862.

MY DEAR GEORGE,

No—I won't go to Norwich on Saturday, though I should like then, or at any time, to meet you.

I ran to London for one day at the beginning of this week: saw nobody: but tore about to Shops where I bought some things I wanted, and some I didn't want. I got a look at the National Gallery, and admired the New Room: but the Devotion of one whole Room to Turner seems to me to be a national Absurdity. I didn't see one good Picture in the Shop windows, except a Wilson at Bryant's: but I saw the beautiful Venetian Portrait of a Lady which

[1] These are now in my possession.—W. A. W.

used to hang at Boulge Cottage, and which I gave to my Sister Lusia, quite spoiled by having been cleaned and restored by Seguier. Quite spoiled, I say, as a whole and perfect Work, so far as it went: it is now in uneven patches. I also managed to rush to the Crystal Palace — always, I think, the Sight of the Century: there were Chinese Trees in Blossom, and M. Angelo's Statues striving into Life, as it were, and the Grand Organ preparing itself by reverberating Preludes for some Handel Commemoration.

Now, after this flourish of the Tupper Trumpet, how can you expect I am to descend to Questions of Trusteeships, etc. Or how could you ever ask *my* opinion on such a Subject? I, who run about asking every one else's!

GELDESTONE HALL, BECCLES,
Thursday, April (24?), 1862.

DEAR GEORGE,

I came here two Days ago, because my Sister wished to see me before her House fills with Company for a Month next week.

I think you will believe that if I wish to decline being your Treasurer,[1] it is not from a wish to shirk the small Trouble, but because I am too convinced of my own incapacity for dealing well with affairs of any such sort, whether other people's or my own. And I am so far one of the very worst of the Incapables: forasmuch as I don't consent to drift along as my fellow-Trustees, Lawyers, etc., would have me:

[1] Trustee.

but am apt to raise Questions and Difficulties. I cannot doubt that you will very easily find a much more suitable Man than myself; whom I think you have only asked out of Compliment. If you should find any real difficulty in the matter, let me know; but I wish to communicate through you rather than my Lawyer.

William Crowfoot has been, and is, very anxious I should buy Miss Howman's House at Beccles: one main reason being, as he laughingly confesses, that I may replace her in some useful little Charities she practised, and in fact reign as a Dowager in her stead. He also wishes me to be near Gelson,[1] no doubt; and, I also believe, near himself: for I take as fully meant his expression of Pleasure in my society. In return I tell him that the one inducement to draw me to Beccles would be, himself. I have little to bind me to Woodbridge except the River: but being somehow at Woodbridge, and fairly well off there, I am afraid to quit. I shall, however, have to leave my present lodging, I doubt: quite against my own Desire: and where to go to I know not yet. I have my two Boats out, and have begun sailing. I shall always be glad to see you: but I have scarce a right to ask you when I never go to you at your asking. But you know how often People grow averse from moving as they grow old. I am now a year or two older than your Father when he first settled at Bredfield.

[1] Geldestone.

To T. Carlyle.

MARKET HILL, WOODBRIDGE,
June 29/62.

DEAR CARLYLE,

I forget if I told you in my last that there is some account of your Frederick in Dr. Burney's Musical Tour in Italy, France, Germany, Vol. III. What there is, as you may suppose, about F.'s Flute-playing (which Burney heard), his conduct of Concerts, etc., not very much: yet his exclusive regard for his old Master Quantz's music, and Graun's, has, I suppose, some Character and Value. Burney says, he (Frederick) stopped half an hour before Correggio's Night-piece at Dresden, when first he entered that City.[1]

Thank you for your News of yourself. I wish you could come down here, and have a Sail with me, and a Bathe by yourself, and some Good Wine at the Bull Inn.

I am just now going to Alfred Smith's Farm—not at Farlingay. Had I told you that his Father was dead—this Spring—after a short illness: Cold, caught by going to Church? His end was—Beef: for he was murmuring about Sales of Cattle, etc., to the last.

I am in mourning for a Brother-in-Law.[2]

[1] The Present State of Music in Germany, the Netherlands, and United Provinces, by Charles Burney (Ed. 1775), ii. 43.
[2] The Rev. J. B. Wilkinson.

To Herman Biddell.

MARKET HILL, WOODBRIDGE.
Thursday [1863].

MY DEAR SIR,

Airy first proposed to come this present week: I should have let you know if he had, in hope you would come and meet him here. He now talks of August 10; of which you shall hear in time.

As to my going to meet him at your's—beside that you know I may say I go nowhere—(alas! I have not yet found my way to Boulge, where my Brother has been these two months)—I feel it rather indelicate only to break that rule in order to meet an old Schoolfellow because he happens to be staying at a house where I know I am always kindly invited, and yet don't go. I can tell you truly, that if I went anywhere I should have been much more than once at Playford, where I find sensible, unaffected, and (best of all) unconventional People; and (next best) no formal Dinner: the stupid Dulness of which determined to drive me out of the Society hereabout as much as anything else. However, we must see when Airy does come; he is very obstinate, you know; and makes a rather truculent mouth if one doesn't follow where he bids. You know how I mean all this; he is a real loyal Fellow, as well as a clever; and I am sure I value his old Regard, and like well a Talk of Old Times, and take it very kind that he should give up

any holiday, and go to the Expense, for the sake of coming so far to me.

Now, as to Frith, etc., I didn't half read the Review: but sent it to you to see what you would make of it. I quite agree with you about Hogarth, who (I always thought) made his pictures unnatural by overcrowding what was natural in Part, as also by caricature. For this reason, I always thought his Apprentices his best Series. But there are passages of Tragedy and Comedy in his Works that go very deep into Human Nature, and into one's Soul. He was also an Artist in Composition, Colour, etc., though in all respects, I think, a little over-rated of late years.

I don't say that Frith is not more natural (in the sense you use the word, I suppose) than Hogarth; but then does he take so difficult a Face of Nature to deal with, and, even on his own lower ground, does he go to the bottom of it? Is there in his Derby Day the one typical Face and Figure of the Jockey, the Gambler, etc., such as Hogarth would have painted for ever on our Imaginations? Is Frith at all better (if so good) as Leech in Punch? If as good or better, are his Pictures worth a thousandth Part of the Prices given for them? Which, I think, is the Question with the Reviewer. I don't know about his Colour; but I have never heard of it as beyond the usual.

If we take the mere representation of common Nature as the sum total of Art, we must put the

modern Everyday life Novel above Shakespeare: for certainly Macbeth and Coriolanus, etc., did not spout Blank Verse, etc. But they dealt in great, deep, and terrible Passions, and Shakespeare has made them live again out of the dead Ashes of History by the force of his Imagination, and by the 'Thoughts that breathe, and Words that burn' that he has put into their Mouths. Nor can I think that Frith's veracious Portraitures of people eating Luncheons at Epsom are to be put in the Scale with Raffaelle's impossible Idealisation of the Human made Divine.

As you are a sensible Man, I drop 'Mr.' and 'Esq.' in directing to you. I wish others would do so to me.

To George Crabbe.

WOODBRIDGE, *August* 16/63.

DEAR GEORGE,

I don't know if Drew's Letters amuse you as they do me: but I venture two P.O. Stamps upon one: you can keep the Letter for me: don't lose it. You perceive that I told him all the Woodbridge Gossip; some of which (as about Larken) he seems to have misunderstood.

All last week Airy was with me: and was very well pleased sailing on the River, looking at Bawdsey Cliffs, Ramsholt Church, etc. I have lent my ship to Mr. Spalding to go to Rotterdam in: a silly thing

for him to ask, and for me to grant: seeing that he is always sick: that there is always Bother and risk about the Boat in those Canals: and that, with such a West wind as now blows, he may not get back this week. I discovered all these reasons immediately after yielding.

There is a very charming Paper about Holland in Thackeray's Roundabouts [1]: of course I didn't read it till I had returned, though I had the Book by me. If ever I go abroad again it shall be (if you please) with you; to Berlin and Dresden: I will find means, and give the whole Charge of the Journey to you, reserving only a little Ill-humour and Testiness of my own at railway and Hotel Nuisances; which you needn't mind, since it is not expended on you, but on my own inaptitude at Travel. Nothing but the Eyes of that unseen Madonna (like Beatrice's in Dante) will draw me out again: and Berlin, you say, is easily seen by the way. . . .

There is now a large party at Boulge: but I keep well out of the way. Kerrich has been over with his son Walter to look for a house hereabout for Walter, who is made Adjutant to the Rifles.

We keep expecting Rain, but have not had twenty Drops this month past, though we hear there has been plenty in the Midland Counties. To-day the Glass has fallen: and I do think some Rain will follow. For the first time I see the long Pond at Farlingay all but dry.

[1] Notes of a Week's Holiday.

MARKET HILL, WOODBRIDGE,
Jan. 23/64.

DEAR GEORGE,

Laurence sent me so fine a Photograph of his last Drawing of Thackeray (for Baron Pollock) that I have commissioned him to try and paint me a Sketch of it, having before him the beautiful Sketch of Dupont by Gainsboro' that was in the Great Exhibition. None of Laurence's black Glazings, etc., but simply sketched in with Brown, and some fresh face-colour over; red and white; and better flat so, than what he calls round at the expense of freshness. He is also to do me a Sketch of this very Gainsboro', doing which will improve him. I am supposing his friend Richmond, to whom the Gainsboro' belongs, will lend it to be copied, as he did before; nay, I have the former Copy in my room now; delightful, in spite of being rather brown in the flesh: which Laurence thinks he can amend. I had long wished to give him a little Commission; but I couldn't like his late Pictures, and Chalk (large as Life) scarcely satisfies me.

I have bought a Crome from Norwich; which is very good in its way; but I don't care about it; and indeed only bought it to see what we could make of it with a little warm water: which has restored it almost to what it originally was. I shall either sell or change it one of these Days.

The little Moonlight Crome which I had bought when I last saw you is quite a Failure: not *old* Crome at all, as I might have seen if I had only cared to

look at the Back, where his Son's name is very legibly written. However, I thought it *old* Crome in my short view of it; so I must give up my Connoisseurship.

There has been a Sale at some old Hall near Scole which had not been disturbed (Mason of Ipswich says) for these two hundred years! There were some Pictures, which I should have gone to look at had I been apprised of the Sale. Mason says all went very high; not so much from London Dealers, as from the neighbouring Gentry. . . .

I hear Thackeray died with a Will drawn up, but not executed. I don't know if his Wife be alive to share with the Girls. His House and Copyrights must be worth a good deal if unencumbered.

WOODBRIDGE, *March* 20 [1864].

DEAR GEORGE,

I went to London to see Thackeray's House before the Auction cleared all off. To the Auction I did not go. I was much pleased at the Kensington Museum; Crome's Picture really seemed to me to cut over everything there. Then I went to several Dealers, and two Picture Sales; but have come away with two Pictures I don't want, having missed one which I did much want. This was a Portrait of Pope, in so neglected and battered a Condition I thought to be sure I should buy it for £10 at the end of a Sale. But when some People had bid £3 or £4,

a voice called out £10; then £20—£30—£40—and so would have gone on, I suppose to any amount, for it was the great Farrer. The Portrait was, I was sure, done from the Man: and I had planned so nicely how I was to cut it down and make oval! I spoke to Farrer, who had bought my Father's Lady Castlemaine (Lely). He said it was now at Narboro'; we will go see it one day, eh? At this last Sale was a great tawdry Lely sold for £200; I said to Farrer I could not believe it to be Lely; and he said No, it was by Lely's Pupil, Mrs. Beale, who did much for him.

Well, I went to my dear Crystal Palace; was all day upon my Legs in the Streets and half the night too; saw countless Silver Teapots!—just the thing! and ended by buying a Plated Service! Oh, how base! You would have kept me from such Cowardice; as would the poor Captain, whom I kept thinking of as I went about; also, much of W. M. T. Then I bought some perfectly useless Things at the Baker Street Bazaar; in short, have frittered away in Things I don't care for what might have bought something I should have cared for. Ass!

Bence Jones gave me some Prescription to cool my head of Nights; I still wake up in a Bother. He talked to me a good deal of W. M. T., having known him of late years. He thought he had a foible for Great Folks; I wonder if this was really so.

To W. F. Pollock.

MARKET HILL, WOODBRIDGE,
Decr.—what? but /64.

MY DEAR POLLOCK,

I didn't deserve half so long, kind, and pleasant a letter as you sent me: and now I write to tell you so. Annie Thackeray had just written, to say they were got to live at 8 Onslow Gardens; her letter very genuine and very humorous (as she always was and must be) under real sorrow. She talks honestly of turning a Penny by 'little Articles,' for which she has got 'a little Room' to herself. I hope she won't become a hack serial; her Story of Elizabeth was really original, I thought, with The Dew on it.

I wouldn't subscribe to W. M. T.'s Westminster Monument, because, on the one hand, I think no one should be monumented there till a hundred [years] have proved that any one knows of him; and, on the other hand (rather contradictory), there are already such a heap of vulgar Statues to People no one, even now, cares for that I shouldn't care to see W. M. T. lumped among them, next to—Sir W. Follett, for instance. What Foreigner, looking into the Noble Abbey, but must wonder at such an Intrusion; the Name not known, I suppose, out of Britain, and not exciting any very lively recognition here. Does it?

I feel sure W. M. T. will be known and admired a hundred years hence: Laurence's likeness will be kept,

and repeated; and then the New Zealander may make a Bust, or a Statue, as he pleases.

I saw some one cried out for Leech to be commemorated in 'one of the great national Repositories,' etc. I shouldn't wonder if Leech survives 50 years; but, once begin at this work, not one of the Staff of Punch will die, but there will be the same Cry from Cockneydom: Douglas Jerrold, Laman Blanchard (or some such-named Man), dug up to be carried to the great National Repository, etc.

I have had also a kind letter from Mrs. A. T., who answers my yearly letter to her husband. She is a graceful lady, but I think that she and other asthetic and hysterical Ladies have hurt A. T., who, *quoad* Artist, would have done better to remain single in Lincolnshire, or married a jolly Woman who would have laughed and cried without any reason why. But this is foolish and wicked Talking. Annie T. tells me she went to see Spring Rice before he sailed. I had not heard he had sailed; and I have written to ask Spedding about it. I doubt it must be because of ill-health.

To W. E. Crowfoot.

MARKET HILL, WOODBRIDGE,
April 3 [1865].

I believe I shall send you in some few days the last Print I shall ever dabble in: taken, though not

translated, from two of Calderon's[1] most famous ones; the Story and Moral of which will interest you a little, and may interest some others also. Edward Cowell's return from India set me on finishing what I had left and put away these nine years; but I print, not to publish, but because I think they will interest a few people.

I suppose you never read that *aggravating* Book, Clarissa Harlowe? Now, with a pair of Scissors, I *could* make that a readable Book; and being a perfectly *original Work of Genius*, I should like to do that Service to my Country before I die. But I should only be abused, and unsold for my pains.

To Herman Biddell.

WOODBRIDGE,
Christmas Day /65.

MY DEAR BIDDELL,

All I know of the Second Burial[2] is Thackeray's telling, or writing, me that nobody bought it—'wasn't it a shame?' Yes, I thought so; but Herman Biddell also wouldn't have bought it then, would he? You see the broad, fine humour soaks into the Good Soul at last. I always wondered why Thackeray hadn't it reprinted with the rest of his Works; but I forgot to tell him so.

'Miss Smith' is nobody else than a generic middle-

[1] The Mighty Magician and Such Stuff as Dreams are made of.
[2] The Second Funeral of Napoleon.

class Lady to whom 'Michael Angelo Titmarsh,' the Cockney, is supposed to address himself. But the little family Procession described as going to see the Show includes Thackeray's Mother, and Grandmother, with whom he and his Family were then residing in Paris. The delightful verses at the End are to his poor little Wife.

Ah! this Day two years I was told of his Death.

When you next come here (and you know I am always glad to see you) you must choose one of his Drawings: there is one framed that *I* should choose: inasmuch as I *have* chosen to frame it; but I can't calculate on your crotchety Taste, which I by no means wish to alter, if I could. But I believe you will one day wonder at some things you now like—I mean in matters of Pictures, etc.

By the way, I have bought Mr. Loder's Cow, which I asked you to look at, and which I suppose you didn't like. It seems to me a very clever sketch: I begin to think perhaps by Cooper.

Well—now let me sincerely wish you and yours a Happy Christmas—A Happy New Year.

To W. F. Pollock.

MARKET HILL, WOODBRIDGE
[*October* 1866].

MY DEAR POLLOCK,

(You *shall* have a new Pen!)

I suppose your Country Rambles are over, and

that you are got back to the old Shop. Well then, let me hear of you, do. I can't forget your kindly Accosting of me in Holborn in the Spring, when I was after Carpets, etc. Well, I fitted up two rooms in my new House (there are only three) and got it ready for a sick Niece, who was there for two months. But I have not got into it; but go on here: after living some forty years in lodgings, one is frightened at a Change: yet it would be better to go. Meanwhile, here I am. For nearly four months I was living on board my Big Ship. Bed as well as Board. She was only laid up in her Mud a week ago; and here am I returned to mine. Laurence called on me (he was at my Brother's) just before I had bid Adieu to my Sea-faring; so I didn't see him. Please to send me Spedding's new Address; he won't, however, be obliged to you for doing so, I believe; but I must have the Old Villain out of his Cart twice a Year at least. I want you to send me your 'Carte de Visite': you said you would three or four years ago, but you have not done so. Can't you send me a good one of Spedding? He wouldn't, for all I could say to him. I dare say you have several of him: do send me one: and not the worst: and one of yourself, Do. I have written to Blakesley for his; as also to tell him that his Herodotus seems to me the very best Edition of a Classic that ever came into my hands. I scarce know why it is that I always get back to Greek—(and Virgil)—when in my Ship: but so it is. Sophocles has been a sort of Craze to me this

Summer. (N.B. Don't be frightened. No Translation threatened! All that done with for ever.) And Herodotus has been delightful. Now, I turn again to Mudie. Armadale, have you read? Absurd as it is, so near being very good, I only wish it were a dozen Volumes instead of Two. It is time to read again The Woman in White: a Masterpiece in its way, I do think. I guessed at Annie Thackeray's new Novel[1] in the Cornhill; so much of her Father: so much of Herself: I think she begins to deal rather too much in Reflections; but her Pictures are delightful: her Children the best I ever read.

'Tis now the very witching Time of night, etc. Now could I drink hot—Grog—and so I will. When I was in my Ship I could smoke and drink—Punch, even—but I shall soon have to give up, now I am laid up.

My Paper is in mourning, for my Brother Peter's Wife: a Capital Woman, who died five months ago. He really loved her, was like a Ship without rudder when he lost her, and has in consequence just married his Housekeeper. I believe he has done well.

Now do write to me; and send me your Photograph, as also The Monster's.

MARKET HILL, WOODBRIDGE,
Nov. 14 [1866].

MY DEAR POLLOCK,

I will thank you for the Photo, though I won't let you off the Letter you owe me. You know I don't often make a demand upon you. Among other

[1] The Village on the Cliff.

Things, tell me Spedding's Address: and whether he is in Town. I mean to draw upon him also for my half-yearly Demand. What of Bacon?

Now, as to the Photo—I am sure it's good and true to you as you are: but I yet wish you could find one (ever so inferior) without Moustache. That Moustache may improve you ever so much, and be ever so convenient: but as I don't remember you with it, I don't so well recognise you in it. See if you can't find me one that shows you 'as you was,' and you shall have this present one back, to give to some friend of a later, and moustacher Date. I can't admire the Titianic Photos of the Laureate with his Beard: partly because his Mouth was one of his Features: and partly because I chiefly remember him as a shorn Apollo. I hear from Frederic that he (Alfred) is about (if he have not finished) a new Poem—about the Death of Lucretius, I think: which I suppose we shall see in due time.

I have been living up to this on the Capital of Sea-breeze and Sea-company which I had laid in for the last five months: and have been afraid to say even to myself—how well I felt. But then we have had no Winter, up to To-day, when the Wind and the Clouds began to make one remember there is yet such a Thing as Snow in the 'Repertoire.' We were told to look out for Hosts of shooting Stars two nights ago: but it was all cloudy: a Sailor was telling me To-day that *last* Night they were such as he had never seen before.

[1866.]

My dear Pollock,

The second Photo reached me safe—Thank you. In respect of seeing more of your Face, and as I was used to see it, this last pleases me more than the first. But it is not so good in making your Hair so dark; which I am told the Photographic process will do with all that inclines to the lighter Colours. Unless you want one of these back, I will keep both: and return you double Thanks for them.

[Don't you dislike the way some People have of saying perpetually '*Thanks!*' instead of 'Thank you' for anything you may say or do for them? It is like cutting Acknowledgment as short as possible. Yet well-bred People do it. One Day I was telling George Crabbe of this: he said, 'But in Italy they say "Grazie."' Yes: but 'Grazie' is a sweet Italian, in three Syllables; and *Thanks* about one of the most hideous monosyllables, even in the English Language.]

Which long Parenthesis leads me to Greek, which you seem to think I am always at now. But it is not so—only in Summer—and on board—(How nautical!). The Truth is that some four years ago, when I took to Sea-faring, I knew there was no good taking with me a very entertaining English or French Book, which I should read through at once. So, on the principle of Dr. Johnson taking with him, on like occasions, the inexhaustible Cocker's Arithmetic, I thought I would take some of the old Classics. And

so I got to love some of them so well that they have gone along with me again. But I remain the same inaccurate Scholar; often not knowing the meaning of a Word; but contented if what I do make out, right or wrong, amuses or interests me.

Well, I must get 'Only George'[1] from our rural Limb of Mudie here. Think of 'Emmy' writing what we must all read: Thackeray always spoke of her Humour.

WOODBRIDGE, *May* 8/67.

MY DEAR POLLOCK,

Unless you are predestined to vote for a German to fill the chair of Sanskrit to be set up at Cambridge, do vote, and get those you can to vote, for Edward Cowell. What the other Candidates may be, I don't know; I am sure he is fit for the Place; first, because, though I am not a proper Judge of Sanskrit, or any other Scholarship, I believe I am a Judge of the Stuff a Scholar should be made of: and, of all my learned Friends, I have known none of so unmistakeable Metal as Cowell. And, secondly, among the Qualities that so clearly distinguish him, none is more to be trusted than his Reverence and Modesty, which I know would not let him set up for any Office he was not competent to fill: for which very reason he may not profess the Omniscience, or the sublime Theories, which the Germans have dazzled us with: but he will be sure of what he does profess. Beside having

[1] By Mrs. Brookfield.

studied Oriental Literature these twenty years, he has been for eight years at Calcutta (Professor of English Literature there), where he studied Sanskrit with the native Pundits, etc. He told me, on his return two years ago, that he had been surprised to find how extremely inaccurate the German Scholars were in that direction: that their grand and plausible Theories would not stand Examination: this he told me long before this Cambridge Professorship was talked of. It was Thompson who first told me of the Scheme, and asked if Cowell would stand: I believe Cowell is now with him at Trinity. I repeat that, whatever the other Candidates may be, I am certain Cowell is a fit man; and if he be so, I should wish him success over a German, even were he not my Friend, but only an Englishman: whose national Good Sense I have more respect for than all the German Æsthetics, etceterorum.

I have nothing to tell you of mine self—only the old Story—Dormouse Existence here all Winter: now boating on the River: and soon about to put to Sea. I have been reading Thackeray's Novels a third time: I am sure that Fielding is common and coarse work in Comparison.

To E. B. Cowell.

LOWESTOFT, *August* 27 [1867].

MY DEAR COWELL,

We have come to be unlucky in our times of meeting: if one may call Luck what is more properly my

roving Summer Life on board Ship. I have indeed been only two whole Days at Woodbridge since June; and not gone there more than three times; and yet not got further than this place all the time, being engaged with my Lugger and her Captain. Both of those left me for the North Sea a week ago: and then Mowbray Donne and his Wife came, and have been sailing with me every day, except Sunday and yesterday. They like the place, and my Ship — and, I believe, myself—so well, that they yet delay to make another Visit which they have to pay: and, as I also like them both very much, and also am glad to make their Holiday pleasant, here I remain a little while longer, till they go, which may be in a day or two, or by the end of the week. I want to get home; to clean my Ship, among other things; but, on the other hand, I do not want to leave them while they like to remain. I will let you know directly I return; or know when I return.

I had your Letter last night only: in a parcel sent me from Woodbridge. Not many hours before, I had finished Œdipus Coloneus again: going over it more carefully with the Wunder you sent me. Wunder is just what you told me; the best Edition, I doubt not; but, as you say, there is too much of what one does not want cleared up at all; and one finds the Commentators disagreeing about many passages one was in doubt about. However, I have got a good deal out of the Book, I think: have, at any rate, come to doat on the Play even more than I did

before; and, so far from grudging the time and Eyesight I have spent on the Notes, I even love the Book that has put both in request. So with Don Quixote, which really lasted me six weeks this summer. I loved the very Dictionary, in which I had to look out the words. I am now going to Œdipus Tyrannus. I make Mowbray Donne go over some of the grand things with me as we sail.

My Nephew Maurice has published a Volume of Translations[1]; Euripides' Hippolytus, some Idylls of Theocritus, etc. The latter, as far as I remember of the original, very well: the former, well too: but, as I think, from keeping close to the form of the original Dialogue, has left the Drama deader in the living Language than in the dead one. I told him he should have taken Sophocles, who never *jaws* Philosophy in the midst of Passion; all his Speeches advance, instead of retarding, it. Maurice agrees: but says he did not feel up to such a task: I rather doubt his diffidence, however. I read in the Athenæum of a good Translation by Mr. Plumptre: I shall get it: and doubt not I shall be disappointed, and believe that, twenty years ago, I could have done better myself. I will send you Maurice's Book, of which I have two Copies.

[1] The Crowned Hippolytus of Euripides, etc., by M. P. FitzGerald, 1867.

To W. F. Pollock.

WOODBRIDGE, *Nov.* 11 [1867].

MY DEAR POLLOCK,

I must thank you for your Letter—good Fellow as you were to write it. I must say that you never leave one long in doubt as to whether one is any longer acceptable or not. Not like that Wretch Spedding; who, since I wrote you, did write to me at last, and confessed that he slightly repented of not writing before. However, I am contented that he thinks it worth while to think twice about the matter. He now talks of two more Volumes of Bacon in the Spring: and then he says he will take the reins into his own hands, and publish Volume by Volume as it is finished. He is now *entêté* (I forget how it's spelt) about some sort of Phonetic Alphabet.

I have not yet revived my appetite for Novels: not even for my dear 'Woman in White': which I should like to have read to me; and which even now exerts a sort of magnetism in drawing me toward the corner of a dark Cupboard, or Closet, in which (like the proprietary Skeleton) she lies.

I have heard from *Mrs.* Alfred, who (as you may know) answers for Husband and Self. She does not give a good Account of one Son (I believe the Eldest): and Frederic Tennyson, who was at Farringford this Autumn, thinks them both very

delicate. Is it to be with A. T., as is said to be the Fate of your great Men: to leave no Posterity?

Well—and I have heard from the Master of Trinity: who encloses me a Leaf of Proof-sheet of Plato, with good English Notes, corrected, and therefore, I doubt not, written by himself. The Page he encloses is meant to answer a Question I put to him years ago. I don't know when, nor on what occasion. However, I find the Question is left ambiguous even by Scholars.

Are you overrun in London with 'Champagne Charlie is my Name'? A brutal Thing; nearly worthless—the Tune, I mean—but yet not quite—else it would not become so great a Bore. No: I can see, to my Sorrow, that it has some Go—which Mendelssohn had not. But Mozart, Rossini, and Handel had.

I can't help thinking that Opera will have to die for a time: certainly there seems to be no new Blood to keep it alive: and the Old Works of Genius want rest. I have never heard Faust: only Bits—which I suppose were thought the best Bits. They were expressive—musically ingenious, etc.—but the part of Hamlet—the one Divine Soul of Music, Melody—was not there. I think that such a Fuss can be made about it only because there is nothing better.

To Herman Biddell.

WOODBRIDGE, *Decr.* 22/67.

MY DEAR BIDDELL,

It occurs to me that, when I last saw you, you gave me hopes of finding a *Chanticleer* to replace that aged fellow you saw in my Domains. *He* came from Grundisburgh; and surely you spoke of some such Bird flourishing in Grundisburgh still. I will not hold out for the identical plumage—worthy of an Archangel—I only stipulate for one of the sort: such as are seen in old Story books; and on Church-vanes; with a plume of Tail, a lofty Crest and Walk, and a shrill trumpet-note of Challenge: any splendid colours; black and red; black and Gold; white, and red, and Gold! Only so as he be 'gay,' according to old Suffolk speech.

Well, of course you won't trouble yourself about this: only don't *forget* it, next time you ride through Grundisburgh. Or if, in the course of any Ride, you should see any such Bird, catch him up at once upon your Saddle-bow, and bring him to the distressed Widows on my Estate.

Now, I gladly take this opportunity of wishing you and yours a Happy Christmas and New Year. You know you will be welcome here whenever you choose to come.

[*Early in* 1868.]

DEAR BIDDELL,

You were very good to have thought of me and my disconsolate Widows. What I shall do with them as Spring advances, I don't know. But I don't like your Cochins and Dorkings, thank you: no, we must wait for an old-fashioned, Æsop-fable fellow. I wrote to my Nephew in Norfolk only last night—I believe I shall have to advertise if it can be decently done.

Then again, I want a *Drake* (three Widows in this case also!); and in this case also I deprive them of their lawful rights till I find an Old-fashioned Drake (have you one?) nearest akin to the *Wildfowl*—small, grey, and game-like: not your overgrown prize-fowls.

I think it will end in Hens and Ducks quitting my premises if I delay much longer.

Yesterday Mr. Spalding had proposed walking round to you: but there was some Drill at night which prevented him. I saw him To-day and gave him your Message. I dare say he will stride over ere long. On my word, I would go too, if I went anywhere. But my Day is over. I had heard Mr. S. tell of your promised Picture: I shall be very severe upon it, if you stick to cold Colours. I hope you have brightened the ruins with setting Sunshine.

I wrote to Airy the other day to ask how he weathered the Winter; but as yet I have had no reply.

Peace to Playford—and A Rubber at Night! oh, how pleasant!

WOODBRIDGE, *Thursday.*

WOODBRIDGE, *October* 5 [1868].

MY DEAR BIDDELL,

Don't let me forget to thank you for the Partridges, which only came to hand on Saturday, Mr. Berry having sent them to Lowestoft, which I had left. Also for the Apples. It is very good of you to remember me.

I happily missed Messrs. Henniker Major, and Corrance, who, I am told, providentially called here the very day before I returned. Adair and some one else (I positively forget *who*, at this moment!) will, I suppose, come next. But I shall leave word that I won't vote for anybody: and should recommend all other Men to a like course, so as to let Parliaments collapse entirely.

There is in the last No. of All the Year Round[1] the account of an astonishing Plan by a Mr Brandon to regulate Railway Fares on the Penny Postage System: so that one may travel from Edinburgh to Penzance for the same fare as one would pay from here to Saxmundham — or less. He proposed his plan to Government four years ago (who of course ignored it). *It will come to pass.* Have I not said it?

To Mrs. Cowell.

[1868.]

MY DEAR LADY,

Your letter only came here a few hours ago: but it snows and snows: so I will even answer your kind Letter—before the Sun rises!

[1] For October 3, 1868—on 'Passenger Postage.'

I really never do see any paper but the Lowestoft Reporter, and that part of the Ipswich Journal that reports Woodbridge news. Therefore I was quite ignorant of E. B. C. appearing in the Times—in Asiatic costume too. What he must do is, to send me that particular paper; and moreover to send me any Paper, and tell me of any Magazine in which he writes such things. I have been obliged to remonstrate with Spedding on the same: discovering from Donne that he had written a charming little paper on 'Twelfth Night' in Fraser a year or so ago.[1] A charming paper; though I think he makes more of it than the Author of the Play intended.

My dear Lady, you know that what I used to do with your own Verses was, *to cut out*: and now you won't let me do so with mine! E. B. C. will have had the Proof returned him before this: he almost frightened me; the more so because I know he is right. But, like Macbeth when he had committed the murder, I scarce dare go back to look on what I have done.

Do ask E. B. C. to answer me a Question in the Notes. It is about that line 'He knows about it all—he knows—he knows' (which reminds me of Borrow somehow!). I quote the original Line (as I suppose)—'*U dánad, U dánad, U dánad, U.*' Now, I can't find this in the first Calcutta Copy which E. B. C. sent me from India, and in which I read it, if anywhere (for that, tell E. B. C., I know I didn't invent).

[1] August 1865: *Miss Kate Terry in Viola.*

But I can't find it in any Copy now: and I can scarce believe that the Line as I give it can be made to scan. Do, I say, ask Husband about this; and let him annotate it on the Proof sheet, which he will have to return to me.

Indeed, my dear Lady, you will have all that is worth having, and more too.

I liked the looks and ways of Mrs. G. much: and my friend Mr. Spalding here says she is quite the Good Motherly Woman. I suppose the young Lady is clever, etc.; but she had one of those audacious Boys' hats on which make all the young Women look like dressed-up Schoolboys. And I believe it is the fashion to talk in Character.

Now it is 7½ P.M.; it does not snow: and I will take this Letter to post, and then stump for half an hour in the Almshouse Gardens. I dare say E. B. C. remembers going with me to see Mr. Meller there—some twenty years ago. It is odd that when I am returning into the Town from a Walk these Winter Evenings, I think that I am going to take tea at Mr. Barton's, sometimes: this winter I have thought so—Why?

Robert Groome was to have come to me To-day; but I was obliged to put him off, because of my Hostess being unwell. And, though we have a Servant, she frets if she doesn't overlook, etc. This is the second time this year I have put off R. G., and for the same reason.

Crabbe the Poet said that if any external Circum-

stance inspired him, it was — a slight fall of Snow! Characteristic perhaps of his Genius. Well, the snow hasn't inspired, but has been the cause perhaps of a long Letter.

Adieu now.

To W. F. Pollock.

LOWESTOFT, *Jan.* 15/69.

MY DEAR POLLOCK,

Your Letter was forwarded to me in a parcel yesterday. I came here ten days ago, to wind up Lugger accounts (not on the right side of the Ledger —we still go on tick), and also because my Woodbridge Landlady is ill. However, she has got a Woman into the House to do for herself and me; so to-morrow I shall go back to my Den, and leave the Sea to its own Devices. It and the Wind are playing a rare Duet—Allegro con brio—at this moment: I hear 'em through rattling windows. But we have had no Earthquake that I know of; we have only half a chance of it here, you know; but surely I should have heard if any such thing had happened near Woodbridge from my Landlord there; we have too little news stirring to be silent about an Earthquake. Where did your Parsons date from? And one can't trust them always; they are often nervous themselves, and want to make other people so, with premonitory Symptoms of The Last Day, etc. You wouldn't believe Dr. Cumming in such a case.

Here I have got to read Walpole's Memoirs of the

Reigns of George II. and III. I can't read all; but I doubt if I could any such Diaries of Politics by any other man. One sees he has his hates and likings (much more of the first than of the last), and that he likes to write Epigram. But I still believe he is right in the main. And what astonishing pains for a fastidious man who only lived to please himself! I like Walpole too for his loyalty to his Father: who, I should fancy, thought but little of a Son so very unlike himself. Sir Robert always reminds me of Palmerston; and I declare they seem to me the most genuine English Premiers, unless one excepts the two Pitts. Horace Walpole seems to me to understand Burke and Fox well—the Good and Idle Apprentice as Selwyn called them.[1] Coleridge and his School try to set up Burke as *the* man of his Time; I think we Irish folks can see the Irishman in Burke much better. So with Goldsmith: Forster and Co. try to clear him of the Blunders and Vanity which such fools as Johnson, Reynolds, etc., laughed at; but we Paddies know how a Paddy may write like an Angel and talk like poor Poll. It astonishes me to see the best English Brains, like old Spedding's, go the whole Hog so with any Hero they take up.

You don't tell me about your Christmas Play which your former Letter said was on the Stocks. Tell me about that when you write again.

I thought I wouldn't send you a paper on Sea Phrases which the Editor of an Antiquarian sort of

[1] Selwyn said this of Pitt and Fox.

Magazine [1] asked me to contribute, and which he has done up separately to catch a stray Customer, I suppose. I wouldn't send it, I thought, because I have sent you so many such things, I think, that one may become a nuisance. But then I only want others to take them for what they are—trifles; not worth distinct acknowledgment; and, as you have now written and need not write again some while, I will post it to you as it lies on the table before me.

WOODBRIDGE, *Feb.* 2/69.

MY DEAR POLLOCK,

For the last four days I have had one of my seafaring friends staying with me—the Captain of the great 'Meum and Tuum' lugger; a fine fellow; a grand Gentleman; and we have been talking of Herring and Mackerel, and looking at 'Gays' (that is, Picture-books), which are a great Literature with these great Children. This Evening I am all alone again; and something has put it into my head to write to you.

One Man sent me a Saturday Review,[2] with a Criticism on Spedding's Bacon; then Miss Crabbe sent me a Times Newspaper [3] with ditto; both of them, I think, candid and sensible; respectful to Spedding: quite open to think the best of Bacon; but both of them sticking where I should think every

[1] East Anglian Notes and Queries.
[2] For December 19 and 26, 1868.
[3] For Jan. 16, 1869.

sensible and candid man must stick. Isn't Spedding sensible and candid then? Who so much? but his Hobby has run away with him; him, the most calm of men, one would think the least likely to be run away with. The Lord preserve me from my friends! People had got to believe Pope's Epigram all wrong; and it is reserved for this wisest man we have known (I think) to justify Pope by a thirty years' Vindication of Bacon! I declare this is one of the most singular phenomena that has occurred in my Day; a thing to make Montaigne wake from the Dead to make an Essay upon.

One Chancellor leads to another—who will never need—and may he never get!—such an Apologist as J. S.—Lord Hatherley: as just and conscientious a man as ever rose to the Woolsack, I believe. I suppose a very good Lawyer. I never thought a Man of much Wisdom, or of any sort of Genius—indeed, with a little of his Father the Alderman's Goose in him. I have known him these fifty years. His Mother was daughter of an old Surgeon here, named Page, with whom the Poet Crabbe was Prentice; and Page's Son (Brother of the Alderman's Wife) was an old friend of ours here; a very good man, magistrate, etc. With him the present Chancellor (his Nephew) often was down here; and at last married the Daughter of Major Moor of the Suffolk Vocabulary. I remember Lord H. at Cambridge, some forty-five years ago, after he had taken his Degree; and looking the same ingenuous, good

man he now looks. He has always been happy coming down here to his Brother-in-law's, a Clergyman's; and making one in a very worthy, and very dull, Society, without any pretensions to be Cock of the Walk.

Now, one of his Friends has sent me a Prospectus to subscribe to a Portrait of Lord H. 'on coming to be Chancellor'—in all his Robes—by Richmond; supposing I should be sorry to be left out of the list. There are Archbishops, Bishops, Judges, Q.C.'s, Laymen, Clergy, etc. And yet it seems to me an absurd thing. First, he may make a bad Chancellor, however good a Man and able a Lawyer. Secondly, he mayn't keep in office a year, however good Chancellor he may be. And thirdly, a Figure at Madame Tussaud's would do just as well as the best of Richmond's Portraits, when *the Man* is to be drowned in robes, Wig, Maces, Seals, etc.

So, am I to give an Answer to this effect to his Admirer, who is no other than his Cousin, indeed, a daughter of the second Page aforesaid? What should you do, Pollock? What would Spedding do?

I wonder how the latter takes the opinions given by the Times and Saturday? There was a blackguard Article by Dixon in the Athenæum,[1] which one makes no account of. I can't help thinking I have noticed a vein of Sadness in old Spedding's few last Letters. I can't help thinking often and often of such a Sacrifice of such a Man's whole Life.

[1] For November 21, 1868.

WOODBRIDGE, *May* 10 [1869].

MY DEAR POLLOCK,

I am like old Mr. Barton, who, as he never left Woodbridge, could only talk by letter to Friends beyond. [Dear me! it is now just ten years since I made my last bow before the London Lights.] Like him, too, I take a pinch of snuff between-whiles: and, now I think of it, from the very box he held in his hand five minutes before his death. What agreeable Associations!

However, you know that I never expect you to answer me unless I put a particular question; and that is not very often; and I think you are generally good enough to reply to it. This present Letter wants no such notice at all. I am not got on board my Ship as yet; she is now making her Toilet, or 'toilette' as I see it now written, to meet me at the end of the month; and after that I dare say we shall be living together, for better or worse, till November. It seems to me but a few weeks since I parted with her.

Your notion of J. S. and the Velocipede (I know it's yours only) is capital. I remember one day talking with my poor friend W. Browne as to what forms Drunkenness would take with our friends in case they should ever get overtaken. How with old Spedding? W. B. said at once, 'I can fancy him turning a chair bottom upwards and fancying himself an Applewoman.' A touch of Genius, I thought: I don't know how it will strike you.

I have made three vain attempts at Vol. I. of Browning—did I tell you? It seems to me an audacious piece of defiance to the Public whom he had found so long blind to his Merits—'Now you have at last come to accept me, I'll ride over you rough-shod.' But A. T. tells me he 'finds greatness' in the work, call it Poem or what you will. And I should say no more, only I remember old Alfred trying to make us worship Bailey's Festus—magnanimous Great Dog!

Laurence I have given up as hopeless these twenty years, since he himself gave up his sketches in Crayon and Oil to seek after Venetian colour. Old Spedding encouraged him; was as sure of his finding that secret out as of redressing Bacon; and in both cases leaves his Heroes worse off than he found them.

There are interesting Notes of Conversation with Rossini in some back Numbers of Once a Week,[1] showing how perfectly sane and comprehensive was the mind of that great Genius, at any rate.

[1869.]

My dear Pollock,

I meant to have thanked you for your first long, and capital, letter, even had it not been followed by that of yesterday. You think to mystify a poor Country man? Well, it is all capital fooling. Do, pray when you have an idle half-hour, send me any

[1] Jan. 2, Jan. 23, Feb. 6, and Feb. 13, 1869.

such letters. I cannot return them in kind, *you* know as *I* know: I have not the material, nor the Wit to work upon it. That is quite true.

I have not seen Forster's Landor; not caring much for either party. Forster seems to me a genuine Cockney: be-heroing Goldsmith, Landor, etc., *à outrance*. I remember so well his being red-hot in admiration of Coventry Patmore's first Poems: 'By God, they came up to Tennyson's,' etc. Talking of Tennyson, by the way, I had the curiosity to ask Carlyle (in my yearly Letter) what he thought of Browning's Book. I dare say you have heard him talk on the subject. He writes to me: 'I have read —insisted on reading—Browning's Book. It is full of talent, energy, and effort: but actually without *Backbone* or basis of Common-sense. I think it among the absurdest books ever written by a gifted Man.'

Such is the opinion of all the men I know, whose opinion is certainly worth as much as the Newspaper Critics. Then why don't some of you step out into the Newspapers and Magazines, and tell the Truth of the Case? Why does not Venables? Stephen? Pollock? I am sure I would if I could: but I have not the faculty. I can only say, 'I do not like you, Doctor Fell,' but there I stop—knowing I'm right. If Browning were half as great as they say, he would himself write to disclaim any approximation to Tennyson. . . .

To W. A. Wright.

MARKET HILL, WOODBRIDGE,
Oct. 31 [1869].

DEAR WRIGHT,

Your Letter only reached me to-day, having lain this fortnight in my dear old Suffolk Hotel. I was forced out of Lowestoft (about the date of your letter) by a *frapp*[1] of Luggers coming in from the North Sea—my own among the number—till the harbour was too hot to hold me. So I sailed off, and hung for a while nearer home at Aldbro' and Orford (the latter a very favourite old haunt of mine), till I came to meet Donne here a week ago. And when he went the Snow came: so I sent my little Ship and little Crew away to their Winter Quarters, and am come back here to my own.

'Posh' raised £450 by his North Sea: and I really fancied I should have a whole £10 in my pocket for once. But all is gone in Shares and other expenses except £6 : 3 : 3 up to this present writing. I am rejoiced the poor fellows all came home with something to carry to Wife and Children—£18 a Share; never was Money more gladly dispensed with.

I am glad you have hit upon Frapp and Smolt: if Tymms wishes for a few more words in his Christ-

[1] A large company, crowd; O.F. *frap*. See Kelham, Dict. of Norman or Old French. Used by Chaucer, Troilus and Criseyde, iii. 410, in the form 'frape.'

mas E[ast] A[nglian] I shall avail myself of your information.

I don't care what A. T. says about his Birds[1]—I know better.

To Herman Biddell.

WOODBRIDGE,
Guy Faux Day [1869].

DEAR BIDDELL,

I have thought once or twice that Tennyson himself ought to have that illustration of one of his Poems which Thackeray made, and which I gave to you. If you do not set any particular store by it, let us arrange that, and do you take any other you please from the Book you know of. But if you *do* set store by that particular drawing, why, keep it by all means. I have never mentioned it to Tennyson, and do not suppose that *he* would care very much for it. Yet it seems the right thing to do: for he was a great friend of Thackeray's, and admired *the Man*, without (I suppose) having ever read any of his Books through. I remember his taking up a No. of Pendennis in my Lodging twenty years ago, reading awhile, and then saying—'How *mature* it is!'—perfectly ripe, seasonable, and perfect, a produce of the Man's Wit and Experience of the World.

I am *sure* that Thackeray's drawing must be better than any of *Doré's*—which I have never seen!

[1] 'Birds in the high Hall-garden' (Maud, xii. 1). FitzGerald always maintained that the cry was that of the startled thrush.

To W. A. Wright.

WOODBRIDGE, *Nov.* 17/69.

DEAR WRIGHT,

The grand Translations you have asked for are all bound up (such as would bind up) together, and sent by this time, I believe, to you by the Binder. Little as they do really deserve ever so small a corner in a Library where there should be only what is enduring and original (which, as in Dryden's case, a Translation may be), yet it would be yet more absurd for me to wait to be asked for mine a third time. So there they are. I have had them done up in *Russia*, which will, at any rate, help to give your Library the fine Odour which all Libraries should breathe, as I think. And with this I wash my hands of the presumption, which must be excused by your kindness in asking me.

Pray don't forget to let me know whether, and what, you will do for Tymms this Christmas. But don't trouble yourself to do anything: you have plenty more important on your hands. I can simply add what notes I have of yours to my few words; and you can correct them, before or after print, as you please.

To W. F. Pollock.

WOODBRIDGE, *Nov.* 20 [1869].

MY DEAR POLLOCK,

I am ashamed to lay you under any tax for more letters, since I really can send such poor repayment. And just now, I doubt, worse than usual: for I'm

not quite in sorts, nor have been these last ten days. Perhaps from a change of Life from being out all day long in Sea Air, to being shut up here.

I have bought and looked over (*that*, I must say, is all) Mrs. Ward's Clarissa (Routledge's 2s. affair), and seem to have a few scraps and bones of the original Book served up to me—the best part of the meat gone. I shall one day see from Mudie how Dallas has managed; but our Mudie-man here is terribly slow. He tells me he has ordered Books over and over again; perhaps you great Londoners think anything will do for us Country chaps.

I remember when I was busy with Clarissa, being frightened at Montaigne's 'Tout abrégé d'un bon livre est sot abrégé,'[1] which I think coincided something with the opinion of F. Pollock. I should, however, have done it; but now these people have spoilt my Market, and saved me money.

I am about to write my yearly letter to Carlyle. I suppose he still lives at Chelsea. His Niagara Pamphlet was almost tragic to me: such a helpless outcry from the Prophet who has so long told us what not to do, but never what *to* do. I don't know if he still maintains his Fame at the former height.

There was an absurd Article in my old Athenæum comparing the relative merits of Tennyson and Browning: awarding the praise of Finish, etc., to A. T., and of originality to B.! I am not perhaps

[1] Ess. iii. 8: 'Tout abregé sur un bon livre est un sot abregé' (ed. Courbet and Royer, iv. 36).

sufficiently read in the latter: for I never could read him: and I have reliance on my own intuition that, such being the case, he is not a rival to A. T., whom I judge of by his earlier poems (up to 1842). In Browning I could but see little but Cockney Sublime, Cockney Energy, etc.; and as you once very wittily said to me that Miss Brontë was a 'great Mistress of the Disagreeable,' so, if B. has power, I must consider it of that sort. Tennyson has stocked the English language with lines which once knowing one can't forgo. Cowell tells me that even at Oxford and Cambridge Browning is considered the deepest! But 'this also will pass away.'[1] But not A. T.

WOODBRIDGE, *Dec.* 7/69.

MY DEAR POLLOCK,

It is very good of you to write to me. You have plenty to do, and I have nothing to do, or to tell in return. So it is, however, that only last night, or this morning, as I was lying awake in bed, I thought to myself that I would write to you—yes, and have a a letter from you—once before Christmas—before New Year 1870, at any rate. And when I came down this morning with the pleasing prospect of half-an-hour's walk in the East wind before breakfast, here was your letter anticipating mine.

It is capital, your going to see old Alfred in his lordly Pleasure-house looking over the Weald: I think one misses water in those otherwise fine sweeps of

[1] See Polonius, p. cx.

Down and Weald. But then water is the only thing we East Anglians have to show: and dismal cold it shows now. I don't know if the woodland look better. This time of Year is certainly next door to Death. I half long to be at Rome, which Mrs. Kemble, who winters there, tells me about. But then the packing, unpacking, rushing to packets, railways, hotels, etc., with the probable chance of wishing oneself back in one's own dull Woodbridge after all!

Leave well—even 'pretty well'—alone: that is what I learn as I get old. I have only been pretty well myself lately: diminished of Grog and Pipe, which made the happiest hour of the twenty-four, and actually trying some Homeopathic Nux Vomica instead—whether for better or worse I won't say: for, directly one has said it, you know——

Then, my dear Eyes not having quite recovered the paraffin, a lad comes to read at half-past seven till nine—stumbling at every other word, unless it be some Story that carries him along. So now we are upon the Woman in White: third time of reading in my case: and I can't help getting frightened now. I see a new Story[1] advertised from Dickens.

Did I tell you that when I ran to London some weeks ago to consult Bowman, I saw at a framer's in Leicester Square, a Sir Joshua Portrait, and bought it? The face faded, but the expression and air all delightful, and the Dress and 'entourage' of Venetian

[1] The Mystery of Edwin Drood.

Colour. It is of a young and pretty woman—pensive, not sentimental—holding a Dove in her lap, while its mate is coming down (very heavily), through a Window, I suppose. I wonder how it was that such lots of Virtuosos, Artists, Academicians, etc., should be passing, as they must, that way, and not have troubled themselves to offer, or get some one to offer £20 for it. Well, if they saw it with me they would say it was no Sir Joshua at all; I am very glad they never thought it was so. I should tell Tom Taylor of it, as I see he advertises a list of Sir Joshua's as forthcoming from Murray: but he would take for granted it was a pleasant delusion.

Mrs. A. T. is all you say, indeed: a Lady of a Shakespearian type, as I think A. T. once said of her: that is, of the Imogen sort, far more agreeable to me than the sharp-witted Beatrices, Rosalinds, etc. I do not think she has been (on this very account perhaps) so good a helpmate to A. T.'s Poetry as to himself. But the time is come (if it never were before) that makes the latter [? former] a very secondary consideration.

This is very dull, all this, my dear Pollock: and now growing too much of it: in bad MS. too. Besides, I begin to think I told you all about my Picture before. And, after all, I haven't looked at it half-a-dozen times since it has been down: but then it is at my *Château*—where I don't live.

Now in ten minutes the Mate of a Three-masted Schooner is coming to say Goodbye before he starts

to Genōa (they call it) with a cargo of—Red Herring. And then my reader! He is the son of a Cabinet-maker: and last night read 'her future husband' as 'her *furniture* husband.' This is true.

WOODBRIDGE, *Dec.* 28/69.

MY DEAR POLLOCK,

I really do think it is very good of you to write to me: I am sure it is very pleasant to me. This I suppose I have said to you before, and perhaps over and over again. It is all very true.

I went to my old Lowestoft a fortnight ago, and became (whether by Sea Air, Sea Society, or a Doctor) well enough to smoke a pipe, and drink a Glass of Grog again; both which I had resigned for some while, with no good grace. For I consider these to give me the pleasantest hour of all the twenty-four. I dare not count on this continuing: always afraid of the Cherub who sits up aloft, etc.

The Lugger has managed to pay off all her Debt, and to put £35 in the pocket of her two Owners. This is the first money we have touched on all our Outlay, after three years loss. More than one ought to expect, you say, on your principle of 'Noblesse oblige,' so far as *I* am concerned. And very true. And, as I did not embark in the business for Profit, I did not expect more. But, as I did not know all the anxiety it would cause me about all these people's lives, I believe I shall now try to back out of it, the more so as my Captain certainly wishes (with all due

regard to me) to be sole Master; mainly, I think, for the proper hold it gives him over his Crew, who do not pay the same regard to a fellow-worker as to an Owner. And now that he has got a clear start he may, if he chooses, be sole Owner: though, as I tell him, I will hold on if he still feel he may want some one at the back of the Throne. But to that he answers not.

It has been a season of considerable gain to all concern'd in the Voyage, not because of the Quantity, and still less of the Quality caught: I suppose the high price of Meat, and much other Provision, has raised the price of Herring. But, as a set-off against present gain, there never has been such damage of Ship and Gear; so, if we have paid for what we had, we shall have to pay for what is to be got.

Here is a fine letter of Business for me to write and for you to read!

Well, I returned here on Christmas Eve, to meet a poor fellow who was to spend his Christmas week with me. Instead of which, I find a Letter from him to say he is too ill to come. Then my Landlord and Landlady were both indisposed; so that, with all this, and even the little life of Woodbridge extinct under closed Shops and falling Snow, I made a very cheerful time of it.

I found the new Idylls on the Lowestoft Bookstall: but I can get no more interested in them than in any of their Predecessors: except the old Morte D'Arthur. That *that* was the finest subject in the whole Legend is implied, I think, by the Poet himself attacking it

from the first. The Story—the Motive—of the others does not interest me in itself; nor do I think that A. T. has touched the right Key in treating of it. The whole Legend, and its parts, appear to me scarce fitted to interest any but the child-like readers of old knightly days whom they were intended to amuse, I suppose: not, in the main, *very* much beyond Jack the Giant-killer, etc., and I think such Stories are best told in the old simple English of the Romance itself. When elaborated into refined modern verse, the 'opus' and the 'materia' seem to me disproportioned. Something in the same way as Cowper's Miltonic rhythm was quite out of tune with Homer. I may be quite wrong in all these reasons for my indifference to these Poems; I only know I do not like Dr. Fell; and have some considerable—perhaps more considerable—reliance on my unreasoning than on my reasoning affections in such matters.

And while Guinevere, Pelleas, and Co. leave me quite unconcerned about them, the Lincolnshire Farmer positively brought tears to my Eyes. There were Humanity, Truth, and Nature come back again; the old Brute becoming quite *tragic* in comparison, just as Justice Shallow does, seen through Shakespeare's Humour.

All this *aesthetic* is as bad as the Herring business So I will shut up Shop at once: wish you and yours a Happy 1870, and hope to remain through it

Yours sincerely,

E. F. G.

To W. A. Wright.

WOODBRIDGE, *Jan.* 9/70.

DEAR WRIGHT,

I ought to have written to you about the 'Bealings Bells'[1] which I sent. However, you understood from whom they came, and why they came. I don't think people ever troubled themselves to find out the mystery, looking upon it as one of 'the Major's Crotchets.' These he had: but in general was much wiser with them than the Country Squires who smiled at them. I remember his persisting in it to the last that 'his Bells were rung by no human hand'; but he did not repudiate electrical or atmospheric Agency.

I did not desire Tymms to send you a Revise of your Corrections, for I think he is intelligent and careful enough to be trusted in that way.

One Suffolk word has always been an odd mystery to me: '*Dutfin*,'[2] a cart Bridle—with Blinkers, I think. Can you make anything of it?

My Landlady seems to me to get weaker, and to shut in gradually. She is now in bed, feeling herself better there. But, when one feels oneself better in Bed!

My Captain has been over with me, and I believe I shall resign the Lugger to him; he is too honest

[1] An Account of the Mysterious Ringing of Bells at Great Bealings, Suffolk, in 1834, . . ., by Major Edward Moor, 1841.

[2] Its etymology is a mystery still.

to say that he does not wish to be whole, sole, and independent Master of her and himself, little as my interference has ever been. The Man is born to be Master, not Man, in any relation of Life, and I have felt I was in my wrong place finding even the little I ever thought I found to blame.

To W. F. Pollock.

WOODBRIDGE, *Jan.* 16 [1870].

MY DEAR POLLOCK,

Pray keep the Sketch. I now enclose you a Photo done the other day at Ipswich of my Captain, who you may see is not of the Ape Type at all. If you should show it to Woolner he might find some nearer resemblance in the old Marbles. And the Man's outer Body is justified by the inward Soul, in all due proportions, whether of Heart or Head; though he is blackguard enough to think he would do better without me, and would not understand Browning better than his discarded Partner does. I want a good big head of the Fellow, to hang up by old Thackeray and Tennyson, all three having a stamp of Grandeur about them in their several ways, and occupying great places in my Soul. This is why I asked you about Life-size Photos—crayon-colour'd: but you forgot to tell me. Do so when you are at leisure; not forcing yourself *now*. Never mind the Sea Words: they have just amused you a little, which

is all they were meant to do. This Photo will serve as a Frontispiece, being that of the chief Authority quoted. I should not make free of such confidence if I did not know the simple indifference of the Man even if he ever should come to know of my treason. Of this I was assured by last year's paper: of which I happened to have an old Proof in my pocket one night when we were together. His Pipe wanted a Light; and I (not knowing what it was) gave him a torn leaf for the purpose. Before folding it up, he took a fancy to read a bit—his own words—and I said (in some alarm)—'Well, is that wrong?' —'I don't see but it's all right enough, Sir,' with perfect unconsciousness. In this he differs from the Laureate.

To Thomas Woolner.

LOWESTOFT, *Jan.* 30/70.

DEAR SIR,

Thank you for your letter and for the Photos. Elaine is beautiful. The other does not please me so well as to Composition (if that be the word): the figures too much on the slope, as I think, to my taste; but I only say this because this it is which strikes me; and, as you are good enough to send them, I think it is best to say so. I have no respect at all for my judgment in statuary, which I could always test by not understanding the Elgin Marbles, which I feel sure must be the finest of all.

I don't know which of my Persian things you mean. There are two, one of which (to my surprise) Tennyson liked. So I suppose it must be that. But I will send you both; and you really need not bind yourself to acknowledge them in any way. They have their merits, and do very well to give to Friends, and to please a few Readers for the time, and then to subside—things of Taste, not of Genius at all—which, you know, is the one thing needful.

I now post you my Sea Words—a work more fitted to my hands; though I also have my fears for this Immortality also. But these words also just amuse People—for the time—and that is all they were meant for.

The Chief Authority quoted is the Man whose Photo I sent you. I should not make free with his Words if I thought he would ever know, or ever care if he did know. But last year, when he and I were smoking together, his Pipe wanting a light, I pulled out (not knowing) a long Printer's Proof of the Words from my Pocket. Before he put it to the candle, to my consternation he began spelling the text, got a little interested, but totally unconscious how much was his own words, or by any possibility reported by me; so that when I said, 'There—there—light your Pipe,' I saw all was safe as the Mail. Last night he was rejoicing in his little Boy's getting into Trowsers; to-day I am to see them; and then we shall walk and see a new little lugger we have bought—like a couple of Fools.

To W. F. Pollock.

WOODBRIDGE, *April* 29 [1870].

MY DEAR POLLOCK,

Though you are now, I suppose, getting into the thick of the London Season, yet (as we used to sing in Bunn's Days) 'You will remember me!' Which reminds me that I have bought and have been looking over the first twelve Volumes of Punch: only for the sake of recovering some of Thackeray's first Papers there: which I remember his doing when I was staying with him in what he used to call *Joram* Street. There is not much that one would wish others to recognise for his so far as 1847, when my Set ends; and when Thackeray had launched Vanity Fair. It is curious to me how slowly, and then how suddenly, he got to that. Some people say that Barry Lyndon and others were as good as his best: I never could read them, only his 'Irish' and part of his 'Paris' Sketch-books. There is a good Ballad about King Canute in some Papers called Miss Tickletoby on English Literature, in one of the early Punches. I remembered the side of the Page, etc., as it lay on the Joram Breakfast Table. By the bye of that again, you may (if you like) borrow of Donne some MS. extracts of Letters from Morton, who used to be with us then. The best part of the Letters I cut out and sent under Thackeray's auspices to Blackwood, hoping to get £10 for Morton, who

was always wanting it, you know. Blackwood only lost the Papers, as Thackeray was not then Great Man enough to command Obedience. But even the remainder was too good to be lost; so I copied out Scraps, and you can read them if you will—taking all care of them! They will repay you the trouble of decyphering, I am sure. It is a pity they cannot go into some Magazine that others may read; but I have no interest in Magazine Quarters.

By the bye again, I read a very nice Paper[1] on the French and English Stage, by Mrs. Pollock, I am told. Please to make her proud and happy by such a Royal Approval.

Laurence has been down with me: he wishing, and I wishing him, to paint a sketch of my grand Lugger man from a Photograph which he admired. So Captain and Painter met at my Château in Easter Week. But all ended in nothing. First day nothing done; second day all that was done effaced; third day much the same; the light all amiss; previous measurements incorrect; and after four days the Captain was obliged to return to his Business, and the Painter also to his, carrying with him what he himself pronounced a failure. I had told him to come and do his hastiest and worst (which I think best), but he will prepare Grounds, paint by stages, etc., and so he seems to me to muddle all. I fancy he should stick to Crayons: he can draw, but he never could, never can, and never will colour. He

[1] In Macmillan's Magazine for March 1870.

was very pleasant (sometimes a little prosy), and sat wondering at and studying the Captain, who for stately Simplicity of Soul and Body is fit company for Phidias himself. But the weather was cross; so it is now—'beastly,' as old Alfred used to say. I read in the Athenæum how a Mr. Austin calls him 'School Miss Alfred,'[1] as Lord Lytton did twenty years ago. All this comes of people only remembering A. T.'s later works: forgetting Locksley Hall, Vision of Sin, Sleeping Palace, Oak, Waterproof, and all the English Pastorals in the two volumes of 1842. Do they smack of the School Miss? But when King Arthur was identified with Prince Albert, and all so moral and artistic, and Ballads about 'my little one, my pretty one sleeps,' and then it was all over with him.

Do you—can you—read Morris, who (Cowell tells me) almost shares the Throne with Browning? *Ter conatus eram* with Jason—as with Book and Ring. No Go. Will Waterproof shall survive them all.

Yours ever,

E. Browning-proof.

The weather is still desperate: cold N.E. Winds: Clouds as if charged with Snow and Thunder at once: trees scarcely venturing into Leaf: flowers nipped in the Bud: forlorn Nightingales, etc. I am

[1] These are not the words of Mr. Alfred Austin himself in his Poetry of the Period, but of the Reviewer as a quotation. His proposition is that Tennyson is not in the first or even in the second rank of English poets, and that he is not very high in the third. It would be interesting to know what lower ranks are reserved for our Poets Laureate.

just going off to Lowestoft, where my business is to be settled—that is, of parting company with the Fishing Trade—the last Hobby I was ever to have in this world, and now I am to be dismounted.

I scarce know what has made me write such a lot: a little better written would have been better for you if not for me.

To W. A. Wright.

WOODBRIDGE, *May* 16/70.

DEAR WRIGHT,

On turning up an old Common-place Book, I find the memoranda which I transcribe on another sheet for you, as a Shakespeare man. Even if my suggestion be right, the matter is of very little importance indeed: not worth your writing an Answer about.

The Tusser Sonnet is in the same measure as Shakespeare's; and bears a rude likeness to one of Shakespeare's,[1] of which I forget the Beginning (and am too lazy to look for it), about the Progress of the Years in which he has known his lover; the second Quatrain running (I think)—

> Three April perfumes in three hot Junes burn'd,
> In process of the Seasons have I seen, etc.

Old Tusser (a Suffolk man,[2] you know) died, I believe, in 1580; and his Sonneteering Days were probably before Shikspur's. Did Shikspur then filch

[1] Sonnet civ.

[2] He was an Essex man, but had a farm in Suffolk.

a straw or two from old Tusser's nest? Or took *that* form of the Sonnet from him? And if he did, I am the last man to call out 'Plagiarism!' etc. Plagiarism! Nonsense! I never speak of 'Plagiarism' unless the Coincidence, or Adoption, be something quite superior to the general Material of him in whom the 'parallel Passage' is found. And Shikspur = Tusser any day. He (W. S.) may have read the other old Boy, and remembered unconsciously; or never have read, and never remembered. Q.E.D.

So of the other Quotation from Plautus which recalls

Seeming to devour the way,

in some Play (Henry IV., 2 A),[1] which I can't remember. This is more likely to be a remembrance of W. S., I think, if a Translation of Plautus was abroad in those days; as I believe there was. But I have forgot all about these things; and you will probably not think them worth inquiry any more than I now do.

My Ship is fitting out; the Lugger has sent me a dozen Mackerel: and I am yours always,

E. F. G.

P.S. The Plautus line I remember reading myself —some forty years ago. Where the Tusser came from I can't remember: nor can I vouch for its being exactly transcribed. The rude Likeness is really curious.

[1] 2 Henry IV., i. 1. 47.

Old Tusser to Mistress Moon, who became his Wife.[1]

Sev'n times hath Janus tane New Year by hand;
Sev'n times hath blust'ring March blown forth his power
To drive out April Buds by Sea and Land,
For minion May to deck most trim with flower.
Sev'n times hath temperate Ver like pageant played,
And pleasant Æstas eke his flowers told;
Sev'n times Autumnus heat hath been delay'd
With Hyems' boisterous blasts and bitter cold.
Sev'n times the thirteen Moons have changed hue;
Sev'n times that Sun his course hath gone about;
Sev'n times each Bird her Nest hath built anew;
Since first time you to serve I chooséd out.
Still yours I am though thus the time have past,
And trust to be so long as time shall last.

From the End of the Aulularia, added by Urceus:

I pegaseo gradu, et vorans viam redi.

WOODBRIDGE, *June* 28 [1870].

MY DEAR WRIGHT (a non writendo),

But you are a busy Bursar, and I an Idle-man.

I think you told me that you had failed in getting a copy of E. Clarke's profound Library of Useless Knowledge. Now, I have a copy: with, I see, his famous Prologue[2] written out at the End. What will my Heirs, Executors, and Assigns make out of this, when they come to rummage my Shelves? You are

[1] See Tusser's Five Hundred Points, etc., ed. Mavor, p. 218.
[2] See letter to W. F. Pollock, 10 Feb. 1841.

much the younger man, and I think won't come to be the Prey of Heirs, Executors, etc., these many, many years. Will you like to have this Pamphlet, if you are still in want of it?

Do you think also that your Trinity College would care to possess Laurence's Oil Sketch of the Portrait of Thackeray which he (Laurence) did for Chief Baron Pollock? If you think so, I will take care to bequeathe it to the College. Thackeray was a Trinity Man, you may know, though only for a short time, far short of taking his Degree there. But Trinity may wait some while, I do believe, for a more notable Scholar. Tell me about this. I might have asked the Master; but he is gone off to Germany; and somehow I find myself disposing of several worldly Goods on the Eve of my Grand Climacteric.

I have been a little abroad in my Ship, not very much, and do not think I am quite so alert as last Year. I suppose I shall find myself anchored at Lowestoft before very long: I suppose also that you will be calling there before very long also, in the course of your visit to Beccles. Or are you taking wing abroad also?

You were in the Isle of Wight, were you not? at Easter. How did you find the Laureate? I almost think I was wrong in telling him I could take no interest in his Holy Grail, which I should not have done had he not—sent it to me! A parlous reason.

I am advertised in the Gazette as being no longer a Fishmonger; and my last Hand is played.

To W. F. Pollock.

WOODBRIDGE, *July* 13 [1870].

MY DEAR POLLOCK,

Well then, you *shall* write to me once again before you leave Town: as I am writing once more before I leave Woodbridge. This is returning your Shot with a vengeance: but you needn't be in the more hurry for all that. The Devil has inspired me to write again so fast, just because my Boat is on the Shore, etc., and my gallant Crew awaits me. We came home here for what they call a 'Shipwreckt Seamen's Dinner,' where most of them get fuddled: and so the Day after: then Sunday comes to sleep it off: then a Sister of mine from Florence came to see me here; and To-day at last we are 'foot-loose' and for Lowestoft ho

I think it is your Enquiry about 'Otello' that has inspired me—not the Devil after all. Why, I remember Pasta and Rubini in it, over and over again. I dare say Nilsson is a good Desdemona, where Grace and Tenderness are wanted: and Mongini (I have never heard either of them) good in the vociferous parts of Otello. Rubini had (latterly) scarce voice enough for the grand military 'Entrata'; but there was *one bit*—with Iago, I think, in a Garden—'Non piu spéme'—that is never to be forgotten, nor, I believe, to be equalled. I always thought that Rossini's vein was Comic, and the Barber his Masterpiece: but he

is always melodious and beautiful, and that will make him live when Meyerbeer, Gounod, Mendelssohn, Wagner and Co. lie howling, by the side of Browning and Co., in some limbo of Dante's first Act of the Comedy. I say the Arts are nothing if not beautiful. I have seen no more of Rossetti than the Athenæum quoted with a flourish of trumpets: and they seemed undigested, and (to me) undigestible things. I have got my little Sophocles on board with me once more: and the two Œdipuses seem to me of quite another sort; and as fresh as when they were first spoken. Laurence has sent me down the Life-size Sketch of my Captain: better than I expected: a fair general likeness, seen at a proper distance, and with not too much light. But the finer lines are not there: and the fine ruddy-brown complexion (which one might think was easily attained) is exchanged for a rather inky paleness, which will duly grow black in time, as Laurence's pictures do. The Dress and Background are, however, very well painted; one of the best bits of colour I have seen of his. Dickens, I think, almost deserves all they say about him, though they might have waited a hundred years before laying him in Westminster Abbey: as I thought of Thackeray too, who I believe can afford to wait that time. But, after all, Westminster has been desecrated by worse Interments and Panegyrics. When you do write, do tell me about old Spedding, who wouldn't tell me himself if I wrote to him. And yet, what is there to tell? I know that he goes on as equably as one of the Stars. The

Athenæum says that Carlyle is gone to Dumfries, not in good health. But I must not suggest too many Questions this hot weather. The Mistress of Trinity wrote me that she and he were at Karlsbad in Bohemia — he not very well — not equal to the Ammergau Mystery, which I wonder that he can care to see. Go and see dear old Undine—ever young — at some Theatre: and yet the Novel is enough.

To T. Carlyle.

Market Hill, Woodbridge,
October 23 [1870].

My dear Carlyle,

It seems an impertinence to stir up your recollection of me once a year. Still, that may be enough for you, if not too much: and I don't like wholly to lose an intercourse that has lasted, more or less, these 18[28] years—yes, since I was staying with Thackeray at his house in what he called *Jorum* Street, and he took me to Chelsea one night, and Naseby came into question: and, for once in your lives, I had to prove you and Dr. Arnold wrong about the Battlefield, my poor Father's Obelisk having pointed you all wrong from the beginning. Many pleasant evenings do I remember—cups of Tea made by her that is gone: and many a Pipe smoked with you—in your little garden, when weather was fair—and all kind and pleasant at all times.

Though I do not write—for the reason that I have nothing worth telling you — you are often in my thoughts, and often on my Tongue when I happen to visit any of the few friends I now see. Then I am often recurring to your Books: it was taking up the Heroes yesterday that made me resolve on writing my yearly letter. I seemed to hear you talking to me — as when you did talk the Book to me and others in that Lecture Room, in *George Street*,[1] was it? Sterling's Life talks to me also: and so does Cromwell, and the Old Monk of St. Edmund's, they all do; but these perhaps most agreeably to me.

I have nothing whatever to tell of myself, but that I have not been so well all the year, not even seafaring: I think I feel the shadow of the Great Climacteric next year coming. You have got over that Bank and Shoal of Time gallantly.

I say nothing of Public matters, and accursed Wars. And I think this is nearly all I have to say that you would care to read—and to answer briefly—as you will?

To W. A. Wright.

WOODBRIDGE, *May* 12 [1871].

MY DEAR WRIGHT,

I have had some remorse about that annotated Tennyson passing into other hands before my own

[1] Edward Street, Portman Square.

Death—or his. Not that I want it any more; on the contrary, was glad to hand over to you, as a much younger man, with equal reverence for A. T. But I know his sensitiveness in the matter; and, if he heard that even your Master had seen it, he would be disturbed, and would not be persuaded but that others would see it also: that it would get into Print, etc. I believe I ought to have left it sealed up to be delivered to you 'post mortem.' Do you understand this?

The Dryden sentence ought to have run, that 'D. seems to me greater than anything he has written,' or to that effect. I fancy that I might have jotted down some other recollections which sometimes cross my thoughts: but some of these may be set down, with more or less Accuracy.

It will never do to quote bits of Athanasius[1] to any one who does not know the whole: in whose astounding Gravity of Burlesque the great secret lies. The Widows with their pink Bolsters; the Boys hurling Flowers and Tartlets; the Archbishop still revolving on his Packing-needle; Number One in his Patriarchal Costume; the Lago del Tolfilo, etc., all these (far better than the Ignorance of the Clergy) can only be understood in their sequence. Athanasius should be reprinted whole, not quoted in part.

Our friend Tymms is dead: no surprising news to me, after what I had seen of him when I was last at Lowestoft.

[1] Athanasius Gasker, in The Library of Useless Knowledge.

I met Brooke in the Road yesterday: he hopes to see you again.

To W. F. Pollock.

WOODBRIDGE, *May* 11 [1871].

MY DEAR POLLOCK,

I did not see, or do not remember to have seen, much of Young in my younger days, when I might have seen much more. I remember his King John; and remember also how Thackeray, when I first knew him at Cambridge, would troll out some of that Play in Young's roundly-modulated intonation; upon which I always thought Thackeray modell'd his own recitation of Verse.

> (And tell the Pope) 'that no Italian Priest
> Shall tithe or Tōll in our Dōminions—
> Sō tell the Pōpe.'

I also saw Young's Iago, with Kean's Othello, and C. Kemble's Cassio in 1827 (I think), but I can remember little except *Kean*—and how much taller he looked than Kemble when he came in to quell the drunken fray. I think one could see no one but Kean when he was on. Donne is the man who can tell you much more of all these by-gones.

What? Are you writing a Review of Julian's Book?[1] Do.

I keep wanting to go to London to a Dr. Liebreich,

[1] The life of Charles Mayne Young, by his son Julian Charles Young.

who I am told is a Dab at the Eye. But, partly from Indolence, and partly from the idea that he will do no more good than others, I stay where I am.

Aldis Wright was here for two days. He wanted to see the Rector of a Village near here with whom he had some Bursary business: but he did not find his Rector, and lunched with me on bottled Porter and Bread and Cheese at Village Inn instead. He tells me the College Fellows won't take Livings now they can marry and hold their Fellowships without. The Master has sent me his Review of Jowett's Plato in the Academy.[1]

I should like to see Millais' Pictures and to hear the Comédie Française. But it seems easier to do without either. I wish old Spedding would let me hear from him one day.

To Mrs. Cowell.

WOODBRIDGE, *May* 17 [1871].

MY DEAR LADY,

My little Yacht is—sold! for a mess of £200.[2] It was not the money I wanted: nay, I told the man who came to buy her that he had better buy another and a bigger which I knew of. But he came from Town on purpose to buy mine; and I let her go. What will you say to me? And what will E. B. C.? But one main reason for my decision was — these

[1] April and May 1871.
[2] To Mr J. J. Colman of Norwich.

Eyes of mine which will not let me read; and that was nearly all I had to do on board. But I should scarce have thus decided, if Newson[1] had not been offered a much better Berth, which he boggles at accepting; and Jack is engaged to go with the new owner of the Scandal, as he went with me. But his heart was almost up to his eyes when all was settled.

Well, what are we to do now? If I go to Lowestoft this summer, I must put up with the Pleasure-boats there. Do you think *you* will come to join in them? You know I shall be very glad if you should do so; but you also know that I have always advised you to go for your Holidays to some further-off Place, that will make more of a change for you than Lowestoft does. Let me know where you settle on going: and then perhaps, if the Mountain won't come to Mahomet, why Mahomet, etc.

To W. A. Wright.

WOODBRIDGE, *October* 29 [1871].

MY DEAR WRIGHT,

I have never heard—nor, I think, read—here or elsewhere of the 'Shoulder of a Sail,' an apt Phrase, which Shakespeare might instinctively have originated, as if born and bred to the Craft. I will enquire, however, from Lowestoft Friends when ne I go that way.

On looking into Hamlet for this passage, my eyes

[1] His Captain.

lighted on the close of the following Scene, which reads thus—(after Horatio's Dissuasion I mean, ending 'And hears it roar beneath')—

Hamlet. It waves me still—
Go on ; I'll follow thee.
Marc. You shall not go, my Lord.
Hamlet. Hold off your hands.
Hor. Be ruled ; you shall not go.
Hamlet. My fate cries out,
And makes each petty artery, etc.—
I say, away ! *Go on ; I'll follow thee.*

Surely the *first* 'Go on ; I'll follow thee' [was] of Actors or Editors who thought that Hamlet's Action, I suppose, was not sufficiently indicated, even by a —— after 'It waves me still.' And the verse reads aright without it.

Had anyone quoted to me Laertes' parting Advice to his Sister, I should have sworn it was Polonius'. Donne (who was with me a week ago) thinks that Shakespeare may have intended Pedantry in the Blood. I used to tell Spedding that Polonius was meant for Lord Bacon : but I doubt the Dates won't bear me out.

To Mrs. Cowell.

WOODBRIDGE, *Dec.* 3 [1871].

MY DEAR LADY,

Christmas is coming : Cambridge term must be drawing to a close, and one of you will be at leisure

to send me a few lines about you both. I fancy you will neither of you be coming Ipswich way these holydays; if you do, you must come over and see me here for a day. I have had Donne and his Daughter Valentia for guests, and, after that, Mowbray and his Wife. I lodged and boarded them at the Inn: but they came over to sit in my rooms and chat. An Artist and his Wife have been occupying my house for some six weeks; very pleasant people, with whom I used to spend many a cheerful hour. But they are gone. Then I have had some new Building to amuse me; and to blunder about. As before, I can't read; my Eyes having got worse, I think. So the Boy comes up at night to read me the Tichborne Trial, which he can read because it amuses him a little, as it does me. What does Cowell say of it? For, amid all his Sanskrit, I know that a glance at the Paper will give him a better insight into the case than all my painful attention does for me. I am in a state of Bewilderment, which is not disagreeable.

Carlyle dictated (by his Niece, I believe) a very kind letter in reply to my yearly Offering. He harps again (after so many years) on the Stone which he thinks ought to be put up in Naseby Field: and even says he would bear half the expense. This he need not do. I should be very willing to do all that if I could muster resolution to have the thing done at all (which would involve a Journey into Northamptonshire), and if the present owners of the Field would

allow the thing to be done—which requires some other investigation.

I hear that Tennyson has been starring it with Jowett in Oxford: and has written a last Idyll in some Review.[1] What do Cowell and you say of that too?

To W. F. Pollock.

WOODBRIDGE, *Decr.* 9 [1871].

MY DEAR POLLOCK,

I have to thank you for a Macmillan (directed in your hand, surely?) with a pretty poem in it by your son Walter. Mowbray Donne told me that your two Sons (I think) had been writing somewhere about the French Players who have turned all your heads—and no wonder.

I have had a very kind letter from Mrs. Alfred in reply to my half-yearly Enquiries. She speaks in it of having been very much pleased with the visit which you and Lady Pollock paid them at Haslemere. She says also that Alfred is sorely tempted to go to—Ceylon! with some friend[2] who is going out there; but she does not think that it will end by his going there to fulfil the Dream he has so long had of the Tropics. I have run my bad Eyes over a notice of the Last Tournament in the Pall Mall Budget—enough to satisfy what Curiosity I had. He himself

[1] The Last Tournament, in the Contemporary for December 1871.
[2] Mrs. Cameron.

had better have dropt his own Lance some while ago, as I think. But pray don't tell Spedding I say so; for I would not utterly lose the little care he has for me now. Yet he would give me £1000 if I wanted it. . . .

A Pawnbroker at Ipswich, of more Sense, Generosity, and Public Spirit than any of the Gentry there, has long wanted some Memorial of Wolsey in the Place. He asked Woolner (who comes down here Picture-dealing) about it: but Woolner would of course be of too high a figure for my Broker. So he set a native Artist to work, who has modelled the Clay Bust of which I enclose you a Photo. Not bad, is it? Complimentary to Wolsey, I reckon: but do you see a likeness in the upper part of the Face to one of our Friends? That is why I sent it: not wanting a Subscription, which is to be left to Ipswich and its Neighbourhood. There used to be a very beautiful Market-Cross in Ipswich: very much as if done from a design of Inigo Jones, I think: but I know not if the History of [the] place bears me out in this. It was taken down some seventy years ago to be replaced by a very much poorer concern: and the poorer concern is swept away now to leave space before a sort of Hotel de Ville lately built, and handsome enough. *Was* you ever in Ipswich?

The Tichborne Trial! I gloat over it every night from 8 to 10, my Boy reading it to me with tolerable fluency. His mistakes amuse me sometimes by showing how errors creep into Print under the Com-

positor's hands. Yesterday the 'face-smiles' of letters were handed in. We have the honour of contributing one witness from a neighbouring Village to confirm the Claimant's *in*dentity, as the Boy reads it: but he tells me that his Father knows of another who *could* swear to the contrary. I have taken no steps to produce that Witness, however.

How the Devil is it that I have run on so long and so saucily to-night, with all this Snow and Cold! And the Prince of Wales perhaps dead. . . .

This is too bad—an end must be put to this. Goodbye.

Keep the Photo if you care to show it to any one —for the honour of Ipswich Statuaries and Brokers.

WOODBRIDGE, *Jan.* 11 [1872].

MY DEAR POLLOCK,

We were talking, on paper, a little while ago about Sir Walter Scott. There is, I think, a very good review of him in the last Athenæum; pray give it a look at your Club.

Laurence had written to me about the Old Masters —he said they struck him with awe. I have a half-ruined head by Paul Veronese (so Morris Moore said, though I did *not* buy it of him)—a head cut out of some larger picture, it seems. Under this I had happened to put a very fine Photograph head, almost life-size; and I was observing how true the Picture was in its gradation of shadow—to the Photo. By the

bye, do you know the best means of saving these Photos from fading? Keeping them from Light and Air would, I suppose, be one means; Laurence is told that submitting them to running water will clear them from the chemical ingredients, which are the most dangerous element of Decay.

My beautiful Sir Joshua (of which I sent you the Sketch) is cracking to pieces with the Cold and Damp of my house last Winter, when I had no Stove in the house, and left Doors and Windows open long after they should have been shut. I did not mind so much for the *face*, from which the Colour had already flown a good deal, after Sir Joshua's custom; but I was vext when the beautiful Colour of the Dress began to give way. The Letter which I sent you to direct to Boxall was to ask him if he could recommend any remedy, or Dealer in Remedies, for this, as I knew, incurable complaint. But one still likes, you know, to talk of a cure, however hopeless. There were two fine Sir Joshuas at Helmingham Hall, near here, twenty to thirty years ago; and two very grand Wilsons; all which got cracked by damp in the old Hall there. When the old Lady Dysart died and the present Tollemache came into possession, these Pictures were sent to the--Restorer, and I saw them at the British Gallery afterwards — the cracks filled in and the Pictures spoilt. Twenty years ago I should have been very vext at the misfortune that has befallen mine, especially as it arose from my own stupidity. But *now!* I should like, however, to see Sir Joshua's

Brick Wall. As to Lady Sarah, I never much admired a famous Portrait of her (by Sir Joshua) at Sir H. Bunbury's, near Bury.

In Lord Stanhope's capital Life of Pitt is a letter from George III., objecting to bestow some Prebendary[1] on the Bishop of Lincoln—'But if Mr. Pitt wishes, the King,' etc. You know the Bishop called Pitt the 'Heav'n-born Minister,' and Cobbett call'd the Bishop the 'Heav'n-born Tutor,' etc.

WOODBRIDGE, *Jan.* 21/72.

MY DEAR POLLOCK,

When I opened on your Playbill this morning, I thought the First Piece[2] must refer to the Tichborne Trial: though *that* must now be rather a Case of 'When' than 'How,' I should suppose. I now take the Times, because of its better type for the Boy to read: and I feel in Court for nearly two good hours every night.

But (sotto voce be it said) I have found Eyes lately to read a little for myself, and have subscribed to Hookham, because he sported some French Books. But, along with your Note, came another to tell me that Hookham is merged into Mudie, who used not to deal in French. There is not much in that Language I want: a few Memoirs, and some of the

[1] Prebend.
[2] *How will it end?*

modern French Plays, so that I may go to the Theatre in my room here, as well as to the Court of Common Pleas.

Monday, Jan. 22.

The Boy came after his Church and put an end to my letter. He read to me from Ingoldsby Barham's Life, which I find sufficiently amusing: a good Ghost Story or two in it. After this comes another day of Wet; and I have been puddling about among my Books and Pictures at my Château. When you come, I shall make you admire the works of two Suffolk Artists; one of them, my old friend Nursey, of whom I was thinking I might creditably have sent up the Sketch of *a Wave* to the Old Masters—only the Committee wouldn't have admitted it. But a Dealer named Pearce, in Bond Street, came down to a Sale here, and asked to see some Pictures by Old Nursey: and said, 'That man could paint.' I suppose Picture-Dealers know more than they used to do in my London days: when Farrer was the only one I knew who had an Opinion worth having.

I read in the Paper of some good Romneys at the Academy; and I find that a Picture which I admired almost as much as Sir Joshua last year was by him: a Lady with a Child looking at itself in a Mirror. I had no Catalogue in my hurried visit.

I suppose Donne is bothered about his Censorship, which will be done away with in time, I doubt not, for better or worse. I suppose that reading such a

heap of trash as he reads, he sometimes stumbles at a word, and sometimes slips over it.

Have you had a shot at Watson's Latinity?[1] Really, his right meaning has something to do with his chances of Life or Death. I think his case will be one step in abolishing Capital Punishment altogether, for better or worse.

If you see Spedding, pray tell him that I don't now write to him, because I judged that having to answer me hung about his neck like a Millstone. I am sure all the while that he would answer me by letter and deed if I asked him for any good service.

To W. A. Wright.

WOODBRIDGE, *Jan.* 26 [1872].

DEAR WRIGHT,

As to Shakespeare's names, his Genius instinctively led him to those which somehow musically expressed the Characters: whether he invented, or (as

[1] In the trial of the Rev. J. S. Watson for the murder of his wife, a paper was produced which had been found on his writing-table, and on which were written these words: 'Felix in omnibus fere rebus praeterquam quod ad sexum attinet femineum. Saepe olim amanti semper amare nocuit.' The last sentence was discussed in the Times for several days after the trial. But when the story was repeated by Sir Frederick Pollock in his Reminiscences, by some process analogous to that which used to take place in the game called 'Russian Scandal,' the disputed words had been transformed into 'Saepe olim semper debere nocuit debitori,' a sentiment which, even if true, could have had no bearing on Watson's case. The late Lord Sherbrooke, then Robert Lowe, is said to have divided the Cabinet upon it, and no wonder.

more probable) adopted them. Scott (a man of less Music in his Soul, though some of his Ballads are better than any of Tom Moore's) had something of the same Intuition; and Dickens in his line also. I always said you could infer much of the Poet, in Prose or Verse, from the Names he chooses.

To E. B. Cowell.

WOODBRIDGE, *March* 17 [1872].

MY DEAR COWELL,

Let me hear if you be coming this way this Easter, and if you do, contrive to run over here for half a day.

My Eyes have let me read a little for the last month, though I am obliged to be very tender of them. But I have managed to read a little of some of the old 'Standards'—a little Shakespeare, to wit: which seemed astonishingly fresh to me: some of De Quincey's Essays: and some of Ste. Beuve's. Tichborne, you know, is no more: that Light has departed: so now my Boy and I console ourselves of a night with a Novel: one of Wilkie Collins' being now in course of reading. This Boy is a new Boy (the former having left Woodbridge), and one of two in the uppermost class of the school here: there been reading Euripides' Medea, Cicero's Officia, and Plato's Crito with Dr. Tait. I enquire, and hear, a

little about all this between readings, and made the Boy read me a bit of the Oedipus Coloneus the other night. I wish he could read it all over to me; but he would not understand it, and I am not Scholar enough to teach him as he ought to learn. Last night he came when the Curfew was tolling: I quoted to him the first Line of Gray's Elegy, which he had never heard of. This shows how things have altered since my young days: and, I suppose, since yours also: then we only heard too much of Gray's Curfew. And now farewell, ὦ φίλτατ' Αἰγέως παῖ.

To W. F. Pollock.

1872.

My dear Pollock,

Though the weather turns out better than you thought for, I am glad you have deferred your visit here till Whitsun, when we shall be green, at any rate, if also blue with cold.

I don't think I ever guessed a Riddle in my life; and so do not even attempt yours; of which you must send me the Solution when next you write. But I can propose you a Riddle which might equally puzzle you: only I will season Justice with Mercy and give you the Answer on the other side of my Letter.

A young Farmer near here, a very good fellow, gave a Christmas Party and a Christmas Tree: all which made Old and Young so happy, that his Father-

in-law, a very solid man, was inspired with an Enigma which posed the Company till they were relieved by the Oracle itself.

'Why is Alfred's Christmas Tree like the Ipswich Agricultural Show?' (For answer see our last page.)

You told me you were writing for Fraser and the Edinburgh: and I suppose you are often doing this: but you don't tell me what: and so, as I don't get the Reviews and Magazines, I am no wiser. I really do think I ought to be ashamed of having sent you and other friends so many bits of things as I have sent. But really it was mainly because these were Translations from Spanish and Persian, which you did not read: and aimed at little more than putting such things into a compact form and readable English. (N.B. You are not expected to controvert this modest exculpation—which is not false, however.)

Does Spedding go on with Bacon? I hope you will tell him one day why I don't write to him, for the simple reason I told you, that it was evidently a task to him to answer. I wish he would believe that I hold him in the same regard as heretofore, and feel sure that he has the same feeling to me.

We (I and the Lad) are reading Adolphus' Memoirs; which are sensible, sincere, and pleasant.

Now I have but room for the Answer to the grand Enigma. You have given it up?

'Because it is a Great Success.'

Beat me that if you can in the Answer you will write me to your Riddle.

WOODBRIDGE, *April* 8 [1872].

MY DEAR POLLOCK,

Will you address the enclosed to Lord Houghton? We have not a Court Guide in the whole town, I believe; and I declare I don't know if I have written his name and Title as should be written on a Letter: so little I have to do with the Peerage.

My Letter to Lord H. is only to ask about a point or two in his very interesting Life of John Keats, which I have been reading for a second time.

Adolphus soon became rather dry to me; he seems to have been a good, sensible, and (I dare say) well-informed man, able in his profession, but with little in him to make a Volume of Recollections delightful to Posterity. Old Prime of Cambridge beats him hollow; and he is dry enough. Don't you remember him?

My Anemones are coming out; and my Trees sprinkling with Green. When are we to have the average spell of North-East? A great Weather-sage at Lowestoft said three months ago that we should have no N.E. of any account till May. He is considered a great Prophet; and is reported to be seen lying out of a night studying the Skies, and also judging from some Bottles of coloured water.

Why do you leave me languishing for the Solution of the World and State Riddle? Did not I give you a better example in the Enigma I sent you?

To Herman Biddell.

Dear Biddell,

My Eyes have turned so rusty of late that I know it will be long before they can tackle Kinglake's four Volumes. And the Lad who reads to me would make but havock of it. So I will leave the Book at your Sister's for the Present. I looked into the Character of Napoleon III., which seemed to me very good indeed; and the whole Tone of the Book arguing a sincere, courageous, and sagacious Writer.

Alfred Smith told me that you made a good Fight against Tomline at Ipswich. Fight on against him, and all his Tribe; don't let them cajole or flatter you into acquiescence or excuse; and then one day we will send you to Parliament. Alfred Smith says there will be an Exodus of the Sudbourne Tenantry. N. Garrett has had to break down a Barrier that Sir R. W. or his Agent had put up on a Public Footway. The Fools—and Scoundrels!

Woodbridge, *April* 28 [1872].

My dear Biddell,

Thank you for Spectacles and Comforter: which I had wholly forgotten.

I had folded and directed to you the marked and priced Catalogue of Bullen *yesterday — Saturday*, I mean—but I mislaid, and find it to-day on my Desk. I did not go to the Sale: but asked Mr. Spalding,

who had business at Ipswich, to bid £10 either for the Teniers or the Morland. The Teniers came first: and he gave £13, and brought it home. It is quite genuine, I think: but obscured by yellow Varnish, which I dare not lay finger upon for fear of encroaching on the paint below, which is very thin and partly cracked. I should not scruple, however, to clean it so far as my own liking is concerned, even if I sacrificed a part for the good of the whole. But an Artist will see through the Varnish: and it is a pity to put any genuine work of real Art to any risk. I do not care much about it, or about Teniers: but, it being what it is, a ruder hand like mine should leave it alone, I suppose.

The Prices of the Gillott Collection, as reported in the Times, are sickening: I mean, because of encouraging bad Art by Money which might be bestowed on so many good purposes.

P.S. No, I did go home by the Train you sent to; but in *the Horse-box*, with John Grout, his Man, half-a-dozen Horses, two Dogs, and a Cat—all come from Lincoln that morning.

To W. F. Pollock.

[*August* 1872.]

My dear Pollock,

Here is the end of the first week in August, when you thought you might be leaving London. But I

don't think you will do so for a few days to come. I have had two Visitors with me for the last few days: one, Frederic Tennyson, who has come to England on private Business, as also for the purpose of introducing an old Gentleman, who is quite deaf, but a Spiritual Medium, who has discovered the original Mystery of the Free Masons, which they have lost, and which they are either to buy of him, or he will publish it to their total Discomfiture. All this old Frederic is as earnest about as a Man, or a Child, can be. He has left his Deaf Medium in London for a time, while he himself goes on his own Business to Grimsby: but he says he may have to convey the Deaf Medium to Ireland, to be introduced to the Masons there.

'D'ailleurs,' Frederic is very well and young, and seemed pleased to talk over old times again. He left me yesterday: and I am now entertaining a poor Lad who is shut up in some London Office all day, and who came down here to get all the Air and Exercise he could from last Saturday till To-morrow, when he goes back to his Desk, poor Fellow.

Well, amid all this uproar I have read Lady Pollock's Macmillan more than once, and like it much: just, discriminating, and refined, I think. There was another Article ('*Hurtle*,' W. M. T. used to call it) on V. Hugo, written by a Mr. Colvin, whose Family belonged to these parts. V. H. has not learned, even at his Age, that the Half is better than the Whole: and so his Poems defeat themselves—do they not?

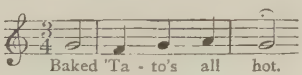
The Times and Daily News have each Articles to repudiate the Chancellor's[1] Reported Retirement: both in terms which make me suppose it is true. I might have heard how it was from his Cousin an hour ago: but I did not.

Let me hear from you one day in your Travels. A letter from Mrs. Thompson told me that her Master was very well at Carlsbad in Bohemia. They come home in September.

WOODBRIDGE, *October* 21 [1872].

MY DEAR POLLOCK,

Once more in England you—and once more in Woodbridge I—and once more the Boy with a Tin Can passes under my window as I write, crying—



Which shows, if there were nothing else to show, that we are got into Winter Quarters. Up to this time, however, we have little of Winter's cold: warm Wet, rather; not very healthy, I suppose: but better than Snow and Frost to most men's feelings, and to those of the Poor especially.

By this time you have been to see Mr. Irving in King Charles, I predict, and the low Comedian in

[1] Lord Hatherley.

Crummles, as W. M. T. called him. What would Carlyle have said twenty years ago? Now, I suppose, will hardly hear of it at all. Is he back in his Tub at Chelsea?

The Athenæum, which tells me all this news, tells me there is to be another 'Old Masters'' this Winter. Do you remember a small Picture of a Breaking Wave at my Château, which I wanted you to admire? By my old friend Nursey. Do you think Boxall would put it in? No: if only because I recommend it. He would look, and sniff, and say, 'There is really something nice about it—but you know,' etc., and put in some sham Crome instead. Still, I don't mean that he is worse than the rest; but not much better. Why won't People see that I know best? Yet you persist in thinking I misjudge Morton's Letters.

My friend Edwards, the Artist, and his Wife are at my Château. He has had a Stockbroker with him, who is a Man of Virtu also; etches himself, and has four hundred China Plates all of different patterns, I am told. What a new Phase of Stockbroking is this!

To W. A Wright.

WOODBRIDGE, *Dec.* 10/72.

DEAR WRIGHT,

Looking into a little 'Pocket' Volume of Aphorisms from Montaigne, 1783, I happened on 'Les

arondelles que nous voyons au retour du printemps fureter tous les coins de nos maisons, cherchent-elles sans jugement,'[1] etc.

This made me think of the Macbeth passage. I suppose it is from the R. Sebonde Apology, spelt 'coigne' in the old French, and very likely so used and spelt in Florio, whom the Divine Williams 'fureted' (ferreted!), as you may doubtless have heard before now. I have a Florio—a very clean Copy, too—for which I gave Quaritch thirty-six shillings. But I have not Eyes to look for the passage, even if it were worth looking for. These are trifles indeed, and would be the veriest if concerning any one but Williams. But one can't help pausing to look for any print of his Footstep. And as I know you think this also, I send you this note about it, with the proviso that it needs no sort of Answer or Acknowledgment.

I have Carlyle's yearly (dictated, but self-signed) Letter, telling me that he is much as before, perhaps even 'a shade better,' and I think his Letter shows more vivacity than for the last three or four years. He also posts me a 'Deseret' Newspaper (of 1871) with a real Sermon of Brigham Young in it: very good, I think, in something of the Cobbett vein. Also a Book of Irish Atrocities ('A Jar of Irish Sarpints,' he calls it), by a Mr. FitzPatrick, who politely sends Carlyle a copy, and gets called a blockhead for his pains. I am ordered to read, or light

[1] Essais, ii. 12, p. 285, ed. 1640.

Pipes with, the Book—anything but return it to Chelsea. All this shows Richard himself again.

I have a new Reader who reads me the first Volume of Forster's Dickens. Pollock and others told me the book was *faulted* (Suffolk, you know) by some for being all Forster that was not Dickens. This may be so: but I suppose that (as far as Volume I. goes) Dickens did tell Forster of all he did; and I find the Book written unaffectedly and justly. And (as far as Volume I.) I *love* Dickens—how unspoilt by all the American homage, at *Aetat.* 30!

I may as well wish you a Happy Christmas, by the bye.

What do you think has made me blubber by myself this morning? The last Scenes of Henry the Fifth!

To W. F. Pollock.

WOODBRIDGE, *August* 11/73.

MY DEAR POLLOCK,

After my French Vagary,[1] here comes another, you will think. But I write in such Ink as I can dilute for the nonce. And why, when you are in all your Wedding Fever? Why, for that very reason. Though I scarce know your son, what I do know of him is good: and he is *your* Son whom I have known some while, to some purpose. You told me of his Engagement some while ago: but I thought you

[1] A letter in French.

spoke of its Fulfilment as far off. Else, I should have prepared some little Wedding Gift for the occasion. Since your Letter which I had on Friday, I have been casting about for this: we have nowhere to choose from here (as you may remember) but that China Shop; and I was about going to Ipswich to a Friend of mine who has often quaint and pretty Things in his Stores: but I was told he was gone to Holland: to be back this week. You know it is difficult to choose on these occasions: so many People giving the same thing; and I was about to send you a little Cheque so as you might employ it as you saw best. As, however, the time is so close that you will scarce find any to bestow on such little matters now, I shall wait till my Broker Man is back (for, to say Truth, I want to lay out a little with him, if I can), and my offering must be delayed till after the Wedding—which may be as well. If I find nothing I like at my Broker's, I shall ask you to buy for me in London, or in Paris: which may supply as well as Ipswich or even Woodbridge. And if you know in the meanwhile what sort of Thing is suitable and agreeable, do let me know—after the Wedding, but before you leave Town.

I am really sorry to trouble you with this scrawl on the very Eve of such a Business. You will not doubt my sincere Good Wishes, as regards you all—Father, Mother, Son, and Bride—whose name you must tell me when next you write.

To Herman Biddell.

WOODBRIDGE, *October* 30 [1873].

DEAR BIDDELL,

Thank you for the Partridges, which I believe I should have devoured myself had not my neighbour, Miss Bland, been unwell and 'off her feed,' so I have sent them to her.

I never see, and never hear of you now, unless when a Partridge falls from the Skies. And there is Anna parading about among the mountains and Torrents of Scotland, and not proposing to be back here for another month, her Sister tells me. She (Anna) is to bring me home a twig of one of Sir Walter's own oaks from Abbotsford: and I propose going to see the Place next year: as I have proposed doing for these twenty years past. In these Pilgrimage Days, I think that is one to be done.

The Naseby Trustees won't let us put up the Stone there: neither it nor the Inscription thereof are *florid* enough, Edmund Barlow tells me: Carlyle's conditions being that both should be as plain as possible. The Asses!

To E. B. Cowell.

WOODBRIDGE, *Friday* [*Oct.* 1873].

MY DEAR COWELL,

Though I suppose Term is begun again, and you are once more in harness, you must really send me a

line to tell me how you got out of Wales. I think you must have had Rain all the time. I myself have been nowhere but a few days to Lowestoft and Aldbro'.

When I was looking into my Crabbe—my Eternal Crabbe—the other day, I found a scrap of Paper; and on it written '*The Osprey, Quebec, July.*' I then remembered writing such a memorandum one day when I was out in the Scandal, and saw a Ship which desired to have her arrival off the Coast notified to those ashore. This was in 1869 or 1870. Were you with me? Only, don't mention it, for fear I should be subpœnaed with a 'Duces Tecum' to the Tichborne Trial, which is now assuming even more alarming proportions. . . .

Yes, I am really conning over my old Crabbe again, and should like to tell you some of the fine things which you won't find for yourself. I think I shall have Laurence copy me the Portrait that used to be at Bradford.

To W. A. Wright.

WOODBRIDGE, *Nov.* 19/73.

DEAR WRIGHT,

As to Crabbe, I go on reading and cutting out, with occasionally (for my own use only) a word or two to connect: which I do not feel to be so impious with so careless a Writer—*for my own use.*

I remember when you were here you thought perhaps that I had [taken] some such liberties with Tennyson; only to *cut out*—never to add or alter, I assure you. I remembered afterwards that there was an altered Version of the draft 1st Stanza of the Miller's Daughter: but that was a suggestion of Tennyson's own to me one night, by way of getting out of Christopher North's objections to 'Line and Rod' instead of 'Rod and Line,' as also the rather ludicrous Ivy-tod Owl that rhymed to it. Tennyson, I believe, has not used his amended Stanza in any subsequent Edition, but I think decidedly it is better not lost.[1]

To Mrs. Cowell.

☞ 'LITTLE GRANGE'
(by Anna Biddell's order—mark!)
[*April* 1874.]

MY DEAR LADY,

Pray look at a beautiful little Comment by Sped ding on a passage in Shakespeare in the last number of Notes and Queries, April 18.[2] Oh! that he had

[1] In a copy of the 1833 edition of Tennyson's Poems, given me by FitzGerald, he has marked the changes in the first stanza of the Miller's Daughter to which he refers, and which are given in Tennyson's Life, i. p. 117. At the foot of the page he adds, 'The alterations here were suggested to me one day by A. T. himself, when I complained of this first Stanza being omitted in the Edition of 1842. "Line and Rod" had seemed an unlucky Inversion—only to rhyme to the Ivy-tod.' This appears to be the history of the alterations, which were not in 'the first original manuscript' draft as stated in the Life.

[2] See Letters to Fanny Kemble, p. 43.

given to Shakespeare a tithe of the time he has given to Bacon!

Well, but this is not all. After hearing from half-a-dozen people that they should have no difficulty in finding a Hen and Chicken Daisy, at last Ellen Churchyard has found me one in a Cottager's Garden at Hasketon. It is now in its little Pot outside my house: and is to be sent off in a Box to you as soon as is possible, for your Professor. I will bet 6d. he has found half a dozen just before my poor little innocent reaches him.

I shall also post Keats.

To Herman Biddell.

(*Anna ordered this change of name.*)

LITTLE GRANGE, WOODBRIDGE,
May 14, 1874.

DEAR BIDDELL,

Your Anna tells me you have had Stubbs down, and ready to send here, for some little while. Unless you want his room, I wish you would hang him up again: for I am full at present, and Pictures are best hung up out of harm's way. If you decide to send him, cover him with a soft cloth: and fix him so as to be shaken as little as possible in his Journey. But I would rather you kept him for the present.

I give these Cautions because the Picture is really

in prime condition now, and we must keep it out of anything that requires the Cleaner's hand.

Why don't you copy it? Surely that would be the way to fathom its mystery. But there is no arguing with a Biddell. Perhaps you have copied: but I would bet *not*.

Three Legs of Duval's Lecturer seemed to me as if they would not lift easily from the Ground. At Mason's is a good Smith: a Farrier's Shop: the Anvil the best part, but the Air through the opening of the Travis very good too.

[*May* 1874.]

Dear Biddell,

Do not let your Sister Anna persuade you tomorrow that I want Stubbs home yet, because I was talking to her yesterday of its goodness, and good condition, as compared with that I have just seen at the Old Masters'. She says you scarce think that one can be genuine: indeed, it looked to me more like one of Gilpin's, both for Horse and Man. They should certainly have had a good Specimen: as they should at the National Gallery. There are better than what you now have: Barlow's, in some respects: but the Condition of yours is of the very best: and I was saying to Anna that that condition would be preserved by being kept dry, but not hot; not in any strong Sunlight; and with no friction, or rubbing, of any sort—no grooming—by anything but a light feather brush; or a very slight wisp of a Silk handkerchief

now and then, not to be administered by any servant's hand.

The Picture is of no great value, having cost me fifty shillings: the Drawing of the Horse is faulty: but the Colour is really capital: and that Colour depends much on the preservation of it from the necessity of any cleaning or new varnish. There is just the right gloss of the latter now upon it.

I should not have written but that I was afraid Anna might give you an idea I wanted the Picture now back—which I don't—only to keep it as it is, wherever it be.

I was amazed at the Old Masters, so fine as some seemed to me: the Titians, and a Raffaelle, above all. Ugolino, I think with you, is better in Print.

To W. F. Pollock.

[1874.]

My dear Pollock,

I can only say (without further Enquiry, which I believe would add little to what I now say) that the Portrait belonged to a Mr. Rouse (who lived in a village hereby), who had some share in old Vauxhall, where this portrait hung, as of one of the Worthies of the Time. I suppose Pitt was in the next Box (where, as Sir C. H. Williams said, Happiness was always to be found) for the Adoration of the Tory Party. As I never cared much about Fox, I did not care if the Portrait were of him; but it might doubtless add

some [value] to it in the Eyes of others. I wish you would have the Portrait (if you care to do so) home to your house in order that others may judge of the *Likeness*. I don't want their opinion of the Painting, which I know is very good in a second-rate way. It looks alive: I say, the best sort of Sign-painting—except, I suppose, Correggio's. I was as ignorant of any blemish on Fox's face as you; no sign of it, I think, in the boyish Portrait by Sir Joshua which we saw at the 'Old Masters'.' And surely, as you say, the Caricaturists would not have forgotten it, had it there been. But the Features—the Eyebrows especially (*vide Claimant*)—resembled the man: and also (vide Claimant again) those falling shoulders which are very apt to run into *Belly*—both of which, I think, one sees in the later portraits of Fox.

Well, all this you can amuse yourself with if you care to have the Portrait to your house. I can send the Frame so as to hang it up. But if you don't wish, let me know. Anyhow, it can stay at Holder's next week; and you can show Mr. Scharf, or any one else, if you think worth while.

If you did not observe my Laureate Crabbe's Portrait at the 'Portrait Gallery,' go and see it at Laurence's, who is copying it for me. Phillips's Portrait is the Man in company, a little 'doucereux,' as Moore defined him: but Pickersgill's is *The Man*, I fancy: and his son, my old Friend of Bredfield, so thought of it, I believe.

My China dish is already on a stand, for the

reception of Waifs and Strays—Letters, Cards, Gloves, etc., thrown into it. I find such a Bason very handy on my own Table, though I don't want so big an one as that which I propose to you. I doubt if the China is *recherché* enough to be emblazoned as a picture on a Wall. But I will send your son the Plate (if you tell me his Address), and then he can have the Stand (rosewood) if he thinks better (as I should) to make use of it. The making Pictures of China Plates is surely on[ly] a Fashion—which goes along with ranking Browning for a Poet.

And Spedding has finished his forty years' task! —'In Whitewashendo Bacone.' And the Echo won't come home to him at least.[1]

[P.S.] If the *mole mark* do not look like a mole mark, it were surely as well painted out, whether Fox or not. I thought it was a wound in the canvas. Let Mr. Scharf judge.

I will enquire further as to the external Evidence. But the Face ought to speak for itself.

[1874.]

My dear Pollock,

Dish and Dish-tray are gone off: Dish in a Box; Tray wrapped and bandaged, so as we hope it will escape Fracture. If so, the young Couple can use it or not as they please. I hope they will like the whole concern; and long may they live to like it. Your

[1] Erasmi *Colloquia*: Echo.—Ju. Decem jam annos aetatem trivi in Cicerone. . . . Ec. Ὄνε.

Son will, I dare say, write to let me know of the Concern's arrival; you can tell him that I want little more than that simple Notice; I am sure he thanks me more than enough.

My Enquiries about the Portrait don't increase my Faith in the name that was at first given me. I can't get the Vauxhall part authenticated: people who once could tell dead, gone away, etc. I bought the Picture simply for the Painting. I dare say there were many Englishmen with much such a Face: resolute and courageous; not very refined. There once lived near here a Squire Arcedeckne (Father of poor '*Archy*,' lately dead) who my Father used to say was the image of Pitt—so I could see, in all the Features but the Eyes, which are the one good feature in the better Portraits of Pitt—(as Hoppner's). And yet Mrs. Piozzi says that Pitt's Eyes fell far short of Lord Chatham's.

Well, I will send up the Frame (no very fine one), and you can hang up whether on your own Staircase or at your *Cosmop.* It may amuse some People to speculate on the Likeness. I only hope the Cleaning has not taken away the *Reynoldsy* colour of Shirt and Waistcoat.

P.S. Oh, I must not forget to tell you that I have stupidly sent the Frame for Fox to your house, instead of to Holder's, who might have put the Picture in, and sent it all to you, if you cared to have it; or to your *Cosmop.* I will write to Holder to send you the

Picture, or take away the Frame, as you decide. This is very stupid of me, to give you all this trouble about such a thing: but now the mischief is done, you may at least be spared opening the case in which the Frame is, if you don't want. I only found out I had ordered this after the first part of my letter was written, when I had to go out.

I have to-day a long and cheerful Letter from Donne; I gather from what he tells me of his medical treatment that the Heart is affected; the general story now. May one have no worse to complain of! Also I have written a scrap to old Spedding with a vulgar Joke about Bacon, which I scarce meant for Joke neither: but it must sound so. But he won't mind me.

To T. Carlyle.

Little Grange, Woodbridge,
June 23 [1874].

My dear Carlyle,

I should certainly write oftener to hear about you if my doing so did not trouble you to dictate an answer. Also, I hear of you from time to time from Pollock; but not lately from him at all: I suppose, busy at this time of London life. So I will write you a little bit: and you can just let me know how you are.

This time last year I was preparing to go to Naseby on that fruitless errand; and last Night I dreamt of

you: which may be the immediate cause of my now writing. I thought you were sitting in some room, and you would insist on how much more white-headed you were than I seemed to see you: and you were very kind, and even affectionate; but I said, 'You know you often call me a d——d fool, now, don't you?' and then somehow Spedding laughed from a corner of the room.

What an Old Woman's Dream to write to Thomas Carlyle! Yesterday I met a Lady, not rich, who told me she had bought your French Revolution from money she saved by making her own Dress. Perhaps it was that which made me dream, which makes me write.

I am really thinking of going by sea to Edinburgh, after thinking of so doing for half my Life. You will scarce think my reason for wishing to go is Sir Walter, whom you bid us look on as no Hero: but who needs will be so to me. So I want to see the Places he wrote about, and the Place he himself lived in.

Last Sunday Evening—the longest day—I was looking at an Elm which you may remember in the field before Farlingay. I remember your reading under it—reading up Voltaire, etc., for Frederick. I thought how big the Tree had grown since that: but that is nineteen years ago, 1855. I have been obliged to leave my Market Hill Lodgings, and come down to the House I built and no one would live in. You would like it, I think, but you would never come: and now some Nieces *are* coming for a Summer Visit:

and so I think of getting abroad a little, so as to leave them the house clear.

This really must be a comical Letter. I dare not read it over: but you can but call me what I dreamed you did; and you will not be sorry that I do wish to hear of you, and that I am still as ever your faithful E. F. G.

LITTLE GRANGE, WOODBRIDGE,
June 25 [1874].

Only to say—

That Knox came quite dry and safe, thank you, as also for your kind Letter—

That I did not write my absurd dream that you might refute that part of it, only to make you smile a wee bit. The Truth is, I have a little Superstition about dreams: and when I dream (which is very seldom indeed) of any one, want to know about that one. 'Hinc ille Tom-foolery.'

E. F. G., Monsr. de Petitgrange.

LITTLE GRANGE, WOODBRIDGE,
July 31 [1874].

DEAR MASTER,

You bid me write and tell you if I got to Edinburgh at last. So I have to tell you I did—and much you will care to hear about it! But I went—by Sea: well pleased with the Coast; thinking of you at Dunbar, and (I must own) of Sir Walter when they

pointed out to me the range of Lammermuir; and of Burns when I saw the Berwick Law by which the Ship rode when the Trooper called for a Pint of Wine in a Silver Tassie to pledge his bonny Mary, before going to the Wars. And Edinburgh looked really beautiful to me that long Evening: and the next day, though I only drove about it, and went into none of the Buildings, not even up the Castle steep, all which looked so grand from my Inn in Princes Street. And (in spite of you) I worshipped at the Scott Monument: and went to Abbotsford next day: glad to find it was not at all the Cockney Castle I had been told of, but a substantial house in the Style common to the Country: with broad walks before, and then a meadow: and then the Tweed: and then the Woods my Hero planted, and which I wished he could see thriving so well. Then Dryburgh—for his sake too, you know. And I was really going home the next day: but had to wait for some money: and was persuaded to take a Cook's passport to Stirling, Katrine, Lomond, etc., which somehow I did not care for: and on the fourth day back to London by Rail. And, after a visit to my old Brother Peter, and my old friend Donne there, back here. A long way to go for so little purpose, you may think -- my little Pilgrimage to my Mecca!

The Country about Edinburgh reminded me of Dublin, only not so green; the City beautiful. I should not be sorry to go again: but I suppose never shall.

So here is the upshot of my long-proposed Pilgrimage. I was told in London that you were gone North: if this Letter (written to order) should follow you, pray do not trouble yourself to acknowledge it, but believe me your heretical Hero-worshipper

E. F. G.

Now for a Pipe in my Garden—to think over all these little things.

LITTLE GRANGE, WOODBRIDGE,
Nov. 3/74.

MY DEAR CARLYLE,

I did not wish you to reply to my Edinburgh Letter, which told you of what you would think a foolish Business, I know. But you must soon dictate me a Line, to tell me a wee bit about yourself: ever so little: but you know I come down upon [you] about this time of the year for my Peppercorn Rent. I hope it is not grievous for you to pay.

Well, I was only three whole days in Scotland: but I find myself wishing to see Edinburgh again, as I scarce ever felt for any strange Place. And little as you may idolise (!) Scott, you would like his Eildon hills, Melrose, and Dryburgh, if you have never cared to visit them. The Eildons I suppose you have seen. Then there was a Hill between Melrose and Dryburgh which Scott often went to, looking over the Border; and the man who drove me said that Scott's Carriage horses, who also drew his Hearse, *would* stop there, and

could only be got on with much coaxing, etc. Oh, I know you think Scott a brave, honest, good-natured man, and a good Story-teller, only not a Hero at all. And I can't help knowing and loving him as such. Come; he is at least as good as old Bacon, whom Spedding has consumed near forty years in whitewashing. I declare *that* is a Tragedy: the more so, as I cannot help thinking that Spedding is himself a little more doubtful at the end of his Labours than he was before, and for many years after. I fancy his Conclusion is rather an Appeal 'ad misericordiam,' citing Witnesses of Character which do not amount to much, I think. But I dare say you are sick of the Business: for I think I may venture so far as to guess that Bacon is not one of your Demigods.

I happen to be reading Dauban's La Terreur and am going to get your Book from my old Lodging, where it lies till my few shelves here are cleared.

I have nothing to tell of myself: have only been as far as Lowestoft since Edinburgh: and am now engaged in trying to prevent a Cold from growing to Bronchitis.

To F. Tennyson.

LITTLE GRANGE, WOODBRIDGE,
Nov. 16 [1874].

MY DEAR FREDERIC,

You should let me hear of you now and then without waiting for a *prod* from me. You have really

something to tell me about yourself that I want to hear, and that you can tell me in a very few lines. Tell me now, at any rate.

I wrote my yearly Letter to Mrs. Alfred a fortnight ago, I think: but as yet have had no answer. Some Newspaper made fun of a Poem of Alfred's—The Voice and the Peak, I think; giving morsels of which, of course, one could not judge. But I think he had better have done singing: he has sung well—tempus silere, etc.

I have Bronchitis hanging about me, and am obliged to leave off my Night-walks abroad. So, as I can't read at night, and my Reader does not come till eight, I stride up and down a sort of Hall I have here: reminding myself of Chateaubriand's fine account of his Father going up and down a long Room, half-lighted, in the old Breton Castle: coming up to the Table where the Family sat, and then disappearing into the Gloom: while Owls hooted, and Dogs barked in the stormy Night abroad:[1]

> While far abroad a washing[2] Storm o'erwhelms
> Nature pitch-dark, and rides the thundering Elms.

There! that second line is worthy of you—or Dryden, and I have never made out who wrote it: not even by help of Notes and Queries.

[1] See Letters to Fanny Kemble, p. 60.
[2] In another letter it is 'rushing.

To W. F. Pollock.

12 Marine Terrace, Lowestoft,
Jan. 9/75.

My dear Pollock,

Your last letter rather frightened me about Donne: so I wrote to Mowbray, who tells me his Dad seems to him better than he has seen him since his last year's Illness. Still, I cannot but fancy that you have seen what a Son (living constantly with his Father) could not, or would not, see. I have myself thought that I detected something of the Sort in Donne's last Letters.

Annie Thackeray now inclines (as also do her Publishers) to do what I begged them all to do any time these ten years: publish a Volume of W. M. T.'s better Drawings—not Caricature—to show the world that he could do something other, if not better. I believe that Annie T. herself would not entertain the project before, out of Piety toward her Father: not wishing to publish anything which he had not sanctioned. Perhaps Smith and Elder were animated by some sort of Piety too: otherwise, I cannot understand their forgoing a Speculation which would have put into their pockets at least as much money as any one of the Thackeray Library. Still, I don't believe the thing will be done: partly from not finding up enough Drawings for the purpose. Annie T. ought to have heaps: and several friends at any rate as

many as I can furnish out of all I have lost: no more than half a Dozen, I think. A Boxfull I left in Coram (*Joram*) Street thirty years ago: which Box was taken I knew not where when W. M. T. left. Another such Box I left for safety at my Father's house in Portland Place, to be sold for waste Paper, I dare say, when he came to smash. (Do you know the account of the Sale of the poor old Grandmother's Effects in Crabbe's Maid's Story —when—

> The Wedding ring that to the finger grew
> Was sold for six and sixpence to a Jew.[1]

No, you know nothing of this: nor the Cornhill man either.)

I have read Albany Fonblanque's Memoirs etc.: very clever indeed, but already nearly all—obsolete! with the occasions that called them forth. I think Wilson (C. North) is almost the only man whose occasional Articles live and breathe in Republication. I have lately bought all the early Volumes of Blackwood (1817 to 1830) in that Belief. In spite of what you say, I shall buy the Greville Memoirs when they come down to about 10s., for I have left off Mudie for a year: being more puzzled to order a Boxfull than amused or edified by its contents. Perhaps I shall plunge at once into *Megreedy*: (I suppose you don't care for W. M. T.'s sketch of him as Hamlet, with Mlle. Bulgardo as Queen, when she reminds him of 'the least taste in Life of Linen hanging out behind').

[1] Tales of the Hall, Book XI.

To E. B. Cowell.

LOWESTOFT, *February* 11 /75.

MY DEAR COWELL,

I must say, in answer to your kind Letter, that my Eyes are my main reason for giving up all Intercourse with the Persian which you taught me. I do not wish that you should suppose that I flung away without some reason what you took so much pains to make me learn. But for these Eyes, I think I should have made a shot at reading the Mesnavi, which, I persist in saying, you should translate, and condense, for us. You say you do not approve of such Abridgments: and Montaigne says, 'Tout Abrégé d'un bon livre est sot abrégé.'[1] Still, if the 'bons Livres' will not get themselves read? One can always notify beforehand that one is not literal; that one mutilates, etc., not intending to improve the original so much as to lead People to it, by giving them a little at first. But I shall not alter your Opinion, which probably has better right to be held by than mine. . . .

The second Paper by Carlyle is not quite so interesting as the first, only because, I think, the Story he has to tell is less interesting. But read all—it is Carlyle as sure as I am Yours always,

E. F. G.

[1] Essais, iii. 8.

Oh! a Mr. Furness — an American Author or Editor — tells Mrs. Kemble of some Notice of "E. F. G." put into some American Magazine by a Mr. Fitz-Edward Hall, of Suffolk! Your Marlesford man?

Somehow I did not augur well of the Gipsy Prospectus[1] you sent me: it was rather gushing, I thought; and some Lady in it who did not seem to me likely to be a good Gipsy Interpreter. But we shall see.

To W. F. Pollock.

12 Marine Terrace, Lowestoft,
Feb. 11/75.

My dear Pollock,

I have my Doubts that I have not yet thanked you for your Letter about The Silver Inkstand,[2] which is a very pretty Story. I can hardly believe that I have not written to you since: but, if so it be, you will readily excuse. I am sure I know no excuse to make, having been as unoccupied all this time as usual.

I suppose you are nearing the end of your Macready. I must one day get a sight of Lord Houghton's Peacock, whose Books I never could

[1] English Gipsy Songs, translated by C. G. Leland, E. H. Palmer, and Janet Tuckey.

[2] Given by Pitt to Bishop Tomline.

relish, though Spedding made much of them. Perhaps I told you how delighted I was with Carlyle's Kings of Norway in Fraser: the Athenæum first warned me of him there: then some other Paper said it was not him: but Him it is, I decide, and in some respects better than his earlier Self: less 'Sound and Fury'—indeed, none at all. Oh, if all History could be written in that way!

I have been trying again to read Gil Blas and La Fontaine: but can't get on with them. It is too thin a Wine for me, I suppose. Never mind why: I don't like Dr. Fell. Then I have tried Manon Lescaut, which my hero Ste. Beuve recommends, as also the other two: but—Dr. Fell again. Yet it seems to me I have a turn for French Literature—why then—Dr. Fell.

What does Annie Thackeray make of her Angelica Kauffman? I love her (A. T.) well enough to be prejudiced in favour of all she writes; but I have not been able to get through any of her Books, full of beautiful things as they are, since her Village, which was *all* Beauty.

I wait here, partly because of Nieces and Nephews on either hand of me, and partly to give time for a little Flower and Leaf to come up inland. Also, a little absurd Lodging is so much pleasanter than the grave House one built. What Blunders one has to look back on, to be sure! So many, luckily, that one has ceased to care for any *one*. Walpole congratulated himself on one point: knowing what he

wanted[1]: I fancy you are wise in that also. But for most of us—

> Man is but Man, and what he most desires,
> Pleases at first: then pleases not; then tires![2]

12 Marine Terrace, Lowestoft,
Thursday [1875].

My dear Pollock,

I went so far as to buy Macready at first hand! *Chose inconnue!* His Records give me the honest picture, I think, of a really conscientious Man, and Artist. I wonder he had no more to tell one of the Sayings and Doings of the many clever people he mixed with: I scarce remember anything in that way except about Chantrey, and (best of all) Mrs. Siddons. That was the Woman who got to be looked on only as a cold and stately Tragic Muse; I fancy this notion grew after Miss O'Neil rose upon her Setting. I fancy also that what M. might have said of our living Mrs. Kemble's Acting you thought well to leave out: but he speaks so highly of one of her Plays that I have sent that Paragraph to her over the Atlantic.

I sometimes remember Macready at your house some twenty years ago: he sitting quite quietly, so that I wished to speak to him, but let the Evening

[1] In some MS. additions to Polonius, FitzGerald has recorded, 'Walpole counted himself fortunate—I think we may say, wise—in knowing what he wished for.'

[2] Crabbe, Tales of the Hall, Book XXII. (vol. vii. p. 283).

pass without venturing to do so: and never had another Opportunity.

I have been reading, and even admiring, some of Corneille; as to Racine, I say with Catherine of Russia, 'Ce n'est pas mon homme.' Another trial at Gil Blas and La Fontaine has failed with me: both too thin wine to my taste. Madame de Sévigné I find quite delightful in parts: only one can't help fancying that fifty thousand Frenchwomen would write as good Letters. As witty perhaps, but not with all her Good Sense and Good Humour.

What rococo Readings to tell you of—you who live in London and must keep up with the Current of what new Books are talked of. I dare say you like some of these old Standards when you are in the Country at Vacation: and—I am never otherwise. This Spring has up to this time forbidden almost a Daffodil to appear: much more a Green Leaf: so I have kept here, where the Sea, the Ships, and the Sailors are better Company.

To T. Carlyle.

LITTLE GRANGE, WOODBRIDGE,
Sept. 12 [1875].

MY DEAR CARLYLE,

I do not write often because I do not wish to trouble you to dictate an answer, in return for the nothing I have to tell. And some one or other has generally told me a word about you; but people don't write to me now: no blame to them; for you know

men do not like Letter-writing more as they get older, and my old friends naturally think that I might go and be with them—much better than writing. So it is, I think I generally attack you twice a year: but I have let you alone now even more than half a year. I dare say you are away from London: perhaps among your old Dumfriesshire solitudes. I find an account of your lonely rambles there in a Letter of yours of more than thirty years ago; in the time of Cromwell indeed. What a Business that was to you! Your Naseby Letters have come back upon me strangely: the Ink of them is now turning a little yellow—into the sere and yellow leaf, like Writer and Reader. I have not been well all this Summer: I think I begin to 'smell the Ground,' as Sailors say of Ships when they slacken speed as the Water shallows. I should be glad to hear that you are as well as last winter you were. Your Norway Kings were quite delightful to me. We have a Saint Olave's Priory on the River Waveney: the People call it 'Saint Tuler's.' I wonder if an old Gentleman of Ipswich be of that kingly Blood: an Inscription there runs:

> In peaceful silence let great Tooley rest,
> Whose charitable Deeds bespeak him best.

Perhaps this will make you smile a very little; and, if so, my letter will be something better than a bore. If you get it, do let me have a dictated line, just to tell me how you are—no more, if you are not in the mind: but believe me your sincere Ancient,

EDWARD FITZGERALD.

To F. Tennyson.

WOODBRIDGE, *Sept.* 29/75.

MY DEAR FREDERIC,

It is now 9½ P.M. I have written two Letters: but since that have drunk three Glasses of *1870* Port (which only wants about twenty-five years over its head to make it a very fine Wine), and so I am inspired to 'take up my Pen' again and write to you. For it is now some time since I have heard from you: and, when I write, it is more to get an answer than for the mere pleasure of writing which some people feel—chiefly Women, I suppose. Well: I want to know how you are: that is the main thing; I suppose not *doing* much beyond reading, writing, and ruminating. I cannot say much for myself: though every one tells me in what rude health I look, etc.; and in spite of taking countless Bottles of which a sixth part is marked out by so many stages in each Bottle. But I shall not say any more on this score: let me hear *you* are well, at any rate.

I am so vexed that I cannot find a bundle of your Letters from Italy thirty years ago, which I carefully preserved: which I know I had on Market Hill: and which I am now wanting to transcribe extracts from, as I had done (you know) from Morton and from Carlyle. I have looked where I can: but my Nieces have been taking up all my home except one room, and I still hope to find the letters in some Box

where I deposited them before I moved from Market Hill hither. They were becoming faint and yellow in their Ink: and that is why I wanted to transcribe parts: as was the case with Morton's.

I have been proposing to go up to London, and hear a Selection from Lohengrin at the Promenade Concerts: but Indolence, and Despair of any Satisfaction, has left me where I am. Malim Mozartii recordari quam cum Wagnero versari—if that be Latin. Tell me: tell me of yourself also, and believe me ever yours, E. F. G.

Now—To Bed. But—To Sleep! That is the Question.

To T. Carlyle.

WOODBRIDGE, *Christmas Day* [1875].

MY DEAR CARLYLE,

You will think there is to be no end of me, now I have begun. But you know I did sincerely wish you not to write to me now, inasmuch as Miss Aitken has told me—why, told me that you had been striding through the Snow with worsted Stockings over your lower man—and what better could I wish to hear of you than that? But, as you have bid her say you *will* write—why, write you will, I know. Therefore, I have one thing for you to notice—if you please, which is—that, in an Account of Lincolnshire (pubd. 1836) which I lately bought out of a Catalogue there,

is quoted a Letter from Cromwell to Colonel Walton, dated from Sleaford, 'Sept. 6th or 5th. For Colonel Walton their in London'—and beginning, 'Sir, we doe with griefe of hart receive the sadde condition of our armie in the West,' etc. I only find one Letter to Walton in your Book—about the death of his Son, etc. Do you know of this other Letter that I speak of? or is it in your Book and escaped me? or is it a sham? It seems to me genuine, and interesting: but I dare say I am Paddy-like wrong in one way or other: whether by missing what you have inserted, or mistaking what you have rejected. This it all about it: if you care to see it—to have it (it seems to retain the original Spelling punctiliously), the Book, or the Page of the Book, shall go to you forthwith.

Which little matter leads me to a very much less. Don't pray look into the London Library for my little Escapade: it isn't there, never having been published at all. 'In Shade let it rest,' and believe me your humble servant, E. F. G.

I am reading Bozzy's Memoranda published by the Grampian Club.

To E. B. Cowell.

[1875.]

My dear Cowell,

I was very glad to have a letter from you at last; I don't wonder, however, that sensible men, who

have plenty of other pen-work to do, revolt from Letter-writing, unless on especial occasion. You don't tell me, however, what you think of Queen Mary, which I wanted to know. I could only tell the Author that I didn't know what to say about it. At present it has left no impression upon me, whether for Character or Action.

I have been reading over some of Carlyle's Letters, chiefly about Naseby, and am transcribing parts of them into a Book with some others. The originals I shall make over to some sure hand that will not let them fall into vulgar or mercenary keeping.[1] It is a pity to destroy them: and yet there is always danger of preserving such things in these inquisitive days.

To T. Carlyle.

LITTLE GRANGE, WOODBRIDGE,
July 16/76.

MY DEAR CARLYLE,

I think you will have fled from Chelsea by this time: and, as it is nearly half a year since I heard from you, I venture a Letter. I hear of you indeed now and then from others: but about twice a year, you know, I apply to Headquarters, and give you the trouble to dictate, and Miss Aitken to write. I shall be very glad to hear how you are, and that you have got to some pleasant Country Quarters.

[1] By FitzGerald's directions these are now in the Library of Trinity College, Cambridge.

I have as usual next to nothing to tell you of myself: having lived the same Life as before, going no further from this home than Lowestoft; and reading over some of the old Books—Don Quixote just now, and Sir Charles Napier's Life, which is a very interesting Book to me, both for his own sake, and his Brother's who writes of him. There is no doubt too much outcry about Injustice, etc., on both sides: but Sir Charles surely fought bravely against Age and Illness as well as in his Vocation. But this is an old Song: only I always think we should be glad of even one such man now, with all his faults.

Spedding, you see, goes on with his life-long work —more patient than Sir Charles, and equally determined. I rejoice in reading all he writes, though I cannot always be convinced by it.

I am writing this by candlelight at the odd hour of 1 A.M., unable to sleep from some cause or other. You will not, I believe, grudge me the reading and answering this Letter, next to nothing as it is.

To W. A. Wright.

WOODBRIDGE, *August* 31 [1876].

MY DEAR WRIGHT,

I was at Dunwich for two Days in company with Edwards the Painter, who had Victor Hugo's son's Prose Translation of Shakespeare. I was astonished

how well Henry IV. came out, both Hotspur and Falstaff: it made me see Shakespeare in a new light, as large as Life, and as alive. What other Writer could bear such a Transfiguration? Even my Don, with a Sancho akin in humour to the English, loses so much even in so good a Translation as Jarvis. I really felt parting with him at this last reading as with one's best Friend. But I will know him even better in Don Clemencin.

Do you know the word 'Water-smoke,' which Walter White[1] heard several times used for the Sea-fog or Sea-roke in Norfolk and Suffolk? He says it means the same as 'Eynd,' which I never heard of.

Well, aren't you coming these ways to see Brooke and Turner? The former I see in a Tandem; the latter alone in his Boat on our River. Besides these two, there is mine own self with a whole house over me, with Bed and Board to spare.

Mr. Spalding is still here, but I cannot learn that his Future is yet provided for. Meanwhile, he seems happy to talk of Coins, Celts, Birds, Eggs, Pictures, etc. If he could muster sufficient Capital he would do best in a Curiosity Shop; or (without Capital) as an Assistant, if not Chief, at some Museum. He has really accurate Knowledge, as well as real Taste and Liking, in such matters: and is moreover a very amiable and civilised Man.

You speak of the Cowells as if only just gone to

[1] Eastern England, i. 178.

Switzerland: I had hoped, long ago. I enclose you a Note about Carlyle, which I wish you would forward to the Master if you know whither.

To F. Tennyson.

WOODBRIDGE, *Sept.* 3/76.

MY DEAR FREDERIC,

I am afraid it is rather a tax on you to answer my Letters about Nothing. But I certainly like to hear about you, from time to time, oftener than I can expect an Answer from other Friends. My enquiries of Alfred are now but once a Year—Christmas time—so with old Spedding; and now Pollock leaves me in the lurch. Not that I complain; I have really no right to even a yearly Response. Carlyle used to be my most punctual Correspondent—that is, to a half-yearly Letter: he dictating an Answer by his Niece. She has lately written to me that he has scarce found himself equal to the task of Dictation: no Pain or Ailments, I think; but Weakness. He has been somewhile in his own Scotland: but thinks he is better at his Chelsea Home.

This, by the way, is the favourite Anniversary of his Hero Cromwell: September 3: one more Summer gone. How has it been with you in Jersey? Scorched up? And heavy Storms in the last week or ten days? Three Nights ago we were all woke up by such a rattling Peal of Thunder as we have scarce known;

only *one*, unheralded, unsucceeded by any other: *that*, and the noise of it, was the Surprise.

I bought Macaulay's Memoirs in a hurry to read; and found that I might just as well have waited for Mudie, and saved my Money too. Not but it is the Record of a vastly clever, and very good, Man. Then I must buy Ticknor's Memoirs with a like Result. Not but he is a very sensible, and a very good, Man too. Only I have been interested more in much less clever, honourable, and good People, as in Haydon, for instance, whom Macaulay despises. What I wonder at is those eternal and violent Discussions between Macaulay, Mackintosh, Hallam, etc., as to who is the greatest Poet, Novelist, Politician, etc., and which of his Works [is] his greatest, etc. You see Wagner's Bayreuth Triumph. I shall stick to 'Life let us cherish.'

To W. A. Wright.

WOODBRIDGE, *Sept.* 4, 1876.

MY DEAR WRIGHT,

The 'All the World's a Stage' place is in Ch. xi. Lib. v. Part iii. (as marked in my Spanish Edition; I have not Jarvis by me) (anyhow in what we call the Second Part), concerning the Don's Encounter with the Masque of Death. The parallel indeed is rather between the various Ranks of Men than their Ages: a Comparison (as that of Chess) so common as to be

trite even to Sancho. There is something in the same Chapter as to the advantage of treating Actors well, which a little bit reminds one of Hamlet.

I do not think the 'vorans viam' is by Plautus himself (I have him not), but added by some one—*Urceus?*—and (as I somewhere read) known by Translation in Shakespeare's time. I either only remember such things, or jot them down without reference to Authority: and, either way, pretty sure to be inexact. So one shouldn't trouble other men to verify one.

One thing I can swear to: (as easy as lying, by the way, to us Celts) that we have a bend in our River here, about five miles off our town, called 'The Ham,' as your Friend Turner will tell you, and show you, if you will.

The Bay of Portugal[1] I know nothing of.

To Mrs. Cowell.

WOODBRIDGE, *Nov.* 13/76.

DEAR ELIZABETH,

I did not answer your last kind letter because I thought you looked on it as an answer to several of mine to Cowell: in which I had said all I had to say. Nor must you reply to this (for I know you have many Letters to write, and much else to do beside), unless you and Cowell would like me to send you the Second Series of Lowell's Among my Books. Cowell

[1] As You Like It, iv. 1.

liked the first Volume, and will like the second equally well, I think: probably it is easily found at one of your Cambridge Libraries, and if so, or that you both of you have more than enough to read, and write, till the end of Term, do not answer, pray. Only, if you want it now, I can send it at once. With just a little less Ambition of fine, or smart writing, Lowell might almost do for many Books what Ste. Beuve has left undone. He has more Humour: but not nearly so much Delicacy of Perception, or Refinement of Style; in which Ste. Beuve seems to me at the head of all Critics. I should like to give him to you if you have him not. . . .

Instead of going there[1] (which one ought to have done), I have amused myself with reading over Boccaccio's Decameron, which, I see by a Note at the end, I read last just nine years ago in The Scandal, and on the Bawdsey Cliffs while she was doing Duty there. And so I shall cut the 'Eastern Question' as best I may, just as those who are supposed to tell the Stories shut out The Plague.

To E. B. Cowell.

[1876.]

If you were so pleased with Goethe's Iphigenia, it may be on account of that very 'modern' which you detect in it. I mean, the whole would perhaps not be so readable without that Leaven. I have been thinking I would try to read a little German this

[1] To Italy.

winter: but the Language is disagreeable to me, and the type as distressing to my Eyes as Persian.

Tennyson still spoke of Hafiz, as he used, you know. He keeps true to his old Loves, even Bailey's Festus,[1] for some Passages. He still admires Browning, for a great, though unshapen, Spirit; and acknowledges Morris, Swinburne, and Co., though not displeased, I think, that I do not.

I passed through Bramford a week ago; it looked so pretty—Church, River, Fields, and Woods—'A Home of ancient Peace'—that it made me sad remembering the Days that are no more.

To W. A. Wright.

WOODBRIDGE, *May* 3, 1877.

MY DEAR WRIGHT,

Three Woodbridge Savants—Myself for one—know Woodbine[2] for the wild Convolvulus: not for the commonest, however, which enrings blades of Grass and wheat, but could not rise to the Honeysuckle: not that, but a large white sort, which is not un-

[1] See Tennyson's Life, vol. i. p. 234, where, in a letter to FitzGerald, he says, 'I have just got Festus; order it and read. You will most likely find it a great bore, but there are really *grand things* in Festus.' On this letter, which is copied into a volume of the Poems of 1842 in my possession, FitzGerald made the following note:

'He would have it, grander than anything he himself had written, though he could get no one else to think so. The Author (Bailey) published a Letter from A. T. by way of Advertisement—which served him right.'

[2] This refers to a question of mine about the meaning of 'woodbine' in Midsummer Night's Dream, iv. 1.

common in hedgerows, which it does climb up, and looks over the top. I have it on my hedge here: and there used to be plenty in Geldestone, down by the marsh, I remember.

So we Woodbridge Savants. As I was writing to Mr. Hall when your Letter came, I took the liberty to send it to him: and I enclose you his Reply.

One of the Savants I spoke to here told me that in the Rendlesham Parish Books is a Notice of that Living having been bestowed on some one by a Sir John Fastolf—or Falstaff (he says it is written either way in the Document)—about *temp.* Henry IV. My Savant discovered and wrote about this in some Newspaper some ten years ago: he will now make some abstract for you, and you can look further into it if you choose. We know of a Colvil also; and of a Framlingham Bardolph: as also of a Duke of Norfolk there residing, to whom Sir John was Page. My Savant is a very ingenious, but (I fancy) not very accurate man.

To W. F. Pollock.

LITTLE GRANGE, WOODBRIDGE,
May 24/77.

MY DEAR POLLOCK,

Herewith I post you a pleasant Judge's Charge[1]: which you shall return me, however. So, as I make

[1] The charge of J—— P—— to the Grand Jury of M——x, on Saturday, May 22, 1736 (London, 1738). J—— P—— was Sir Francis Page.

my sending it an opportunity for writing to you (also, such a good pen, and fluent red Ink), you may write me a few words of Reply when you return the same.

You have almost the best of it in London this black weather: for your Squares are as freshly green as ours down here; and you have Wagners, and Pattis, instead of our Nightingales and Blackbirds.

I had guessed that Annie Thackeray was ill: Hallam Tennyson tells me she was so—very ill—but now well again. Of course you saw the Poet when he was in London: Hallam tells me he much enjoyed his Visit there, among all the Poets, Wits, and Philosophers.

I have even bought Miss Martineau; and am reading her as slowly as I can, to eke her out. For I can't help admiring, and being greatly interested in her, tho' I suppose she got conceited. Her Judgments on People seem to me mainly just. I see she has a hard word for my friend Mrs Kemble [1]: but not going further than her manners: which, I think, were once liable to the imputation of 'Stageyness' that Miss M. speaks of: nevertheless, it was merely manner, which it is strange if Theatrical folks are free from: for a more honest, truthful, and generous, and loyal, and constant Woman I never knew. She never forgets her own, or even her Brother's, old Friends; I was little more than the latter to her, but I am sure she has a sincere regard for me, or she would not say so.

[1] Harriet Martineau's Autobiography, i. 365, 366.

I heard that Carlyle was fairly well; Spedding, I suppose, is immutable: long may he so continue! I have been reading once, and then hearing read, the wonderful Dickens's Great Expectations; not one of his best, I suppose, but with some of his best in it. At any rate, it helps to shut out the Plague of Eastern Affairs: which I neither read nor wish to hear of since I can't help it.

To Herman Biddell.

WOODBRIDGE, *June* 14/77.

MY DEAR BIDDELL,

Martineau's third Volume is scarce worth reading, being chiefly made up by a rather gushing female Editor. If she be to be trusted, however, she refutes your surmise about Martineau's blustering about her Atheism, so far as can be proved by a quiet perseverance in it for near twenty years after her Autobiography ends; quite up to the hour of her Death.

This, I think, is the chief upshot of Vol. III.—which I only just looked over. But you will find it here any day you like to call, or send: ready addressed, in case I should not be at home.

Your Sister Anna talks of taking Harriet to Buxton: I suggest that so doing may be as dangerous as the Sailors think it is to have a Parson on board. They have been known to throw such an one overboard in a storm. I hope (for Anna's sake) no such

occasion will arise on the Rail : but, if it should—let her pitch Harriet over, portmanteau and all.

Edwards called here on his way to Dunwich a fortnight ago : he seemed to me almost himself again : and his Wife writes me that he has become still better since his return to London. So I hope to see him well once more. He is a brave, good fellow.

You should read (again, if you once read it) Sir C. Napier's Life, by his Brother, Sir W. There are wonderful things in it ; the man indeed a wonderful man.

And I am now once more reading Sir Walter's Heart of Midlothian, as wonderful in another way.

To W. A. Wright.

WOODBRIDGE, *Thursday*, 1877.

MY DEAR WRIGHT,

Le Capitaine *Brohoke* was with us one night, descending at the door from the the top of a huge Chestnut Charger. He told us several odd Suffolk things in the Ecclesiastical way. One of a Parson who sometimes tied up his Pointers to the Altar rails while he did the Duty. Another of some Lady who proclaimed her Right to some Lands in Brightlingsea (Brecclesea) by walking up the Church with a Dog and a Hunting Whip. I told him he should authenticate all such things for East Anglian N. and Q.

I am thinking of a few days at Dunwich again if

Dix Hall be yet vacant. If you come, you must bring some Bœufling with you, for the meat is inferior thereabout, as Mrs. Edwards says. Edwards was not very well, but has Charles Keene (of Punch) to brighten him up now.

One more Woodbine from Bacon's Sylva :—'There be some other' (Plants) 'that creep along the ground, or wind about other Trees or Props ; as Vines, Ivy, Briony, Woodbines, Hops, Clematis, Camomile,' etc. —Cent. vi. 594.

WOODBRIDGE, *Sunday* [*July* 29, 1877].

MY DEAR WRIGHT,

If you will come here to bed as well as board, do not come till Thursday.

As to Dunwich, I cannot of course go away from home till this Lowell affair is settled one way or other. If you should wish to go there in the meanwhile, you will find a little Lodging, I think, at a Mr. Dix's. He told me his was to be vacant to-morrow : but it may soon be reoccupied, and the one Inn is taken up by some Ipswich Family. Close by Dix (who is Edwards' Factotum) is my friend Edwards and Wife, very agreeable People : he always interested in Suffolk Subjects, with many Books about them — Dunwich among these—and he will be very glad to be with you, and drive you about in his Poney-gig, as he did me to Blythburgh (well worth looking at) and other old Places. As he has been very ill, and wants above

all things some cheerful and intelligent Company, he would be the man for you, and you for him just now; and he is so naturally frank and courageous that you would be at home with him, and he with you, at once, on your simply naming yourself, whom he knows of well already, without any Introduction from me, though you would, I dare say, announce yourself as directed to him by me.

I tell you all this at once, because you really might like to go at once to this Dunwich, with its old Story and its fresh Sea air. A very good Dogcart at Darsham Inn will take you there in less than an hour by a very pleasant road: you could return by the same Dogcart if no Lodging available: though Edwards and Wife (one of the most clever little Bodies in the world) would be glad to give you Bed and Board. I never put up with them, preferring my own Room, etc.; but, at a Pinch, I should find the heartiest welcome: as would you also.

If 'This-ne'[1] be our Suffolk, it must, I suppose, squint at *Thisbe* too; but of this we will talk ere long. Edwards would be much interested in all such questions, being a very well read Man in nearly all English Literature, and with a native Aptitude for such matters.

I saw the Academy, which I have taken in some while. I wonder at so much favour from a University Scholar, as you tell me the writer of the Article[2] is.

[1] Midsummer Night's Dream, i. 2. 56.
[2] Agamemnon, by J. A. Symonds.

WOODBRIDGE, *September* 11/77.

MY DEAR WRIGHT,

I returned from Dunwich yesterday, and found your Bacon, which will certainly cause me to read the Essays again, very likely when I return to Dunwich, which I think of doing next week. Edwards will take pleasure in looking over the Book: he was noticing to me how pathetic were such things as the Garden Essay. 'And I would have' so and so.

The Vignette on Title-page is nicely done: but a little too like Mr. Macready in the character of Lord Bacon. I don't think he stood so, by the same token that I am sure he sat so, as the Monument shows.

You ought to have Hugo's French Shakespeare: it is not wonderful to see how well a German Translation thrives: but French Prose—no doubt better than French Verse. When I was looking over King John the other day, I knew that Napoleon would have owned it as the thing he craved for in the Theatre, as also the other Historical Plays: not *Love*, of which one is sick, but the Business of Men. He said this at St. Helena, or elsewhere.

I find a Letter from Lowell, wishing to be with Dunwich Gray Friars rather than at Madrid. He had, however, seen '*Carrasco*'[1] over a Shop.

[1] Reminding him of Samson Carrasco, who figures in Don Quixote.

WOODBRIDGE, *October* 10/77.

MY DEAR WRIGHT,

I bid Adieu to Dunwich last Monday: the Sea running up to the Cliffs before a North wind and a Spring tide. The place was still delightful, with but a Friend to look in upon of an evening: but Edwards and Wife left the day I did. They are staying at Framlingham for a few days, his Nation (which, by the way, is good Boccaccio Italian as well as good Suffolk), and where he fancied he would make a sketch of the Castle. She would let me know, if she could, when they left: but he is become impatient in his ways: and they may be in London by this time, for aught I know.

One day ask some of your mathematic Friends to tell you, and then me, how the Moon was on the night of Sept. 3 1650, night before the Battle of Dunbar. She does so much in Carlyle's fine account, 'wading through the Clouds,' etc., that I want to know how old she was at the time. He does not, I think, quote from any contemporary as to this: and as I see in his French Revolution that he represents the Pleiads and Orion looking down on the streets of Paris on the Night of August 9, he may have supplied to Dunbar a more considerable moon than the Almanack authorises. But it is a very fine book.

WOODBRIDGE, *Thursday* [1878].

MY DEAR WRIGHT,

To-day—at last—a letter from E. B. C., who says how many he has written in Imagination. In this case, the Letter would be more than the Spirit.

I remember Mrs. Kemble's saying that Julius Caesar was the most exhausting Play she had to read, because of being nearly all in one Key. I suppose one feels this in reading to oneself.

We are here reading Rob Roy of a night: a little wearisome till over the Border, and then—beyond any but Cervantes perhaps. And it is wonderful how the threads of the story are woven into the first duller part. Even my young Bookbinder who reads to me calls it 'Glorious!' and loves the Bailie. I rejoice in thinking it as good as ever.

I heard (but know not now when or how) that Ponsonby was the original of Warrington.[1] There seems indeed the mixture of some more acid than his; but I don't believe—Venables, whom W. M. T. never much affected and had had his Nose broken by.

WOODBRIDGE, *March* 14, 1878.

MY DEAR WRIGHT,

I drew up the enclosed for myself, getting often puzzled for Dates of 'Saint Charles'' movements, etc.,

[1] In Pendennis.

in the Biographies, and especially with the Letters as now published in batches of several Correspondents. Moxon has published the same, stereotype (I suppose), under three Editors: 1. Sala: 2. Purnell: 3. my Namesake Percy: and I know no other way of having these Letters. Well, I say I drew up the enclosed for myself, and then thought others might like it also: so printed: and send you six Copies, I believe, for yourself and any one else you may care to give it to. I won't swear to its exact accuracy: for the Biographies are sometimes contradictory, and confused; and I, you know, am a Paddy; really as apt to blunder from over-care as from no care at all. Some Summer Holyday, when you have a Volume of the dear Fellow for Company, you may correct any error you find in my Data. I meant to have printed old Wordsworth's 'Charles Lamb is a good man if ever there was one'[1]; but I could not find the passage, and (Paddy though I be) did not wish to quote the Daddy amiss. I wanted to insert it, lest any Noodle should misconceive all the Drink, Smoke, etc., as also to excuse my somewhat expatiating on the horrors of 1796, which I did, however (though with some hesitation), to show forth what the Man had to suffer. After which who but a Noodle can hint about Drink, etc. 'Saint Charles!' said old Thackeray, taking up one of his Letters from my Table, and putting it to his Forehead.

Give one of the Papers to Cowell, of course. Ask

[1] In lines 'Written after the Death of Charles Lamb':

'Oh, he was good, if e'er a good Man lived!'

Mr. Munro if Lamb's comical Latin Letters (as that to Barton the 'Tremulus') do not prove a good notion of familiar Latin letter-writing. Will he condescend to accept, and perhaps correct, my Great Work?

To E. B. Cowell.

WOODBRIDGE, *April* 11 [1878].

MY DEAR COWELL,

I did not wish you to be troubled with answering my last: especially when on the Eve of a Journey. I believe I wrote you that you were not obliged to acknowledge Norton's Paper to himself, but I am very glad if you could do so with conscientious commendation, and I know you would not commend unless. He is, from all I gather from himself and others (Carlyle for one), a very amiable and modest man; and will by no means trouble you with Letters; so I am glad that you should strike up a spark of Acquaintance with him, which I know he will value very much. He thinks my Letters a boon; which I tell him implies little more than his Countrymen's wanting a Brick, or Stone, of some old English Church to build into any new one erecting in America. Anything from the old Country; from which he is more lineally descended than myself. It pains me to hear of Elizabeth's being unwell. It may not be amiss, however, for *you* to get out to a Country you love instead of remaining at Cambridge for Easter Vacation, as I suppose you would otherwise have done. I have half

thought that I perhaps ought to meet you in Wales, as you wish it: but I am not what I was, in acquiring new knowledge, which you do indeed impart so delightfully as no one else, I think: and you must know how little I have to impart in return. Little but a few recollections of Books you know better than I, or of some new Memoir in which you are not much interested: and what I think on all such matters you knew long ago. Then I am become a bad Walker; so neither out of doors nor indoors should I be of much use. So here I will remain: having Sir Walter, and old Pepys, and All the Year Round, read to me of a night. The other day I lit on Paley's Æschylus, with pencil marks at the end of each Play, to note the day when it was read on board the Scandal, or on Bawdsey Cliff in the Autumn of 1863. A very few years later I was reading Sophocles with you in the same places. My date on the Persæ followed Paley's remarks on the final Chorus (which is all Lamentation and Exclamation) to the effect that in this Play, as in 'the Seven,' etc., the Chorus was of more importance than the Dialogue, and also more addrest to the Eye than the Ear (perhaps to both, rather than to the Thought). I have always said the Chorus in general was little else than a sort of Interact Music, of Nonsense Verse, like an Italian Libretto; but the Wise Men see profound meaning and Beauty in it.

I think as little as I can of public matters: you know my notion about them.

To F. Tennyson.

WOODBRIDGE, *May* 8/78.

MY DEAR FREDERIC,

I wish you had retained Keats if you cared for him: but perhaps once read is enough: I suppose I shall hardly look further than the sad portrait hereafter: but I do not regret having read the Letters. I shall post you now (pray keep it—or don't send it back) a small Volume in which you may like to read a good Article on old Carlyle. I suppose it was in some American Paper or Magazine. The Author (Lowell) has published two volumes of longer Essays on some great Authors; I think on the whole the best yet written on their several Subjects. I would send you either, or both, of these if I knew whether you would care to read them: but you say you are engaged in other speculations, and so they might become rather a burden than a pleasure to you. Lowell (the writer) has written a good deal of Poetry which, so far as I have seen of it, has not interested me; but I think he can judge of it, as well as of the Authors thereof: and is a very able and independent Man. This I thought long before I had any acquaintance with the Man, whom I now know only by Letter. He is a Professor at the American Cambridge: but is now gone as Minister to Spain: where he is imbibing Cervantes, one of his chief Idols. A merit

about him is, that he is in no hurry to write on any matter, but lets it gather and form within him till as complete as he can make it.

I suppose you see the Athenæum or some such Paper as tells you of new Books, etc. The last Athenæum gave a remarkable account of Trelawny's reprint of his remarkable account of Shelley and Byron, published over thirty years ago, I think. He seems to have loved Shelley as a Man: Byron, not so well: which I think one can sympathise with. The Cockneys are now making a tremendous effort to set up Shelley as *the* Apollo of his time: for a true Poet I recognise him: but too unsubstantial for me: and poor Keats' little finger worth all his Body: not to mention Byron, with all his faults. Lord Houghton (Dicky Milnes of old) sent me some years ago Keats' first Draught of the opening of Hyperion, printed from a MS. which he (Lord H.) had, but which was stolen from him by one of his many Friends. This I would post you if you cared to see it. But I really don't know if my doing so be not a bore to you.

I fancy we must now be having Jersey weather here: very warm and wet. All our younger trees are in leaf, fresh if not full: the old Oaks and Elms, whose blood, I suppose, circulates more slowly, still reserving themselves. I have been kept in for two days; and, as my Eyes happen to be rusty just now, am rather puzzled how to get through the Day—

> And hence arises ancient Men's Report—
> The Days are tedious, but the Years are short.

So says old Crabbe[1]: who elsewhere[2] says:

> So with the aid that Shops and Sailing [Books and Letters?] give,
> Life passes on—'tis Labour—but we live.

There is Mark Tapley for you, at his favourite recreation.

I saw another Copy of your Days and Hours in a Bristol Catalogue; sent for it, but it had been sold. You know I have the large Volume from which the publisht one was drawn: but I buy the latter to give away. I see your old friend Browning is in the field again, with another of his odd titles: De Saisiez—or Croisic—or some such name. I tried to read his Dramatic Lyrics again: they seemed to me Ingoldsby Legends.

To W. W. Goodwin.[3]

WOODBRIDGE, *May* 20/78.

DEAR SIR,

I must thank you for your Paper on Agamemnon, unworthy as I am of any piece of exact critical Scholarship. So much so, that I sent it after some days to one far more able to judge of it — Dr. Thompson, Master of our Trinity College, Cambridge, to whom, I find, that some of your previous disquisitions are known. He tells me, in reply, that he shall consider this paper when he can get clear of College work, now very thick with Syndicates,

[1] Tales of the Hall, Book x. (vol. vi. p. 251).
[2] The Borough, Letter ix.
[3] Then Eliot Professor of Greek Literature in Harvard University.

Examinations, and such things; he being also much of an Invalid, he believes, in the Liver quarter, which indisposes a Man to more work than necessary. He says that he had long been meditating an Examination of the Laurentian MS., but has not yet accomplished it.

I can only pretend to judge that your Theory must surely rest on a firm base, and I can feel sure that you have proceeded on it with a modesty and candour which all Critics and Scholars would do well to follow. Some of your suggestions (which I might specify, if Dr. T. had sent me back the Paper) appeared to me simply just: but, as I say, I do not consider myself qualified to pronounce. The interpretation of that Dialogue between Agamemnon and Clytemnestra seemed to me excellent.

Surely such cautious work as yours must be better than such as Hermann, who (says Paley's notes) 'has not only corrected, but actually rewritten, at about twice the present length,' the conclusion of the Persæ.

Again let me thank you, and subscribe myself

Yours faithfully,

EDWARD FITZGERALD.

To W. A. Wright.

WOODBRIDGE, *June* [23, 1878].

MY DEAR WRIGHT,

I send you six copies of Groome's East Anglian note, which I like so well as to get him to allow me

to reprint it for others' benefit also. Give one or two to Cowell; and to your Master if he be not flown: indeed, I should send him a Copy direct if I were not uncertain of his being 'chez lui.'

Carlyle (I know not why) sent me a copy of his Norway Kings, and Knox: which, as I had not read the latter, I was very glad to have. I had, in a previous note of enquiry, asked if he knew Wesley's Journal: and was answered, 'Yes,' and liked it as I did for its insight of things in last Century. When I wrote again to thank him for the Book, I asked if he knew of two 'mountains' (as Wesley calls hills, you know) near Dunbar called 'The Peas.' I enclose you Carlyle's answer, which shows the young Blood in the old man. So I wish you to return it, if you please, when you have communicated it to any one you choose.

I have not heard from Edwards for a month: but C. Keene wrote of him as having nothing to tell. I suppose this hot weather will turn his thoughts to Dunwich, and it will not be long, I dare say, before I run over for a flying Visit.

What is to be the upshot of Congress?

P.S. I must send the Only Darter to-morrow, I find.

[1878.]

My dear Wright,

I post you a Paper sent to me—you being a far more proper recipient. I take for granted Mr. Skeat

has one; I am very glad to read that he is A.S. Professor.

I found in Evelyn's Diary (colourless after dear Peepy) the phrase 'going the whole Stitch'—'the whole Hog' as now said. May this be our old Suffolk 'stetch'?

I have taken two rooms at Dix Hall for July, August, September, so as I may run to and fro at will. Edwards seems pretty well, and has Pictures of Walberswick at the Academy; Sky high. 'By Gode!' as Fuseli said, 'they have sent him to Heaven before his time.' This Paper, suitable to the Season, comes handy to my Eyes, which are not by any means the freshest.

Ask some one—and tell me—some good Schoolboy Edition of Virgil—English notes and no Æsthetics.

WOODBRIDGE, *July* 2 [1878].

MY DEAR WRIGHT,

I did not—and do not—wish to intrude on Mr. Munro, who either already knows, or would scarce care to know, the little remarks I made on his Lucretius. This has been my second reading of it, in my insufficient way. I now, you see, enclose you a Quotation which shows that old Ronsard knew T. L. C. [Titus Lucretius Carus], whether in the original or by Translation, though his Theory differs from it.

I never understand why the old French Poetry is

to my Palate, while the modern is not. Partly, no doubt, because of his *naïveté*, which is lost from educated Frenchmen.

You will be in the old Jerusalem when this Note is put on your Table. You see it needs no answer.

When you go to Somerleyton you will, of course, go to Herringfleet, and perhaps also take a sail with Leathes in his Waveney Queen. I have a very kind Letter from him this morning, concerning his 'Sailor's Shelter,' which (contrary to all Expectation) has thus far succeeded in showing a good Balance-sheet. He has done a good Work, whether it prosper or fail; and he is a Good Fellow.

I can give you another copy of Crabbe—mounted, too, which is more than those were which I sent to *The Roué*.

Car l'antique Cybelle
(La Nature s'entend) n'a tary sa mamelle
Pour maigre n'allaiter les Siècles à venir
Ny ne fera jamais; ce sera devenir
Une Mère breehaigne[1] en lieu d'être féconde;
Tout tel qu'auparavant sera toujours le Monde.

Ronsard, quoted in Southey's C.P. Book.

[1] (Thus I find the word quoted in my C.P. Book: perhaps misquoted, perhaps the old spelling of *brehaigne*, barren.)

To E. B. Cowell.

[*July* 3, 1878.]

My dear Cowell,

Our Letters crossed, you see. It is rather a Shame for me to be writing to you the day after my last: I think I shall become rather a Bore, for I certainly do

write Letters which I should not if I had proper occupation, and I can't much edify those I write to. Only yesterday I sent Wright some lines from Ronsard, quoted in Southey's C.P. Book, showing that R. had read Lucretius, who, with his Editor, has been in my mind for the last month and more. My Reader comes at 8 P.M. and reads me Arctic Voyages and such like; is now reading me a pleasant Book—Round my House—by one Hamerton, who goes to live in middle France—Autun, I make out his City to be—describing his French Neighbours pleasantly, so far as we have gone. We have also read the Heart of Midlothian. How can people set up their Austens, Eliots, Brontës, etc., not only with, but above, these early Scotch Novels! . . . I know there is plenty of tiresome in these Books, bores like Saddletree, as in Life itself, some theatrical falsity too; but, altogether!—I was glad to have seen Edinburgh and Arthur's Seat.

Which leads me to your Welsh Holyday; which set me upon writing this upon receipt of your Letter. For it makes me a little sad that now I never meet you in these Summer times: which is my fault, not yours. But, were I in Wales, I should not manage foot rambles even as well as heretofore, and so stay in old flat Suffolk. You do well, I think, in sticking to one Change, once finding that it suits you; not hunting about for others. 'Leave Well alone.' I hope that you will soon be off, though the weather is cool now.

I have not had heart to go on our river since the death of my old Companion West, with whom I had traversed reach after reach for these dozen Years. I am almost as averse to them now as Peter Grimes. So now I content myself with the River side. All which, I begin to think, I must have written to you yesterday: so here is a bit of the Bore one finds in Scott, and real Life.

This has been a bad Year with Gardens hereabout: Roses especially snubbed by some Frosts in June. This evening the Children of St. John's Parish are coming to play in *My Grounds!* and I do wish the Cloud would pack away for the occasion. I have a large Barn cleared out, and a Swing fixt on a Beam: that is all my Share in the Expenses. But then—*My Grounds!*

To W. A. Wright.

13 Denmark Road, Lowestoft,
Sept. 21 [1878].

My dear Wright,

I shall send you off your books [1]—with thanks—on Monday: and shall go home myself a day or two after. The Baron is very German, though French, and he told me but little that I had not gathered from her own letters, and the usual annotations. I must apologise for a few pencil marks made in your books; I would rub them out had I the means at hand; but I do not suppose that you take much account of the

[1] Walckenaer's Madame de Sévigné and Latimer's Sermons.

Book. At the end of Volume III. are some pencil references; one of them (I think to p. 420) quotes the dear Soul's religious confession; pray look for it. Also, refer to p. 29 of the same Volume for a delightful trait of her cousin Coulange's character; (the little singing fellow) after Charles Lamb's heart.

I had not an appetite for Latimer: but I shall have; and shall get the Book when I next see it in Catalogue.

An incomprehensible Novel, Far from the Madding Crowd (I tried it on the strength of the title), contains some good Country Life: do you know in what part of England the Shepherd calls '*Ovey, ovey, ovey!*' after his sheep?

Your Master, taking the hint you gave him from me, wrote me a kind, long letter concerning his Summer Travels, indicating, though not in so many words, that he was all the better for it. So Laurence, who had seen him in London just before coming here (Laurence, I mean), had given me to understand.

To W. W. Goodwin.

LITTLE GRANGE, WOODBRIDGE,
Octr. 9/78.

MY DEAR SIR,

I should have acknowledged your interesting Letter before this had I not been away from home at a little Seaside Lodging where I had to write on my knees, and read Novels from a Circulating Library.

I know you are—must be—right about that Ægiplanctus. I think I remember substituting 'Rock of

Corinth,' meaning *the* Rock, as more familiar to the unclassical Readers whom I addressed. But it ought to be altered, if ever Alteration were called for; which is not very likely.

I have had the Choephorœ, and Sophocles' two Œdi*puses* (!) lying by me these ten years, I believe, wrought into such shape as Agamemnon. They would do, I think, after some polishing, for some Magazine: but no Magazine would entertain them here, and I can have no more to do with Quaritch's separate publications, monstered by him in his Catalogues so as [to] make me ashamed. All these things have really to be done by the Right Man one day: I do not think by Mr. Browning.

Thompson, our Trinity Master, who has, I think, corresponded with you, told me some thirty or forty years ago that he thought Clytemnestra's fires were possible, he having been to Greece as you have been: which, I see, brings the close of my Letter round to the beginning; scarce worth sending to you, but yet I would thank you for yours: and ask you to believe me yours sincerely,

EDWARD FITZGERALD.

To Charles Merivale.

WOODBRIDGE, *December* 15 [1878].

MY DEAR DEAN,

Donne gave me your letter when I last saw him, on Friday afternoon. My scrap appended to his

letter did not deserve so good acknowledgment from you: so now, you see, I try to make up for it, especially as you in some measure ask me about Mrs. Kemble.

I did not see much of her acting, nor hear much of her reading, for in truth I did not much admire either. She herself admits she had no liking for the stage, and (in a capital paper in some magazine) that she had not a *Theatrical* gift, though she had, she thinks, a *Dramatic*, a distinction which I leave for herself to explain. In such readings of hers as I heard, she seemed to me to do the men and the soldiers best, such as the warlike lords in King John. I did not hear her Hotspur, which should have been good, as was her brother Jack's at school. I never heard such capital declamation as *his* Hotspur, and Alexander's Feast, when we were at Bury together, he about eighteen, and then with the profile of Alexander himself, as I have seen it on medals, etc. When *you* knew him he had lost, I suppose, his youthful freshness. His sister, Fanny, I say, I did not much admire in public: but she was, and is, a noble-hearted and noble-souled woman, however wayward; and no one more loyal, not only to her own, but to her brother's friends and schoolfellows. And does she not write finely too? Sometimes in long sentences too, which spin out without entanglement from her pen.

When I remember your viva voce, and when I read your letters, Merivale, I always wish some one would

make notes of your table and letter talk: so witty, so humorous, so just. You would not do this yourself; if you thought about what you said and wrote for such a purpose it would not, I suppose, be as good; but I wish others would do it for you—and—I must not say 'for *me*' at my time of day, but for those who come after us both.

I had not seen Donne for three years, I think: he seemed to me feebler in body and mind, but the same dear old Donne still.

And I am still yours, as his,

OLD FITZ.

To F. Tennyson.

[1878.]

MY DEAR FREDERIC,

I post you another Volume of Lowell: which very likely you will not like so well as the first: but much of it you *will* like, notwithstanding. My pencil-marks in it are not marks of Admiration, but the contrary, I think; sometimes at words, sometimes at whole Sentences of 'Fine Writing.' There is one at p. 273, I think, which is perfectly wonderful in such a Writer as Lowell; you could not find it in an English writer of half the force. *There* is the loose screw in American Literature, and it is partly the consciousness of it that makes them sensitive about English Opinion. I know Lowell by Letter; and I tell him all this, for he says he is not thin-skinned; and I can tell him with a good

grace of little flaws when I so honestly admire his work in the main. I think he is altogether the best Critic we have; something of what Ste. Beuve is in French.

I also post you the Musical Record with a paper on our dear Mozart, which I know will interest and please you. Keep both as long as you like; you may not be in the vein for Lowell just at present; and I know what a bore it is to be forced to eat without Appetite.

WOODBRIDGE, *February* 3/79.

MY DEAR FREDERIC,

I enclose you a scrap by your Friend Weber, from my Musical Record, in which was nothing else I thought you would care for. You can send the scrap back (if you like) in the Letter which you owe me about that new House of yours. Did you ever get a Letter from your Sister Matilda which [she] sent me to direct to you? which I could only direct 'St. Heliers,' having forgotten your new Address. She wrote from Alfred's in the Wight: a Christmas Party, I suppose. But Matilda's Letter to direct was all I heard of them. Mrs. Kemble wrote me two months ago that she had heard a New Poem of A. T., but *what* she did not say.

I wrote my yearly Letter to old Merivale, who had (I heard) been ill: so he had: but was well when he wrote—a capital Letter too, full of his particular Humour and Sense. He sent me a fine Copy of

his Translation of the Iliad: I told him beforehand I would say nothing about it, whether I liked it or not; as I think best on such occasions: but I might have told him that I could never care for the original, with its brutal Gods and Heroes. I am sure my Taste must be defective in this: and that all the rest of the World has not been mistaken this two or three thousand years. But so it is. The Odyssey I can read, though I have not done so these thirty years, I believe.

You must let me know you are quit of your Colds, as well as about the new House. I hear it has been very bad weather in Florence. Hereabout, mild and wet. I have Scott's Novels, and Pepys' Diary read to me of a night: and am well satisfied.

Now I shall not write any more till you have told me what you promised to tell.

To W. F. Pollock.

Woodbridge, *March* 16 [1879].

My dear Pollock,

I have had a little correspondence with your neighbour Trollope, who asked me for some recollections of W. M. T. between 1830-40. I could tell him very little, having long ago burned nearly all the Letters which could have assisted my Memory. But, even with their aid, I could not have told Mr. T. much that would have aided him in the short Biography he

was drawing up. Two or three particulars which Annie T. had given him, I was able to prove wrong. I think her Irish blood comes out in her.

Then—my Crabbe is printing—Hurrah, Boys! and will make a neat little something 8vo volume, of some 250 pages, which but few would read if they got it for thanks, and much fewer would pay for. Old Jem reads Proofs, and tells me of a blunder here and there: and he, and you, and Miladi, and half a dozen more shall tell me if it be worth publishing when you have your presentation Copies. If you think *not*—well, I shall have done the little work I had somewhile thought of, and shall not grudge the money spent—as I shall never do another such. I was advised to pay an Artist (one Piercy, Pall Mall East) to make a Drawing from a Photo of Pickersgill's Portrait—to be reproduced by some 'Woodberry Types.' He sent me what he had done, asking for any alterations I might see good. I saw his Version was too young, too amiable, too smooth, but could not point where: so sent to old Jem, who did point out several particulars of dissimilarity. Of course the Hartist could not see them. Whether he has tried to alter I do not know: I heard he had been ill since. So I suppose *that* part of my little Scheme will fail.

I have had Sir Walter read to me first of a night by way of Drama; then ten minutes for Refreshment; and then Dickens for Farce. Just finished the Pirate—as wearisome for Nornas, Minnas, Brendas, etc., as any of the Scotch Set: but when the Common

People have to talk, the Pirates to quarrel and swear, then Author and Reader are at home ; and at the end I 'fare' [1] to like this one the best of the Series. The Sea scenery has much to do with this preference, I dare say.

After the Pirate, two of Mr Trollope's early Barchesters have been lying ready for a month and more. I did not tell *him* so : but such is the fact.

To F. Tennyson.

WOODBRIDGE, *June* 21/79.

MY DEAR FREDERIC,

It is very long since I heard from you—pray write and let me hear how it is with you. This has been the most mortal winter I ever remember among those whom I knew or knew of : of my own family, my eldest and only Brother, and a few weeks after him, his Son. Of worthy People in this Neighbourhood, many. I suppose that your Brother Alfred is in good plight, having heard about him from old Spedding, who went to Farringford some weeks ago to confer about the publication of your Brother Charles's Sonnets, of which many unpublished ones were found left behind him. I wish Alfred would publish about a Quarter of such as I know : and I do think they would *live*. Many of the Sonnets seemed to me somewhat puerile : but the better ones as fresh as

[1] Suffolk for 'seem.'

Violets. What say you? Alfred is, I believe, to edit the Book with a few words of Introduction: and Spedding to prepare the way by a Paper in the Nineteenth Century. Alfred's Publisher sent me The Lover's Tale, with Author's Compliments; but I think it might have [been] left to be pirated by any one who chose. Mr. Lowell lately observed in a Letter to me what a Pity that so few were of Gray's mind in seeing how much better was too little than too much. But I fancy Gray would have written and published more had his ideas been more copious, and his expression more easy to him. Dickens said that never did a Poet come down to Posterity with so little a Book under his Arm.[1] But the Elegy is worth many Volumes. I have got through Sir Walter's Scotch Novels: and am now with Dickens, who delights me almost as much in a very different way. I cannot revert to Thackeray: he is too melancholy and saturnine: we are old enough to prefer the sunny side of the wall now. Carlyle's Niece wrote me lately that her Uncle, who had been very feeble in the Winter, had picked up in the Spring, and had been reading Shakespeare right through. I do not hear of his going through his Goethe. I made another shot at another Translation (Bayard Taylor's) of Faust: but remained as indifferent as before. Pray, how is it with you as to Goethe?

[1] Fields' Yesterdays with Authors, p. 239.

To E. B. Cowell.

[*June* 1879.]

My dear Cowell,

I am sorry you took time and trouble in writing me a Letter after answering my Query about the Metre. I had not seen the Shahnameh for twenty years, and made sure of its being in the same metre as Salámán: so I was obliged to have the page cancelled in which I had so said. I know not when Quaritch comes out with the two Persæ: of course you will have a Copy sent to you. Some things in Salámán you won't like at all; but I believe that, on the whole, you will think it improved—after a while. And so, I bid Adieu to him and Omar: for I shall certainly not live to see another Edition.

By the bye, there was a temperate and just Article on Omar in Fraser,[1] either last month or the month before—so I think.

I had a curiosity to see what an American would say to Crabbe: and I will enclose you Lowell's answer. I knew that Americans could hardly understand what in England is nearly obsolete; but I am rather surprised at Lowell's misconception in many respects. He seems to me to theorise about the least valuable things in the Poetry. Of course, again, you will have a Copy when clothed. I doubt if any one will care for it who had not a previous acquaintance with it, so as to use it by way of Reminder, or

[1] May 1879. The True Omar Khayam: signed J. E. C.

Handybook. As such, it will be a pleasant companion to the Seaside. Of course I shall be very glad to meet you at Lowestoft: but (as I said once before, I believe) I strongly advise you to go to some more distant and agreeable Place. Lowestoft is scarcely pleasant in Summer now.

To W. A. Wright.

WOODBRIDGE, *July* 1/79.

MY DEAR WRIGHT,

Munro's Version[1] is, I suppose, Lucretian rather than Virgilian: which latter I think it ought to have been, inasmuch as Milton certainly modelled his English verse on Virgil (as Tennyson observed to me some forty years ago), and I think Virgil's more equable Majesty would better have suited the Subject and Verse. But it is very likely that I may be all wrong.

WOODBRIDGE, *July* 22 [1879].

MY DEAR WRIGHT,

I see in the Athenæum Gossip that Macmillans are preparing a Selection from Addison. And you persist in not preparing ditto for Dryden? I don't at all want you to abide by my Selection, not at all, but you can select out of my Selection. Whole Prefaces or Dedications; with an Appendix (if you please) of Excerpts, as upon Translation, etc. All the finer

[1] Of Lycidas.

Prefaces are toward the End, as I dare say you will agree: there is some good passage in Lowell's Essay as to Dryden's very late ripening. His very Ode was near Ætat. 60. I think my old Crabbe was somewhat of the same: at least I like his latest works best: and his very latest Posthumous Volume almost as well as any, when past seventy. It was composed at leisure, in the country: some of my Tales in a hurry, and in Town. But the latter have some Dramatic Interest, and all the Country Rides, and friendly Conversations, endear them to me. But get Dryden done. I am rather hurt that no one ever will take my Advice on such points where I really feel some confidence in

Yours always,

E. F. G.

How neatly turned!

White Lion, Aldboro',
August 1 [1879].

My dear Wright,

Your letter was forwarded here yesterday: it is dated, I see, July 27, so as I ought to have had it on Monday 28, before I set off hither. I cannot therefore answer you as to the Major's 'Suckling' till I return in a day or two. 'Stowing trees' is quite familiar to me. I might as well wait till home I shall be; but I have finished reading the Volume of Hawthorne which I brought with me, and also once more looking over my eternal Crabbe's Posthumous

Volume: so I write by way of something to do: and my Letter won't hurt you at Somerleyton.

Crabbe's Humour. I think Stephen speaks rather of Stories than of single Lines: of both of which he might have found good samples in the Tales and the Posthumous; I doubt if he ever got so far in the Works: if he did, he, or I, must be very obtuse on that score. Please to read about the two Kinds of Friendship at the Beginning of 'Danvers and Rayner'; and of the Suitors that a Woman likes to have in store, if ever wanted, in 'Barnaby the Shopman':

> Lovers like these, as Dresses thrown aside, etc.[1]

I do not believe that *you* give my old Boy his due credit. His verbal Jokes are as bad as—Shakespeare's.

You should annotate Ellacombe's Book,[2] so as John De Soyres (to whom it belongs) may show it to him. I am too inaccurate myself to detect inaccuracies, unless in such long acquaintance as Crabbe; but the Book reads pleasantly, and is not gushing or Cockney. 'Buttons' started me also. By all means annotate 'Carraways.' Crabbe's clumsy lines about Sir Walter[3] of course refer to the 'Great Unknown,' etc.

I believe I shall get home to-morrow evening after a Sail.

[1] Crabbe's Works, viii. 141.
[2] On the Plant-lore of Shakespeare.
[3] Posthumous Tales, vol. viii. p. 9.

A sailor telling me of a railing Wife said, 'She gave it him Pillow and Bolster.'

I was saying (off in a Boat) I wondered why there was so much sound of Surf on the Beach with so little Wind to account for it. 'That is the Sea calling on the Wind to blow *on* shore.' How like a bit of the Tempest! Did you know that Lobsters were *soft* eating till the corn had hardened? Yes. I saw poor old Dunwich Tower in the offing. Eheu! I shall go to London once again before Lowestoft.

There is a copy of a Map of Aldbro' in 1598 (I think) in the old Moat Hall here, with one row of houses since then washed away.

'Sucklin. White, or Dutch, Clover. Also the honey-suckle.

'Stow. Rhyming to *now*. To cut the boughs of a pollard tree close to the head. The cuttings are called *stowins*. In Scottish "to stow, stowe, stoo, to crop, to lop."' Moor's Suffolk Words.

On the road from Rome to Florence Hawthorne says, 'Woods were not wanting: wilder forest than I have seen since leaving America, of oak trees chiefly; and among the green foliage grew golden tufts of broom, making a gay and lovely combination of hues.'

This apropos of 'broom Groves,'[1] you see—quantum valeat.

This Sunday: I returned last evening from Aldbro' after a brave Sail.

[1] The Tempest, IV. 1. 66.

Let me know if you will call here on your way to Cambridge. I am alone now. Here I find my two Siamese Persians, done up in a style you won't like: but I have done with them—for ever! I post you the last Athenæum I have.

WOODBRIDGE, *Tuesday* [1879].

MY DEAR WRIGHT,

You know that I should be very glad to see you on your road through Woodbridge; so you have only to suit yourself whether or no to cut your Journey in twain by an hour or two here. Only let me know beforehand, so as we may have a Chop ready. I began to think that Aldbro' would suit Cowell better than Lowestoft: a bluer (?) Sea, houses right upon it, no Company. But it may be better for him, and me, that we should be where he may light on a Cambridge Friend now and then.

Here is a Copy for you of my two Persians—I was going to say, 'If you care to have them'—but you would be obliged to say that you would care: and since you have all my Works, you shall e'en have this—if only to spew at Quaritch's Ornamentation; which leaves a pretty Book, however. Omar remains as he was; but Solomon (as Childs' men called him) is cut down about a Quarter, and all the better for it.

Now, do I not sometimes know what is good for you when I recommend Macaulay? I do say all Englishmen should make his Acquaintance; though I do not say you should dwarf Roubiliac's Newton by

a Statue of him in your Ante-Chapel. You should have had a simple Medallion Tablet on the wall, as also of Barrow: leaving your two Great Men to themselves.

38 MINERVA TERRACE (how appropriate!),
LOWESTOFT,
Wednesday [*August* 1879].

MY DEAR WRIGHT,

Thank you for asking Mr. Munro for his Gray's Elegy, which he sent me; and which I have acknowledged by Letter, and by a Copy of my Great Work. Of course I blundered in directing both letter and book to Esquire, but Cowell tells me he won't mind. Only, if Book and Letter do not reach him, enquire of the Post Office, will you? Yes: here are Cowell and Wife at 9 Esplanade, and we have already had Chapter I. of the second (and best) Part of dear Don Quixote together, Cowell never having read it before —not the blessed Second part. Of course he lights up several passages which I had been contented with seeing darkly before, but not even he can make me love the whole better.

I seem to be in a sufficiently pleasant Lodging on t'other side of the Bridge, near him and Nieces. I have not yet asked the Professor as to how long he will be here; he talks of Wales afterward. But you will be over here ere that.

I am got back, you see, to black Ink, and Steel Spike; which freeze the genial Current, etc.

38 Minerva Terrace, Lowestoft,
September 4 [1879].

My dear Wright,

Here have I been for three weeks, and Cowell at 9 Esplanade for some days more, wondering that we hear nothing of your coming. I suppose that he will not stay beyond next week; after which he purposes running to Lincoln to see the Cathedral and some of his wife's old haunts for two or three days, and then back to Cambridge. We think you must have been having some tough work with your Yorkshire Farmers on account of these bad times. But let us know something of yourself, by letter if not in person.

We read Don Quixote for two or three hours of a Forenoon, and of course Cowell lights it all up as it was never lighted to me before. I do not walk with him, as my feet have been out of order, and besides I like a long interval of fallow, even after *his* company. So we meet again at night for two or three hours' chat. He has not found his Roman Nettle yet; but some other not very common flowers he has found, and rejoices in them like the great big Boy he is. I never saw him better in mind or Body. For some time he was afraid of venturing on the Pier because of Hans Breitman, who was staying at the Royal: but Hans is gone, and the Professor occasionally mixes in the gay crowd.

Do not miss Severn's letters about Keats in Athenæum.

11 Marine Terrace, Lowestoft,
September 11/79.

My dear Wright,

I had got Spedding's Article[1] from the first: and had observed to Cowell somewhat as the Master observes in his letter to you: if not too 'partial,' certainly appearing so, in a way likely to prejudice his Readers against C[harles] T[ennyson]. As a matter of Policy he should have abstained from all that about noting down stray verses (of no great importance) from C. T.'s lips: and I doubt if those citations about Scare-crow and Rocking-horse—beautiful to me—will not seem somewhat puerile to strange Readers. There is a want of worldly tact, I think, in all this: but the Article is full of old Spedding's beautiful Wisdom. What a man it is!

Cowell and I have read through Don Quixote's second part, down to where Sancho makes the Night-patrol of his Island. There, our Books fell short, and so there we stopped. Whether we shall ever finish it together? I think he and Wife have been happy enough here: I know they have made me so: and their departure to-day drives me rather sorrowfully back into my old Quarters. There—sc. here—I shall be till the end of the month, I suppose: and young Arthur Charlesworth will come to me for his Holyday.

Yesterday this mad Professor was seized with a wish to talk Welsh with George Borrow: and, as he

[1] In the Nineteenth Century.

would not venture otherwise, I gave him a Note of Introduction, and off he went, and had an hour with the old Boy, who was hard of hearing, and shut up in a stuffy room, but cordial enough; and Cowell was glad to have seen the Man, and tell him that it was his Wild Wales which first inspired a thirst for the Language into the Professor. Of all this he will himself tell you. For to-morrow (Friday) he will be at Scroope Terrace, after stopping a Night and a Day at Norwich, to see the Cathedral and St. Peter's Mancroft. I might accompany him so far, but my feet are much indisposed for walking just now, and I have no turn for sight-seeing.

Mr. Munro sent me a very kind Letter in acknowledgment of my Crabbe, which I had sent him in return for his Gray's Elegy. It is odd to me that Cowell (as he says) does not see the fine turns of humour, pathos, and epigrammatic wit in the Poems till separately pointed out to him: he does not care enough for the whole to distinguish the parts: else, who so capable? Not I, I am sure. Perhaps I too, like old Spedding, am too 'partial,' as the Master says: though certainly not from any personal associations. Pray remember me kindly to the said Master. You know I shall be very happy to see you here; but I doubt that, as your Vacation is over, you will scarce get free till October is well set in, and I may be at dull old Woodbridge again—not the less glad to see you there, however, than here.

To Herman Biddell.

11 Marine Terrace, Lowestoft,
Sept. 16 [1879].

Dear Biddell,

Your Sister Anna told me you would like to see a Book I named to her—Lady Anne Blunt's Bedouins of the Euphrates, with some Appendix by her Husband as to the Pedigree of the true Arab Horse there to be met with. I did not read it: but I gather from such parts of the Book as I *did* read, that the Major is worth listening to on such a subject. So should I have supposed my Lady Anne to be also, so devoted is she to the Horse (though not *horsey*), which yet, with all her Devotion, she calls the *stupidest* of Animals. I could have understood that of our horses shut up in Stables, etc., but the Desert Horse? The Book is a very good one indeed, in all respects, I think: and the upshot of my Letter about it is –that, if you wish to see the Book, you will find it in a Hamper which I sent home a week ago, and which old Howe (at my House) will show you, and you can take from what you please. Only, do not keep it one of your unconscionable lengths, but send it back in not less than a Fortnight, so as it may be returned to Mudie when I myself return to Woodbridge about that time, if not earlier.

This morning's Post brought me word of my poor Edwards' Death—at last!—at 1 A.M. yesterday. I

have long expected it: for more than a year indeed I have known it to be inevitable, unless merged into the yet worse fate of Imbecility. My thoughts keep wandering along the Coast to dear little Dunwich, where we were all so happy for three Summers. A brave, generous *Boy* was he: yes, and of admirable Sense, Sagacity, but not an Artist. I feel his Loss as I could feel that of other Friends whom I have known five times as long.

To F. Tennyson.

WOODBRIDGE, *Oct.* 19 [1879].

MY DEAR FREDERIC,

It is a long time since I have heard from you, and I am pretty sure that I wrote last. I do not mean to claim a debt: but, however, I want to hear of you from yourself. A good slice of the year has fallen away since last I wrote, I know. Since which I have been to my old resort, Lowestoft, for near two months: five weeks of which my friend Edward Cowell, whom you remember, was there with his Wife: and we read Don Quixote of a Morning, and chatted together of a Night. And so *that* went. After which, I went up to London to see two bereaved Ladies: one of whom has just lost her husband, the brave Boy, and bad Painter, whom I have spent several weeks along with by our Shores for some years past—*Edwards*, his name: and then

Mrs. Kemble, who has recently lost her Sister Mrs. Sartoris, whom you once heard sing Weber's Mermaid Song at Florence. Well, I had not seen Mrs. Kemble for over twenty years; and she wished once more, she said, to see an old Friend of herself and her Family. So I went, and was four days in London visiting these two Ladies alternately; and am now down again in Winter Quarters, I suppose. But my excellent Reader has left me in the lurch, and his successor is a younger Brother, not sixteen years old, with a boyish treble which sounds odd enunciating Trollope's Novels to me. It is sad to me to think that I have exhausted Scott; and all of Dickens, except two which I reckoned on for this winter with my old Reader, who relished them as much as I. Well, we must try the Boy's pipe. When I was in London, I went to morning Service in Westminster Abbey: and, as I sat in the Poet's Corner Transept, I looked down for the stone that covers the remains of Charles Dickens, but it may have been covered by the worshippers there. I had not been inside that Abbey for twenty years, I believe; and it seemed very grand to me; and the old Organ rolled and swam with the Boys' voices on the Top through the fretted vault, as you know. Except *that*, I heard no music, and saw no Sights, save in the Streets.

If you did not see (as I dare say you did not) old Spedding's preliminary Notice of your Brother Charles's Sonnets, I will send it to you. It has—it *must* have—fine things in it: but it is not calculated,

I think, to propitiate those who previously knew little, or nothing, of him whom Spedding would recommend.

To W. W. Goodwin.

LITTLE GRANGE, WOODBRIDGE,
Nov. 23/79.

MY DEAR SIR,

Thank you very much for your Greek Grammar, forwarded to me by your English Publisher ('yours,' I hope) Macmillan. I am really so *Irish* a Scholar (I sometimes ask if any Irish *Scholar* ever were, or were possible) that I will not venture any Judgment of my own: but I heard from some of my learned friends at our Cambridge that as your Greek Moods and Tenses were 'the best Book on the subject,' no doubt that your Grammar was equally good. This was told me when the Book first came out, and before it had been duly examined, and, I doubt not, put in use: if it were not in use before, for I see this is a new Edition.

When I was looking into Æschylus' Choephoræ two or three years ago (I could not make any hand of it in my way), I was haunted with a notion that Hermes himself, to whom Orestes so much appeals, might be understood under the Person of Pylades, accompanying Orestes as Pallas did Telemachus, providing for his Incognito a Recognition at the proper time, and, in the only few words he has to speak, recalling Orestes when he falters to what he is bidden

to accomplish. I do not say, or think, that Æschylus intended this: but I think he may not be wronged by such an understanding—'se non vero, etc.' I am rather tickled with the irony (not like Æschylus) of Orestes appealing to Hermes, whom he thinks safe underground, but who is at his very side. So far my Irish extends, and no further.

I want to know how Mrs. Lowell is, and have taken the dangerous step of asking about her from himself. I had meant to ask Mr. Norton rather: but '*voilà qui est fait*,' as Madame de Sévigné says. I mean to write to Mr. Norton very soon, however.

Mrs Kemble tells me that Mrs. Wister tells her of the Thermometer 'tumbling' from 80 to 20 degrees in twenty-four hours, I think. We have something of the same here: though I suppose not so violent a change as with you. Now, pray believe me

Yours sincerely,

E. FitzGerald.

To W. A. Wright.

Woodbridge, *Dec.* 26 [1879].

My dear Wright,

I have been so long silent for no other reason than because I thought you were very busy with College Rentals, etc., in these bad days. Mrs. Thompson had told me that many Colleges would be troubled in that way this winter, and though she did not specify Trinity, I concluded you would partake of

the trouble. So I would not write and so not seem to ask an answer. Otherwise, you know I have not much to prevent me.

I have not wholly escaped the evil Influences, having had Lumbago, which still half-articulately intimates that it is not wholly gone. Here have I been ever since you last heard from me, going on in my old way; at my Desk, or in my Armchair while Daylight lasts, excepting three or four daily tramps up and down my Quarter-deck: and then my quaint Reader for two hours of a Night. We two have been nibbling at Dickens in some stray papers of his in All the Year Round, and Mrs. Lirriper has made me—cry a little! I have not yet entrusted the boy (who improves) with Bleak House and Dombey, which await us. I bless and rejoice in Dickens more and more. Read Forster's very good Life of him, and see what a mighty little Magician, and inspired Seer he was, if his Books do not sufficiently prove it to you.

I have just lost a Sister,[1] the intense cold paralysing a feeble Heart.

P.S. A note from Carlyle's Niece tells me he is well, and able to drive out two or three hours daily. He had just finished Shakespeare, and was 'busy' with Boswell's Hebrides.

I suppose that Tennyson's Falcon turned out much what one would have expected, and had been

[1] Mrs. De Soyres.

better to have been played at home by some Christmas party of Worshippers.

You say nothing of my Old Man of the Sea, 'Glorious John,' and like Mrs. John Thomas I know I never shall enjoy that. But I would have you know that, for the first time in my Life, after several Trials, I at last appear in a Magazine: Temple Bar for January: in the shape of quite a pleasant little Paper on Percival Stockdale, which I turned up out of a Box and sent to Pollock, who got it in, and 'There you are!' If the Magazine were out, it would just do for you as you are, that is for about fifteen minutes.

I think you will repent of having set me a-writing.

[WOODBRIDGE], *Monday, Feb.* 2 [1880].

Your Note reaches me through Edmund K., who lives at Ivy House, not in Marine Parade. I dare not look over last night's scrawl; neither need you. If you choose to call here on your way back to Cambridge, you will find me as before, and have only to please yourself.

As to Thackeray—*I* only knew him in the October Term of 1829, and always fancy *that* was his Freshman's year: though at what term he came up I cannot say. Perhaps in October '28? It was not I who told Trollope that W. M. T. went up to Cambridge in 1829—I only know that then it was I first knew him, and have always fancied him in his Freshmanhood.

I first met him at his former Tutor's, with whom he had travelled before coming to Cambridge, and who was Editor of that same 'Gownsman' which I gave you—one 'Williams,' who also just got me through the Poll in 1829-30; and who afterwards took orders, and died some twenty years ago or more. He had been much with Athanasius Gasker: and from him W. M. T. imbibed so great an interest in that Philosopher.

To F. Tennyson.

WOODBRIDGE, *Febr.* 6/80.

MY DEAR FREDERIC,

I suppose that your Brother Charles's Book is in train: some short preliminary Verses (I think) by Alfred: some Memoir by Hallam: old Jem's Critique, and then, The Sonnets. I think the whole Affair may be overdone. If I were with you, I would try and persuade you to retrench, and select from your own Poems; but I know you would not, though you admit how salutary such a process is even with some of the best Poets. You could, and should, leave a Volume to last like your Brothers'—the only Volumes of Verse of these times that *will* last, as I believe. I never write to Alfred now, because of his and Hallam's always having left it to Mrs. A. to answer me: and I do not like putting her to that trouble. Dombey is being read to me of a night; not among the wonderful Creator's best, but alive with wonderful

things. His lately published Letters add little to those in Forster's Book, except in proving more and more what a good Fellow and Friend—and, I believe, *Father*—he was. Requiescat in Westminster Abbey, where all Men may salute his Tomb!

To W. A. Wright.

WOODBRIDGE, *Feb.* 23 [1880].

MY DEAR WRIGHT,

I have been to London for two days: perhaps you were in Jerusalem[1] at the same time. I put up at the Golden Cross, Charing Cross, a very cheerful, clean, well-ordered, and even quiet Quarters. I visited Mrs. Kemble every day, or Night rather: and also my poor dear Donne, who is decidedly feebler than I saw him in October. The only Theatre I looked into was that of the Aquarium, on my way from Mrs. Kemble: 'As You Like It' being played by Housemaids and Cooks, it seemed to me; a wonder to me, who yet had been apprised of what Shakespeare had fallen to. So that when some Hunting-horns began, and some men to sing, 'What shall he have that killed the Deer?' to the good old Tune, I was fairly overset by the reaction from detestable, and waited for no more.

You see that I send you a slip to be stuck on the last page of my Crabbe: a pendant to Richard's Vision, the Children's game. Please to give a Copy to all who have the Book.

[1] Jerusalem Chamber.

WOODBRIDGE, *Saturday* [1880].

MY DEAR WRIGHT,

I doubt that my copy of Eikon[1] wants a Frontispiece; such as it is, I send it to you to do as you will with. Walpole, I find, I had given to Le Grand Capitaine Brohoke, who thought it must be 'rare' because of only some 250 copies printed. There is very little in the Book: some names of obscure People alluded to by Pope, along with several one knows of, Lady Mary, Lord Hervey, etc.

Brooke lent me a short Book on Waterloo by one Kennedy[2] who was there, and who divided the Battle for me into five Acts, which I began to comprehend. But le Capitaine is to come one day and explain all to me. I was rather gratified to find that he had to order out a low chair by way of 'Jossing-block' to mount his black Charger from. He said he had sprained his knee: I cannot help hoping that there was some of the stiffness of Age as in the rest of us Septuagenaries. If you come this way, and stop here on your road (as I hope you will if you like), we will have him over. In case you like to stay here, running over to Beccles daily for a few hours, instead of *vice versâ*, I can give you Bed as well as Board, and welcome both.

I am touched by the Sidney Master's kind words of remembrance. As to the Americans you met, if

[1] Eikon Basilike.

[2] Sir John Shaw Kennedy.

I were ten years younger I should really be disquieted by such over-estimation[1] as must make me ridiculous here. It is very odd. I had supposed that they looked with a kind of prepossession in favour of anything from the old Country: but Mrs. Kemble told me they were got over that now. She says they are of a subtler intellect than English (perhaps in the German style), and that they all have 'mad eyes.' I have only heard of Lowell that he has nursed his Wife night and day: which Mrs. K. also says is usual with American husbands. But I wish—well, I think you know what I mean.

I did not know your superscription on your letter: smaller MS. than usual. I thought it was Mrs. Thompson's. Did you ask Mr. Munro to turn those lines into Latin Hexameter? No; but I fancy I see them as in a glass. There seem to me some fine things in Milton's Latin Verses. 'Ad Patrem,' written I suppose before leaving College (but I have no notes in my Edition): 'Immortale Melos, et inerarrabile carmen,' which, I suppose, forestalls the 'unexpressive (!) nuptial song' of Lycidas; 'Demissoque ferox gladio mansuescit Orion'; who, by the bye, looks truculent enough now before my windows of a night. I ask Tennyson if he ever did see him 'sloping slowly to the West.' He is scarce quite erect at 8 P.M. here, or at Locksley Hall; and I think he could hardly slope down (as we see him slope up) before Morning caught him. But Tennyson

[1] I mean as Translator, not Poet, of course.

once used to watch longer on the Lincolnshire wolds than ever I (the great American Pote) have done from the Suffolk Flats.

LOWESTOFT,
6 MARINE PARADE (mark !),
Monday, April 5 [1880].

MY DEAR WRIGHT,

Cowell and Wife came here on Friday: and were at the Rail Station to welcome me on Saturday. As they lodge [at] 9 Esplanade, I put up near them (voyez-vous?), and we are going to join Don Quixote in half an hour. I can well find you Bed and Board here. You will have plenty to talk over with the Professor, and can discuss in some long walk. He was telling me last night of one thing; your 'Council' having declined to send a Representative of the University to my Friends in the American Cambridge, I think: and which I may say that he is sorry for, as I am.[1] He did not know of the decision till just before he came here. Surely it would have been a graceful and not very expensive thing to have done. But do not speak of his opinion till you hear it from himself. Hibernicus sum.

Yours ever,

LITTLEGRANGE.

(I somehow detest my own scrolloping Surname.)

[1] Two representatives were nominated by the Council to attend the centenary of the American Academy of Arts, but they were unable to go.

To F. Tennyson.

WOODBRIDGE, *April* [13], 1880.

MY DEAR FREDERIC,

I hope you got the Beethoven which I posted you some little while ago: and also that you have been entertained with it. I now post you a Paper by old Spedding [1]—a very beautiful one, I think: *settling* one point, however unimportant; and in a graceful, as well as logical, way such as he is Master of.

A case has been got up—whether by Irving, the Stage Representative of Shylock, or by his Admirers—to prove the Jew to be a very amiable and ill-used man: insomuch that one is to come away from the theatre loving him, and hating all the rest. He dresses himself up to look like the Saviour, Mrs. Kemble says. So old Jem disposes of *that*, besides unravelling Shakespeare's mechanism of the Novel he draws from, in a manner (as Jem says) more distinct to us than in his treatment of any other of his Plays 'not professedly historical.' And this latter point is of course far more interesting than the question of Irving and Co.—which is a simple attempt, both of Actor and Writer, to strike out an original idea in the teeth of common-sense and Tradition. You must return me this Paper, I think: for I know not if I can find another Copy.

I have been for ten days at our ugly Lowestoft,

[1] The Story of the Merchant of Venice, in the Cornhill Magazine for March 1880. See Letters to Mrs. Kemble, p. 176.

reading Don Quixote with that same Cowell whom you may remember staying with at Ipswich many years ago. He is a delightful fellow; 'a great Boy' as well as a great Scholar: and *She* is as young in Spirit as ever; and both of them very happy in themselves and one another.

We cannot get the wind away from the cold East: therefore all is behindhand: Flower and Leaf. You will tell me how it is with you one of these days. I think I told you I was in London some six weeks ago: but I did not look out for Alfred, who I heard was there. Since then Mrs. Kemble writes me that he had called on her; complaining somewhat of a Dimness before his Eyes: as I remember he once did before.

Farewell for the present, my dear old Friend, and believe me yours as ever,

E. F. G.

To W. A. Wright.

[*April* 29, 1880.]

My dear Wright,

I had written to Mrs. Kemble how you had been reading Shakespeare to me at Lowestoft; very well indeed, I thought—partly because there was no tone of the Theatre about you: a very rare thing with those who have much frequented it. I enclose you such part of her letter as refers to you: perfectly sincere in all she says, though sometimes the manner of saying, derived from old Theatrical surroundings, belies her Truth. I think you should go and see her

in Queen Anne's Mansions, Westminster, when you are at Jerusalem.

I copied out for Brooke what you wrote about Waterloo, and that great Commander himself, after referring to Leeke[1] and the other man, was in much the same uncertainty as yourself concerning that 52nd, but told me (some ten days after, from the top of his Black Charger) that he should go thoroughly into the matter. His Shaw Kennedy, I feel sure, says that the French Army was in some confusion, 'meanwhile' sc., while the 52nd had advanced: the Duke riding up and bidding Colborne advance further. 'They won't stand,' which looks as if he knew they had given way elsewhere. But it seems odd there should be any doubt on such a point. I showed Brooke Lord Malmesbury's testimony as to Wellington's certainly having been 'surprised.' 'He has humbugged me,' he said to Duke of Richmond at the Duchess's Ball, after receiving a Despatch there. At least so Duke of Richmond told an officer named Bowle or Bowles, a few minutes afterward: who told it to Lord Malmesbury. The Duke of Richmond had made a pencil-mark under the mark of Wellington's thumb-nail, pointing out where Napoleon had stolen on him.[2]

[1] The History of Lord Seaton's Regiment (the 52nd Light Infantry) at the Battle of Waterloo, by the Rev. W. Leeke, who carried the colours on the 18th of June as a volunteer. 1866.

[2] The thumb-nail mark was at Waterloo, where the Duke said he should fight Napoleon if he could not stop him at Quatre Bras. The map went with the Duke of Richmond to Canada and never came back. See the Reminiscences of Lady de Ros, p. 133.

[*May* 1880.]

My dear Wright,

I think that flint stone which you saw over the manger in Cambridgeshire[1] may have been a charm against another Nightmare than we more generally recognise for such. In my dear Fualdès, one of the Witnesses is a stable-boy of the dreadful Bastide's Farm near Rodez (place of the murder), whither, and home from which, Bastide rode at such a speed (in order to prove Alibi) that the Boy said he supposed Bastide's horse had been ridden all night by the 'Drax'[2] (I think is the word), a Goblin or Witch that gets a mount in that way, so as the horse is found in the morning 'all of a *muck-sweat*,' as a Boy near here told Major Moor he found himself in, after being overtaken by the '*Galley-trot*.' The 'Galley-trot' was a sort of Ezekiel-like winged Horse-Cow, and so more of a Night-*mare* than Bastide's. But I suppose Night*mare* may not mean of the Horse species at all.

I have been reading Leeke, and also his Supplement: but I cannot judge where Brooke is at fault.

[1] At Ickleton, on the College Farm.

[2] Not 'drax' but 'drague,' which in the account of the trial is explained as 'loup-garou.'

To Herman Biddell.

LITTLE GRANGE,
Thursday [*May* 6, 1880].

DEAR HERMAN BIDDELL,

I feel half sorry that you have given your Book[1] to one who knows so little of the subject it treats of, and is now so much too old to learn! But I do not the less—no, all the more—thank you for making me such a handsome present, which some of my Heirs, Assigns, etc., may profit by more than myself; and without very long to wait before they do so. I shall read all that is not purely genealogical. As to my Criticism on *Style*!—what could I have to say of that [of] which I have already seen enough to see that it fulfils the absolute conditions of Good Writing, viz. 'the saying in the most perspicuous and succinct way what one thoroughly understands'? This, of course, includes Good English, or it would *not* be perspicuous to others, however clear to oneself. Really, the Perfection is to have all this so *naturally* that no Effort is apparent; and so the very best *Style* where there are no marks of it. All this you seem to me (judging by what I read in the Newspapers your Sister Anna sent me) to possess, with, besides, a great deal of quiet humour, which lightens all. I believe

[1] The Suffolk Stud-Book.

I wrote as much to your Sister: and so you will not think I say it in acknowledgment of the Book you send me: in which cases I think it best, as a general rule, to say nothing, nor to wish anything to be said to one if one be the Giver instead of being the Receiver.

I should feel rather ashamed to find fault with a few words or expressions—even if I found fault at all—when the whole texture of a Book is so good, manly, simple, and clear; but as you wish me so to do, I will tell you if I find any fault which seems to me worth finding. Meanwhile, accept my very sincere thanks, and believe me yours sincerely,

E. F. G.

P.S. Your Suffolk Horses remind me, by wholesome contrast, of what old Louis Philippe said on looking at his eldest Son's Stud of Racers—'If you go on breeding such very long fine legs, you will eventually refine your Racers into no legs at all.'

I enclose you a Photo of my poor Edwards standing by his Mule in one of his 'Old Inn' Excursions—in this case, at Guildford, I think. You see the Mule moved her Ears during the short process.

Please to return it to me *well packed.*

To F. Tennyson.

THE OLD PLACE, *June* [1880].

MY DEAR FREDERIC,

I did not send you the last Musical Times, because it seemed to me less interesting than others which I had sent you before. But yesterday it turned up again from a heap of discarded 'paperasses,' and I think it may as well be posted to you, to be read or not as you please. You know that I do not want it to be returned to me: but I do want you to send me a line concerning yourself, and your own health, which you somewhat complained of in your last.

I have been away for a week to make my one visit: which is to George Crabbe, my Poet's Grandson, a Parson in Norfolk, and one of the most amiable, intelligent, and agreeable of men. But my object in going was less to see him (whom I catch a sight of otherwise now and then)—not so much him, I say, as his two Sisters, whom I also much regard, and whom I never see but when I look for them at his house. We had a very pleasant week together.

Some little while before this, I was meditating a much longer Journey, which was to have included Jersey! and yourself in it! and then a flight across to Brittany—with one single object in view; and that was—just to look at my dear old Sévigné's home near Vitré, and then—home again: just as when I had

seen Sir Walter Scott's Abbotsford. I had been reading her through again; and felt a desire to realise what I read so much, and so delightfully, about; a desire I had often felt before, and which will, I suppose, never get further. You know by yourself that one becomes very slow to move so far at our time of Life. A note from old Spedding some days ago told me that Alfred, and his Son Hallam, were gone to Venice: so he is apparently not so superannuated as you and I. But then he has a Son who acts Courier for him. I could travel anywhere if quite at ease; but Steam Boats, Rails, Hotels, etc., all to be settled with, as well as to be endured, are now too much for me. I should have thought the season was rather far advanced for Venice, which, I believe, smells badly in Summer. Here in England we have not yet Heat to complain of: and Hay in the Field, and Mignonette in the Garden are better than stagnant Offal.

Now, write me a few lines to tell me you are better; and always believe me your ancient Friend,

E. F. G.

To W. W. Goodwin.

WOODBRIDGE, *July* 26 [1880].

MY DEAR SIR,

Your very kind letter to-day received has been really a relief to me: I do think you can allow for

me. Oh, it is not the English Independence you speak of that made me reply to you as I did: I am a Paddy, though born here: and I can say no more about my ways than I wrote you before. Perhaps Aldis Wright bore me witness, if you needed it. He has written to me to say that I missed a good Opportunity in missing you; I supposed that beforehand, and still answered as I did. Were I not Paddy, I should feel sorry at what you say of English hospitality: yet we Paddies have not been behind the 'Saxon' in that. I know that it was not a want in that direction that dictated my Letter: and I believe you believe it too.

I know nothing of English Schools now, but I wish the young Gentlemen did not talk slang (as I hear they do), 'Awful—Jolly—beastly,' etc.—but leave that to the young Ladies, whom I *hear of*—but do not *hear*—as abounding in that way. Last week's Academy tells me of a not otherwise ill-written Novel in which the Hero talks of having '*spooned* other women,' though he is only in love with the Lady to whom he thus confides. And when I am told how Ladies (with, I suppose, their Husbands', and Brothers', and Fathers' sanction) prostitute their faces in Photograph among Actresses, etc., in London Shops, I do not think this Country can have long to live, though it may last my time.

I should be very glad to hear something from you when you are home from 'The Continent.' I shall be no farther off Woodbridge than Lowestoft

(thirty miles off), where I am soon going to be among Nephews and Nieces: and there, as well as here, very sincerely yours,

E. FitzGerald.

To E. B. Cowell:

Woodbridge, *Oct.* 16 [1880].

My dear Cowell,

Thank you for your second letter from the Lakes. I came home here on Monday to my usual routine: saving that on Monday next (the day after to-morrow) I take up, or rather accompany, my Niece Mary Funajoli to London—perhaps to Dover—on her Return to Italy, with her Boy of six years old: a mercurial Italian, very unlike Master Bull, but, she tells me, thought rather a Dunce in Italy. I think that is because she wisely (as I think) keeps him back in learning. I shall send a Courier over with her from Dover to Paris, who will see her safe upon the Italian Rail, where all will, we think, be smooth to her. I do not offer to go with her myself, being more helpless in Travel than herself, who, being a very sensible woman, would have to look out for me rather than I for her: and if once in Florence I think I should never come back.

Professor Norton has sent me a fine Book about the mediæval Architecture of Italy: rather interesting to me who knew nothing of the matter before: very

well and unaffectedly written. I shall send it on to Cambridge one of these days.

Aldis Wright gives me no very good account of Thompson. Merivale accosted me on Lowestoft Pier one day, and for the week he stayed there we met pleasantly for a daily chat. I liked her very much: and the Daughter was a Young Lady and not a fast young Gentleman.

I have no news to tell of Books: I begin to crave Sir Walter Scott again. People may, I think, save themselves the trouble of predicting his Fall, hasty, careless, and bad as much of the Work is. The Bride of Lammermoor, etc., will not out of sight.

To Herman Biddell.

WOODBRIDGE, *Thursday* [23 *Dec.* 1880].

DEAR HERMAN BIDDELL,

Thank you for the Birds (you are the only sender of such Presents now), and still more for the kindly remembrance of me, which the Birds bear witness to. I might say that I wonder why you do always so kindly remember me: but you do, and that is enough: and I am grateful for it—sincerely so.

Anna writes me that you were all of you at her Brother George's—I suppose on occasion of the Cattle show. Your famous Suffolk Horses were not part of the Show, I suppose.

Carlyle is, I suppose, fast extinguishing: I hear, has to be carried up and down stairs now—'*very quiet*' he is, I am told: which the Doctors count an evil sign: but when one thinks that his sensitive temperament might easily have taken another turn, surely a welcome sign—for himself, and for his Friends—who may so soon be in his plight. Mr. Froude (the Worshipper of Henry VIII.) is his constant Companion.

This letter was to have been written yesterday, but I knew that I should not send my old Man out in the Wet to post it. And now he is gone this Forenoon without it.

My dear Biddell, let me wish you and yours what People call a 'Happy Christmas'—usually a very dull, if not doleful, Affair to me.

To W. A. Wright.

WOODBRIDGE, *Saturday* [*January* 1881].

MY DEAR WRIGHT,

My Eyes were so lame when you were here that I was all but tempted to ask you to look over this proof, which I had half got through. Eyes revolt at it now: but I have managed to do all, in a way; but I want you to be so good as to look it over, not to correct printers' Blunders, but mine, as regards obscurity, or bad grammar, which I am apt to fall into by close

packing. 'Obscurus,' etc. I send it to you now because you are in some measure Holyday-making: but, that you may not think necessary to hurry about it, I am now sending off my duplicate to the Printer, and can (I hope) revise from any such suggestions as I ask you to make.

As you said that you had lately read the original, you will find terrible alteration (even of the Plot) here; but, as I noted in Part I. (Œdipus in Thebes = Tyrannus), it is not Translation, or even Paraphrase, but 'taken chiefly from Sophocles,' and I could give you reasons, right or wrong, for what I have done—partly in order to connect the two parts into a whole (which it is not in the original, though Goethe hints at its being so).

You know that you are to say nothing of it to me, unless pointing out errors, etc.; and I rely on you not mentioning its existence to any one else. No one knows of it (beside yourself now) except Norton of America, to whom (in answer to some question of his) I said I had sketched it out years ago, and so took it up again, and sent him the first Part a year ago. I shall, I think, give Mrs. Kemble a Copy: and to no one else. I do not want to be accused of murdering Sophocles as well as Æschylus: but I wished to do this little work as well as I could: printed Part I., without doing which I can't see my way to do my best: and will do the same for the same reason with Part II. You, though a Scholar, are not a Pedant, and will allow for me. Cowell,

no Pedant, would not care for it, even if he did not find it too great a Treason toward the Greek he loves.

I need not say that if *you* like to stay here on your return, *I* shall like; but only *so*.

Friday [*March* 4, 1881].

My dear Wright,

I am very sorry to have troubled you at such a time—I mean, when you were out, or only just returned.

You tell me the first I have heard of my dear Spedding's Disaster. I should go up to London at once—not to see him, but to ask about him—if (with all these Eyes, which will not endure even Woodbridge Lamps) I could learn any tidings but such as one Post will bring me. I have asked Mowbray Donne to write just two or three words on a Post Card.

[*March* 10, 1881.]

My dear Wright,

Thank you for all your despatches: I have heard every Day's post from the Donnes: and never had any Hope from almost the Beginning. This morning Loder sends me word from The Times of the Upshot.

I had asked Carlyle's Niece for the Bowl and an inch or two of the stem of such Clay pipes as I used

to smoke with Carlyle under a little Pear tree—I think it was—in the little garden-plot behind his Chelsea house. She has sent me a handsome old Meerschaum, as you will see by the enclosed: for which, as I tell her, I am almost sorry, considering that he had many friends really much more worthy of it in many ways than myself: and that I have so short a time of my own to possess it. I ask her if she would like me to bequeathe it to any one? If not, it will pass into the hands of my little Annie Niece, who will not throw it away—nor sell it!

I think I can see Carlyle, changed as he was from twenty-five years ago, hearing of Spedding's Accident and its Result. I believe that, unless he were as for the last three weeks of his Life he was, he would have had himself carried to St George's Hospital.

Mowbray Donne wrote me that Laurence had been there four or five days ago, when Spedding said, that had the Cab done but a little more, it would have been a good Quietus. Socrates to the last.

[*March* 1881.]

I have a kind Letter from Mrs. A. Tennyson telling me of Spedding. Tennyson called at the Hospital but was not allowed to see him: though Hallam did, I think. Some one calling afterwards, Spedding took the Doctor's arm, and asked, 'Was it Mr. Tennyson?' Doctors and Nurses all devoted to

the patient man. Some of his Letters should be edited by some more scrupulous Editor than Froude, who has carried out Carlyle to the Letter: who was entitled to put down for his own satisfaction what he thought of People, living as well as dead—and I think he is generally quite right—but he might have restricted Froude in publishing. I always thought that Carlyle showed his national Indelicacy in such matters; as I dare say I have told you—with illustrations—before. There would be little fear with Spedding's letters. Allen sent me one about Darwin's Philosophy which could step into Print as it is and make all the World wiser and better.[1]

[*Before Easter*, 1881.]

My dear Wright,

By all means come here if you like it: I shall. But, if you come at all, why not stay over Good Friday and Easter Sunday, which can scarce be less dull here than at Beccles? Determined as you are in your plans, try to arrange this. I shall not again tax you with reading to me, though I believe you read to me with all Good Will at Christmas: but I blunder on better by myself than I did then. Only, let us have The Two Noble Kinsmen; which I have not seen these forty years.

Carlyle we shall talk of when you come; and still more if you stay over the Resurrection. Mrs.

[1] See Letters, ii. 209.

Oliphant in last Macmillan goes nearer, I think, to hit the nail on the head than any one. She writes better than any of the Press about the Matter, 'selon moi.'

Contrive, I say, to abide here as I have advised; you can bring any work you want here; can have a room to yourself to digest and turn them into such matter as you want: and will have plenty of time for Beccles beside.

[*May* 1881.]

My dear Wright,

Thank you for telling me of Laurence's Bequest.[1] So like the Bequeather! Who had for some while given up advising Laurence (he wrote me), but this gives a good proof that he had not ceased his Interest in him.

I know of no other portrait of A. T. by S. L. except that which I bought of him some forty years ago, and gave to Mrs. T. as being one that she might be glad of—young, and beardless. It was the only one of A. T. that I ever cared to have; though it failed (as Laurence and most other Painters do fail) in the mouth: which A. T. said was 'blubber-lipt.'

C. Keene came here on Friday and stay'd till Monday; very pleasant, quaint, and good-hearted. He is now reading St. Simon carefully all through; and wanted much a copy of Cotgrave, which he saw

[1] Spedding's bequest to Laurence.

here. Do you know of one? He is a great reader of Froissart: but in Lord Berners' Translation. Crabbe is his only modern Poet, and he won't look at my Abstract: which I admire him for. How comes the Master only to 'remember' Morton? He was not a man to forget, though he might not be one to wish to remember.

We broil here: but I get to the river-side, where a Breeze blows from the Sea.

[*July* 1881.]

My dear Wright,

Thank you for your two Letters of Information about J. S., both of which I dispatched to Miss Spedding: leaving her to apply to Macmillan as she saw good.

And now—I am going to George Crabbe's at Merton some time next [week]: depending on his and his Sisters' movements and convenience. And —what do [you] think?—I think of taking Cambridge in my way, so as I may see the old Place, untenanted, once more—for the last time, I believe. This I had thought of before Cowell came over, as he did on Saturday: he will be at Scrope[1]: you, perhaps in Trinity: and I will not shirk you this time. My only contrition is, that I shall be going when the Master is gone: this will not break his heart: but he has often asked me out of old Kindliness; and now

[1] 10 Scroope Terrace.

I propose to go when he is away. But he will not misunderstand me, I hope.

Well then—if you are up, I shall look for you: I shall take a cup of Coffee, and a Glass of Audit at your rooms, if you be disengaged and alone: perhaps take an Evening stroll in your walks: perhaps a Pipe —one Clean Pipe—afterwards; beside (of course) seeing Cowell, etc. I have asked him about an Inn nearer to him or to Trinity; for Hoops, Bulls, and Eagles are all changed.

Laurence has sent me a fine Photo of Spedding, which I dare say satisfies you and those who wish for him later than my Portrait. Laurence is commissioned to paint Thackeray for Reform Club.

WOODBRIDGE, *August* 20, 1881.

MY DEAR WRIGHT,

As you did not annotate to your Parne-Creighton slip [1] that it was to be returned to you, I have kept, and keep it, you see, till further orders. It is a touching old thing of the Past: your part of the work, as always, all that it should be.

I was at old Beccles during the last two or three days, when you were at Somerleyton—from Wednesday till Saturday of last week—at the old King's Head: whence I radiated to Geldestone and Lowestoft in the day-time; sitting with my dear old Crowfoot

[1] Printed in Notes and Queries, August 13, 1881.

in the evenings. I had wanted to see over old Geldestone haunts, not seen these dozen years; as also some of those about old Beccles, which I love too for its quaint irregularity, grand Church Tower, and Market-place, on which I sat looking when my reading Eyes were tired. I went to your house: but all Blinds were down, so that I knew you were not within; and even the Garden gate padlocked, so that I could not ask about you. 'Voilà qui est fait' so far as Beccles is concerned. That is, for the present: for I shall feel myself drawn thither again, I think before this Autumn is gone.

To F. Tennyson.

Dec. 1881.

My dear old Frederic,

I must not let Christmas and the Old Year pass away without a loving word from me. You know that I have but little more to say: for I have seen and heard less all this year than any year before, I think: and have at present little new to report of my own personal condition.

Let me hear at least as much, and as well, of yourself.

I wrote to Alfred a month or so ago: and was answer'd (for a wonder) by Hallam—from Aldworth—telling me that all were pretty well—his Father 'walking and working as usual.' They (Hallam and he) had not long before been a trip to Stratford-on-

Avon and Sherwood Forest: finding the latter such a piece of Old England as Washington Irving had described. I suppose they went before that October Gale half stript the Trees, even the Oaks, for which Sherwood is celebrated. Perhaps, however, the Gale did not rage there as hereabout it did: blowing down four of the best of my few trees. And another Gale about a month ago blew down paling, and even Wall, for me. You can tell me how it fared with you in Jersey, from over which the Wind came. . . .

I suppose that you in Jersey have had no Winter yet: for even here thrushes pipe a little, anemones make a pale show, and I can sit in my indoor clothing on a Bench without, so long as the Sun shines. I can read but little, and count of my Boy's coming at Night, to read Sir Walter Scott, or some Travel or Biography, that amuses him as well as me. We are now beginning The Fortunes of Nigel, which I had not expected to care for, and shall possibly weary of before it ends: but the outset is nothing less than *delightful* to me. I think that Miss Austen, George Eliot and Co. have not yet quite extinguished him, in his later lights.

Now, my dear old Friend, I will shut up Shop before Christmas. Ah! I sincerely wish you were here; and I do remain what for so many years I have been,

Your affectionate

Old Fitz.

To W. F. Pollock.

[*Early in* 1882.]

My dear Φρεδερικος Πολλοκος,

'It is a fact' (Gurlyle) that I have been purposing to write to you for the last week: for the reason given in line 1 of this letter. I was so much interested in what I saw of Musurus Pasha in the Academy that I have bought his Dante: and there read as above: glad to read it, and what follows your name. Well merited. Your Version always seemed to me the best, though I still love some of Cary, now ridiculed, I believe. As to those who try to follow Dante's verse without his double rhyme—'no go,' and might be worse if they did follow it. I have not yet read much of the Pasha (eyes not permitting much Greek type), but I am afraid that I shall like modern Greek, stript of μεν and δε, better than Classic—for Dantesque uses, at any rate. If pronounced as *we*—and not modern Greeks themselves—pronounce the Language, it must be—the finest of all?

Your Walter's letter I will answer to himself—I fear very unsatisfactorily to him and to you. I positively know not where, or how, to begin any Records of W. M. T., such fragments as I do remember (except what have already been published by others) being what you yourself know as well as I—pieces of random Verse, Fun, etc., much of which I would not make public Gossip. I can only

revert to what I first promised: that I will answer as well as I can any questions put to me; or look over, and annotate, any proof sent me, as I did in Mr. Trollope's case. MS. I have not eyes for. I almost wish your Son had not undertaken the job for Scribner, remembering Annie's telling me what her Father said not long before his Death. 'When I drop let there be nothing written of me.' Mr. Trollope (unto whom I wish you would make my respects) wrote his Book under Annie's eyes (who misinformed him in many ways), and, as your Walter is a Gentleman as well as Mr. T., I will do all for him I did for the other; and positively I can do no more. Only that I can send him, or you, the two Sir R. de Coverley drawings W. M. T. made when studying Painting in Paris — about 1834? — more characteristic of the French School of that day than of himself; but still specimens of what he could do in a graver way than Caricature. I gave Tennyson a very graceful pen-and-ink illustration by him of the Lord of Burleigh (probably lost long ago), and when Annie and her Publishers proposed a volume of his Drawings some years ago, I advised them to show what he could do in another way than Caricature, of which no better specimens could be found than what [were] already published. But of course I was not listened to.

This is all I can say, I think, on the matter; and, having written so much, I think I may as well ask you to show it to Walter by way of answer to him:

though I shall write word to him that, had I taken him first, he would have had to deal *vice versâ* with you.

I saw and heard nothing of Public presentation, except just a turn through Old Masters—which I seemed to have seen the like of many times before. But the tall figure of some English Soldier with a Halberd (I know not by whom), a Murillo Spanish Boy and Old Woman, and three Children by Hogarth remain in my memory. I wished to have heard a Wagner Opera: but I was only three nights in London, and they were otherwise occupied. Tennyson was, I heard, in London, but in too grand Quarters for me. I still hope that you believe that my not going to Montagu Square arises from no forgetfulness of the kind and pleasant welcome I ever found there.

To F. Tennyson.

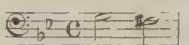
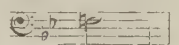
March 1882.

My dear Frederic,

A fortnight ago I was in London for three days: mainly to see my dear old Schoolfellow W. Donne, declining in Body and Mind: glad to see me, I believe. Two visits I paid to Mrs. Kemble: who told me that Alfred was in Town—in, or about, Eaton Square, I think: but as she said not a word of Hallam's Engagement, I presume that it was not then settled, or, at any rate, not reported. For

Mrs. K., though [she] does not see more of Alfred than a visit or two in the course of the year, lives among those who hear all about him.

I had meant to hear some one opera of Wagner then playing at *my* old Opera House: but my three nights came and went without my doing so. I dare say I should not have stay'd out half—but then I could never do more with the finest Oratorio—but I should have heard The Music of the Future—sure to interest one in its orchestral expression, and if no Melody, none previously expected by me.

How pretty of the severe old Contrapuntist Cherubini saying to some one who complained of Bellini's meagre accompaniments—'They are all and just what is wanted for his beautiful simple Airs.' So when another found fault with Rossini's descent from  to the Major  he said he only wished he himself could have hit on such an irregularity. (I am speaking of the 3rd and 4th lines of the Prayer in Moïse, but I quote from Memory.)

I have not yet quite lost my Cold, and you know how one used to hear that so it was with Old Age: and now we find it so. Now the Sun shows his honest face I get more abroad, and have been sitting out under his blessed rays this very day, which People tell me is quite indiscreet. But I do not find the breath from Heaven direct nearly so trying as through a Keyhole.

What do you think of The 'Browning Society,' of which here is a sample cut from the last Academy?

'BROWNING SOCIETY (*Friday, Feb.* 24).

'Peter Bayne, Esq., in the Chair. Mr. J. T. Nettleship read a paper on "Fifine at the Fair,"' etc.

Imagine a Man abetting all this! Mrs. Kemble says he does *not* abet, and admits there is a 'grotesque side to it.' But he supplied a Mr. Gosse with particulars of his early Life and Inspirations for an American Magazine—which I will send you if I can find it. Born at Camberwell. I always said it could not be far from Bow Bells.

I go on reading Memoirs, etc., as also Tait's Magazine, and the like—partly—mostly—through my Boy's Eyes. We have not yet done *Nigel*. Admirable in parts—bad in others—but I expect leaving the impression of a wonderful Creation on the whole.

Now, my dear old Friend Frederic, I have not told you much in these two note-sheets. But I am, you see, drawing to the end of them, and have written enough for the present; and am now and always yours, E. F. G.

To W. W. Goodwin.

April 1882.

DEAR PROFESSOR GOODWIN,

I ought to have sent a bit of Letter with the Dante I sent you—such at least would, I believe, have been the proper way. But you will excuse me, I know.

Your kind acknowledgment reached me here while Aldis Wright was looking into his own parcel of Letters, just before going to breakfast: and we commented with satisfaction on its contents. It was a pleasure to me that you did not revolt at the Pasha's Greek, which I am afraid I had preferred to the Classical, in respect of its going more direct to its purpose than when encumbered with expletive particles, as I take leave to think them. You hear somewhat more of all this when you go to Athens, which surely would be a good and agreeable step for you to take. Aldis Wright will probably be at Cambridge, or not far from it, in June, when you speak of revisiting England, and will be very glad if it should so fall out. He is just now employed in revising Ezekiel, and reading over some terrible dull Commentaries on Shakespeare's Henry VI., with a view to a new Edition of the 'Cambridge Shakespeare.'

I was told of Mr. Longfellow's Death, and understand the sorrow you must feel for the loss of so amiable a Man.

To W. A. Wright.

[*May* 1882.]

My dear Wright,

I do not yet know who succeeds old Joe as Macebearer at Dunwich: but no doubt you are already sufficiently known there to make sure of his good offices, should you need them. (Here begins a Pencut by my Reader with that infernal Machine.)

The 'Prelude' will be very welcome anyway; perhaps you will be coming this way yourself ere long, and can bring it, or make the Professor do so if he persists in going to Lowestoft during these N.-E. winds. I want the Poem, the Cumberland part of it, for my dear old Spedding; and had wanted a passage in it for myself. Anyhow, and anyway, I shall be very glad of it.

I thought it well to offer Froude the sight of Carlyle's Naseby and Squire Letters—saying that I supposed they would be of no use to him except for a transitory mention: and saying nothing of his own share in the Business up to this time. Indeed, I have not yet read his two new Volumes, which I have from Mudie. Froude wrote me back a very civil letter, which, having to write to your Master, I have enclosed to him, with injunctions to pass it on to you.[1] For, though, as I tell you, I did not even advert to Reminiscences, Biographies, etc., there is an air of quasi-Apology for what he has done, and an explanation of what he yet means to do. I suppose he has written as much and more to more considerable people than myself; but thus much he has done to me very civilly.

Sunday [*June* 4, 1882].

MY DEAR WRIGHT,

I asked your Master (as I believe I told you) to hand over to you Froude's letter. If he has done so,

[1] See Letters of Edward FitzGerald to Fanny Kemble, p. 243.

please to return it to me. I have sent such Carlyle papers as I have, to use or not as he pleases.

Charles Keene came here on Thursday[1] before Whitsun; and left me two days ago. We went by carriage on several days to Aldeburgh (where he saw what remains of the ancient Dane[2] dug up on Snape heath), to Orford, and to Shingle Street—which is no misnomer. Robert Groome was to have come to us on Whit-monday: but, besides being over-*charged*, his Daughter turned ill of Measles, so we lost his good company. But Charles Keene was happy enough with his pipe, of Tobacco, and musical: and the great Captain[3] came to discuss a new American Book[4] of 500 octavo pages on Waterloo which he had lent me, and thought rather indispensable for a Student in that matter. To me—non-military (as the Author also is) it told nothing that I had not understood better elsewhere: and was certainly stuff'd with Foot-notes from Thiers, Hugo, Byron, and Scott, etc., to at least one-third more than was needful, even to the Soldier. . . .

My dear Donne was given over by the Doctor some ten days ago; but has since rallied—to go through the trial again!

[1] May 25.

[2] A Danish vessel dug up by Mr. Septimus Davidson in the autumn of 1862. Only the bolts remain.

[3] F. C. Brooke of Ufford.

[4] Quatre Bras, Ligny, and Waterloo, by Dorsey Gardner.

To F. Tennyson.

[*June* 15, 1882.]

My dear Frederic,

As I am the more letter-writing, I believe, of us two, you ought to have had a word from me before yours reached me two days ago. But, as you guess, I have but little to tell you. To-morrow I am going for my single yearly visit abroad: to G. Crabbe's in Norfolk, where I annually meet his Sisters, whom I cannot persuade to come and visit me here. They do not like coming so near to their Father's (not the Poet, but the Poet's son) Vicarage some two and a half miles off here. So I must go to them: for they like to see their Father's old friend.

With this letter I shall post you a paper on our dear old Rossini cut out from Temple Bar. And this you shall return to me, if you please—to be bound up perhaps with other such papers (which I then call 'My Works') by some Niece perhaps, when 'the Author' has vanished. Many such *works* have I made: but I do not expect to complete another Octavo: which takes some time accumulating.

You have heard more of Wagner than I: who, evidently, have heard but one piece (*not* the March) from Tannhäuser, played by the Brass Band on Lowestoft Pier. But the Master of the Band[1]—a

[1] Dorla.

German, and skilful Musician — is dead, and his John Bull successor is probably not equal to such elaborate and complicated Music: and I do not know if I could listen to him of an Evening as formerly, my bronchial Cold never out of call when Colds or Damp are abroad. *Heu quantum mutatus*, etc. But few have less reason to complain. As you say nothing of the rheumatic affection you told me of before, I hope you are doing tolerably well, according to your time of life.

Your Nephew Hallam, who has been very kindly inviting me to Farringford, tells me that you have been sending them some Books of a mystical Nature. He supposes that you have sent a Copy to me; I quite understand that you would have done so had you not known me to be too much of a Sceptic in such matters—or, say rather, too incapable of them.

Think of Alfred with the Gout: his hand swell'd up like a great Sponge. And so the 'Port' had to be discontinued. This, however, was some months ago; and, as I hear nothing about it now, I suppose that his hand has subsided, and all right with him again. I suppose also that he and Hallam will ere long be setting off on some Excursion.

September 9/82.

My dear Frederic,

Pray let me hear of you. I have not dated this letter from where I am, and have been for the last

six weeks—viz. Aldeburgh—Crabbe's old 'Borough,' by the Sea—because I am to be home at Woodbridge in two days. Crabbe's old Borough; and an Ancient Man (aged ninety-six) who served on board the Unity Sloop which took him to London when he went to seek his Fortune there: and did eventually find it, in Burke. I have known the Place from a Child: well remembering my first terror at being ruthlessly ducked into the Wave that came like a devouring Monster under the awning of the Bathing Machine—a Machine whose Inside I hate to this Day. The Borough has but little to recommend it, and is so far more agreeable to Mark Tapley as it attracts but few, and those very quiet, Visitors. Yesterday a Man came up to me whom I had not seen for fifty years: I did not recognise him when he told me his name. I walk about, and sit about, and get about in Boats, and (having no Reader here) get to bed (after a Pipe) sometimes before Ten o'clock. Bronchitis occasionally reminds me that I am not forgotten by him; but, on the contrary, that he will most probably take up his Quarters—and most probably, for good—when winter sets in. So I rather dread returning to the home where I had so many months of him this year: but it would be all the same if I remained here, or went anywhere, but to those far-away places whither I would scarce be at the trouble of going. *Cui bono?* I am better off than many—if not most—of my contemporaries; and there is not much [worth] living for after seventy-four.

I have read but very little lately, partly because the last Box from Mudie's did not contain much to interest me; and partly because the glare of Sea and Shingle, unrelieved by a stripe of Green, indisposes my Eyes to Book-work.

Well now, in spite of this, I have written you a longish letter such as it is; and you must send me one to read, all about yourself, if you please.

To W. A. Wright.

WOODBRIDGE, *Oct.* 28 [1882].

MY DEAR WRIGHT,

I cannot tell you of Mitford's[1] Auction: but, as he was reputed to have a valuable Library, I should think some record of the Sale could be found in some London Quarter—Quaritch?

One particular thing Mitford had, viz. a Copy of Thomson's Seasons annoted with suggestions by Pope, to whom the Book was submitted by the Author; and Mitford, I think I remember, said that nearly all the suggestions were adopted in the subsequent Edition. But Mitford was not very exact—nor I. Anyhow, you may find his account of the matter somewhere in the Gentleman's Magazine during his Reign over it—about twenty years—from perhaps 1842.

I enclose you, among other scraps which I turned up lately (rudiments of some future Work), a reference

[1] The Rev. John Mitford of Benhall.

to Gray which may be of use to Mr. Gosse, who might look over the Gentleman's Magazine Index (if there be one) for Mitford's Notices of Gray during the period I mention. The word about Oldershaw will perhaps interest you, as also that quaint remembrance of Broome. As I have noted, I can't tell where the Selden scrap was quoted from; but it bears his undoubted mark. Perhaps it is in his Table-talk!

I am rather proud of having bitten Professor Fawcett with my Crabbe monomania. I have not received the Revise of my little Preface—Printers busy with more important work, I doubt not: and I—and the Public—can afford to wait.

I am delighting in Mozley's Oriel.

To E. B. Cowell.

Saturday, Noon [*Nov.* 25, 1882].

My dear Cowell,

This letter of mine will not reach you till Monday, but I will not delay writing to thank you for your great kindness in inviting me, and also because I would leave you free (as soon as I can) to invite some one else who may avail himself of your hospitality. For indeed *I* cannot—say '*will not*' if you please: but all '*will not*' it is not—certainly, so far as you, and Elizabeth, and your House, are concerned, as you may judge by the past. But I wish Ajax all success;

and shall be glad to read of it in Athenæum or Academy.

Annie Thackeray Ritchie writes me from Aldworth, where the Alfreds are all well and jocund in spite of the failure of the Promise of May. I never doubted of there being a noble Design, and many fine things, in it; but I wish nevertheless that A. T. would not have tried the Stage, even if he persists in trying other modes of Publication. I almost wish he was burthened with no bigger volume to Posterity than (as Dickens says) Gray has managed to find his way there with. There was an Article by Wedmore in the Academy on the Play, written with consideration, discrimination (I believe), and respect for the old Dear who *will* go on—like some of Aristophanes' Elders.

Christmas is again almost at hand: perhaps you and Wife will be once more within sight of me. To both Love and Thanks: so explicit the Aristophanic

LITTLEGRANGE.

To W. A. Wright.

[*February* 7, 1883.]

MY DEAR WRIGHT,

I must thank you for that search you made for W. B.'s Grave[1] on that dismal wet day; for I think you could only have done so from some regard to me. Yes, you found the Stone, sure enough; but the

[1] At Goldington near Bedford, where W. K. Browne is buried.

Aetat. should be 43, I think. Some ten days before he was laid under it I was by his Bedside, where he lay (as for three months he had lain) broken in half almost; yet he looked at me with his old discrimination and said, 'I suppose you have scarce ever been with a dying person before?' He had rare intuition into Men, Matters, and even into Matters of Art: though Thackeray would call him 'Little Browne'—which I told him he was not justified in doing. They are equal now.

The enclosed will tell you that I wrote to Mrs. A. Carlyle, and I will say that I am gratified by her reply. You will see too that I asked about the Chelsea Statue, and the Chelsea Rector's account of the matter. I do not want either letter back. Had I known that *she* meditated an Edition of her Uncle's letters, I should have offered those I have to her in the first instance; though I know not if she would have found more to use in them than Froude is likely to find. He never answered what I wrote to him about Norton in August.

As Macmillan is sufficiently interested in Lamb to offer £50 or £60 for Hazlitt's Portrait, why don't you set him on finding out that Wageman—which surely he could do among some of the Paternoster Row Moxons, or their Successors? I find by my 1849 Edition of Talfourd that that same Hazlitt's Portrait furnished the Frontispiece to the first Edition, or Editions, and (as I now remember) it bespoke a glance of that wild-fire in Lamb's Eyes

which Procter and De Quincey speak of, and which has disappeared from the Copy in Procter's Recollections. Why was it changed for Wageman's in after Editions of Talfourd's Book?

When you next come here (Easter?) you must read Mary Lamb's Letters, which let one more behind the Scenes of their domestic Life than any other Book—in a way that might easily be misunderstood by a hasty, or unfriendly, reader. But not by you—who must one day edit (as you won't) the Life, with the help of such 'Works' of Scissors and Paste as I shall commit to you.

To Leslie Stephen.

LITTLE GRANGE, WOODBRIDGE,
February 20/83.

DEAR MR. STEPHEN,

I send you the little Book which should accompany this letter simply because I have ventured to differ in one respect with what you have written of my old Poet. You are not likely to alter your opinion by what I say, nor to mind my saying it; and I shall probably not get twenty of the Public to agree with one or other. But I make my little Effort to recall my old Crabbe to Memory, and (as you may see if you care to do so) I can adduce some better Advocates than myself in favour of my Client.

Pray believe that, busied as you are, I do not wish

you to acknowledge even the Book I send you. But, if you think proper to acknowledge it at all, pray let it be with a simple 'thank you,' which I always maintain is the best course in these cases, whether for Giver or Receptor.

And believe me

Faithfully yours,

EDWARD FITZGERALD.

Can you not find an Hour in your Library to spare for dear James Spedding's Miscellaneous Essays—so overlooked, or overblundered, by Reviewers?

WOODBRIDGE, *Febr.* 26/83.

DEAR MR. STEPHEN,

'It is a fact,' as Carlyle used to say, that when Aldis Wright was about to write to you from here, I was half minded to bid him put in a word from me on the score of former Thackeray associations. But I refrained out of the same feeling which you say had deterred you from sending some such message to me.

And now it is because of those same Thackeray associations that I wrote to you direct when I sent you the Crabbe in which I had questioned your Judgment. I knew you would not resent my having done so—too much above my reach for that; but, for that very reason I thought, still less likely to be influenced by anything I could say in defence of my own position. To be sure, the Cardinal comes to my

rescue—but not on the score of *Humour*, which I maintain—in the quotation you have been so very good as to write out for me—pathetic as the notes of the Violin which some one says are from time to time to be heard from within his room in the Birmingham Oratory.

You did not, I think, suppose that what I hinted of the Aesthetic Criticism referred to any of yours, which proves itself everywhere to be of a far broader and robuster sort, original, and independent of all such contemporary coterie jargon. For that reason —by no means the only one in your case—I value the writings of Lowell and Bagehot.

But here is enough of all this, which you must not take as Compliment in return for Compliment, but the quite sincere opinion of yours very sincerely,

EDWARD FITZGERALD.

[*March* 1883.]

DEAR MR STEPHEN,

(I have not known you long enough to dispense with the 'Mister,' though your kindness and family associations tempt me so to do.)

All I know of the Picture is that I bought it more than twenty years ago from a poor dealer named Sharp, in Great Russell Street, for a few Pounds. He called it Major André, by Sir Joshua Reynolds: which I did not much attend to from his 'dixit,' but liked the Picture of whomsoever, or by whomsoever it

might be ; at the same time thinking, from what I had read and seen, that the man might have been told, or had imagined aright. The portrait might not appear to be a likely one of a man who ventured, and lost, his life on a dangerous service, but I had read (whether in Miss Seward or elsewhere) that he was (as in the picture) somewhat of a 'petit maître' in Accomplishments ; and I lit upon a print of him (from some old Magazine, I fancy) carrying out the 'doucereux' look which one might have expected from such accounts of him, and decidedly resembling the Portrait which you now possess, although not done from it. This print I sent either to Thackeray or Annie, who (the latter I mean) has doubtless lost and forgotten it long ago.

As to the Picture itself, it was standing on a sofa in my lodging—in 1857, I am nearly sure—when Thackeray called in his Brougham; he was then about his Virginians, and I told him he had better carry off the Picture as being, or pretending to be, the Portrait of one connected with the Times and Places he was writing about. Thackeray, who, as you know, had a shrewd Intuition as to the likelihood of Subject as well as of Painting, carried it off with him, and that is all I can tell you. If it be by Sir Joshua (as I think it is), it would be an early work, before he handled his Brush so freely as afterwards ; but, as I say, I think I see him there. I do not know if André's Life corresponds with my notion of Sir Joshua's era of Art. But all this you could very easily find, if you do not already know, as probably you do, long ago. I am,

at any rate, very glad you like the Picture, be it by whom, and of whom, it may. . . .

P.S. In spite of this long, ill-written Letter, I must add a word of Thanks to you for your invitation. I have not indeed been in London for more than a day or two in the year for more than twenty years past: and then only for Business, or to see some ancient Contemporaries who really wanted a look. The Business is, I hope, all over: and William Donne, the old Friend who cared most for a look at me, died last year. The others will do very well without that now, ready as I know they would be to receive me kindly. So I know not when—if ever—I shall be in London again; still less whether, if I did, I should venture to knock at your Door, quite relying as I do on your friendly disposition toward me.

[*March* 9, 1883.]

Dear Mr. Stephen,

Will you be so good as to note on the enclosed Card:

1st. Whence the Quotation you have sent me is taken.

2nd. Whether you give me leave to quote it in case of need?

You see that very few words will answer my first Query; and a simple 'Yes' or 'No' the second: and I shall repent of having asked at all if my doing so causes you any further trouble, busy as you are.

But I will add a word (also needing no answer), viz. that my little Crabbe was printed some five years ago without any Introduction; and the few Friends I sent it to said no Public would care for it, and so I let it lie by me. Then some said that it wanted at any rate some sort of Introduction, if not for Crabbe's sake, yet for my way of dealing with him. And so I ran up a little thing of the sort and sent little Quaritch some forty Copies of the Book on a forlorn hope, but not without first sending a Copy to you, on whom I had fallen foul in the said Preface—for which I hope you are not much the worse.

WOODBRIDGE, *April* 9/83.

MY DEAR MR. STEPHEN,

Last week a Pall Mall Gazette containing a Notice of my Crabbe was sent me. The reference to Newman, and the kindly praise make me think that you might have written it: and yet I could scarce expect -scarce wish—that you should have devoted any of your busy time to such an office. Besides, Mr. Claydon (connected, I suppose, with the Gazette) had previously sent to ask me for a Copy—for Reviewal. So I scarce knew what to do: but on the whole I think there will be no harm in writing, to thank you, if you wrote, or had any hand in the Article: and even if not, I know you will not be sorry to hear of it.

Professor Norton (to whom as to Mr. Lowell I had

sent the unprefaced volume) has lately sent me a quotation from a letter of Clough's urging Mr. Child of Boston to publish an Edition of Crabbe: valuable if for nothing else (though much else there was) as an account of English people and manners at the time he writes in—and which Mr. Clough says he remembers somewhat himself. It was this which made me send my 'Broacher' (as we call it here) to Lowell and Norton: for I thought that, as not seldom the case, Americans might take more interest in such a matter than English people do. But I do not think they cared much; Lowell (then in Spain) seemed more struck by the old-fashioned Address between the characters than anything else; and some friend of Norton's reviewed the Book (though unpublished) in the Atlantic Monthly, beginning 'We have done with Crabbe,' and proceeding to give reasons—and some very good ones—why. I fear the Pall Mall critic is right when he says that when an Author who once was famous has fallen into obscurity—nay, oblivion—it is scarce possible to lift him out again, by 'All the king's horses and all the king's men'—that is, by much stronger powers than mine. Nevertheless, if Quaritch should sell off his forty copies during my life, I will (if compos) cancel some irrelevancy of my own in the Preface, and substitute Newman and Clough (whom I never read, though Carlyle once ordered me so to do).

I would enclose you what Mr. Norton has copied for me from Clough; but you would have to return

it ; and I really do not like you to have any more trouble in the matter.

Yet, if you can easily lay hand on my old Friend George Crabbe's Life of his Father the Poet, do read his account of a family Travel from Leicestershire to Suffolk, and the visit they paid there to your friend Mr. Tovell. You will find it some dozen pages on in Chapter VI.—a real Dutch Interior, done with something of the Father's pencil—but quite unintentionally so ; my old George rather hating Poetry—as he called Verse—except Shakespeare, Young's Night Thoughts, and Thomson's Seasons ; and never having read his Father's from the time of editing it in 1834 till drawn to them by me a dozen years after. Not but what he loved and admired his father in every shape but that.

To W. A. Wright.

[*May* 1883.]

My dear Wright,

The enclosed (not wanted back) will tell you about George Crabbe, who seems to me not to have profited as yet so much as he had previously done from a change to the South. The causes of this are obvious ; he went too late, and the Season has hitherto been against him. I beg him to remain abroad till over June, for I am convinced these East Winds, which only began with March, will continue till Midsummer : but he may not be provided with a Curate.

Yesterday I had to go to London, and, after transacting what I specially went up for, cabbed it to Chelsea, to look for Charles Keene, about whose condition I was not confident. After a Fortnight's Doctorage, however, including such Physic (Calomel and Nux Vomica, etc.), as he had not undergone for all his Life before, he said he felt decidedly better (for which of course I stopt his Mouth), was able to walk; and did walk with me (not a quarter of a mile off) to see Carlyle's house and Statue, and was none the worse. He purposes coming here next week if he go on improving, and also get forward enough with his Comic Business. I shall try for Robert Groome to meet him, and Loder is a Rock of Ages to rely on.

Cheyne Row was sad enough to look on again after near thirty years. Most of the houses to be let; and *his*—upon which so much of trouble, and even Life, had been wasted—among them. The Statue seemed to me very good, though looking small because (I think) of not being backed and set off with anything but higher, and dingier, houses. I am reading *Jane* Carlyle with *his* 'Elucidations'—deeply interesting both in their several ways; but whether such Lifelong Suffering on one Side, and Repentance at having overlooked it on the other, be quite proper for the public Eye, is another Question. But—Brave old Carlyle!

A Fortnight ago I wrote to Hallam Tennyson for

a word about his Father and Household, of whom I had not heard for six months. All fairly well now; but old Alfred had not ventured to London for fear of his last year's 'Gout,' which his Doctor told him might again be brought to the surface by London Fogs that check perspiration.

And Hallam's Letter (which I would enclose you but for a bit of Confidence in it) makes me take this Second Sheet to say—That, I having told him of my croaking a little of late from Cold, etc., took occasion to ask about Lady Macbeth's 'Raven': to which he answered (with Father's concurrence, I suppose), 'Surely, it is the Bird, not the Messenger.' 'The "Eternal Blazon" we think "other world Blazon."' But A. T. yields to *me*—unwillingly—the glory of

A Mister Wilkinson, etc.

Hallam says too that Venables, who seems in high force, is about to take up cudgels in the Fortnightly for Gurlyle versus Froude.

Some day this may amuse the Master, to whom my Love and Duty. Merivale wrote me 'mero motu' a very kind Remembrancer, which I was not slow to acknowledge.

I fancy your time for Habakkuk is almost—if not quite—come, so you must not trouble yourself to write to me, with *that* 'Eternal Blazon' to unroll; but believe me yours the same

E. F. G.

George's Letter not to be found (of course) when

wanted for enclosure. But thus much I can faithfully report from it—

That he first went to Hyères—then to Mentone—weather not warm enough to sit abroad in, and he not up to walking, though better in health. Now, I suppose, at Florence: in a week after which to Venice; after which to begin moving slowly homeward so as to reach Merton at the End of May. I wish, as I tell him, that he could manage to remain abroad till Midsummer; up to which time I believe these cold Winds will blow. His Sister thinks he will scarce be strong enough to resume his Duties when he does get back. I doubt (as does Crowfoot) that he has not thriven as well on this year's Southing as for several past years.

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